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THE RED GODDESS

PETER GREY

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Albrecht Durer

A woman arrayed in purple and scarlet, with a golden cup in her hand, sitteth upon a scarlet coloured beast, which is great Babylon, the mother of all abominations.

For Her

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‘How many miles to Babylon,
Three score miles and ten.
Can I get there by candlelight?
Yes, and back again!
If you’re heels be nimble and light,
You may get there by candlelight.’

—Traditional

A HISTORY OF MYSTERY

'Let Mary inviolate be torn upon wheels: for her sake let all chaste women be utterly despised among you.'
–Liber AL Vel Legis III:55

BABALON IS A GODDESS RISEN from the rich biblical vision of *Revelations*. A Goddess who apparently appeared from nowhere, with a seven headed Beast in attendance, giving Christian kids compelling sexy nightmares about the impending war in heaven.

She is a Holy Whore wrapped in scarlet and gold ready to deliver her Antichrist son, the ultimate battlefield weapon, on the side of the fallen angels. She is the archetypical bad girl, sexy as hell with Her blood red lips and raking fingernails. Totally in control, Her thighs are wrapped around one muscular looking beast.

Black magick bad—boy Aleister Crowley claimed Her in a collision of Victorian sexual repression and his perpetual chemical erection. A succession of scarlet women willingly played Whore to his Beast 666.

In the swirl of the sixties She became an occult archetype of instant titty, a swinger's fantasy of fuck. The drone of the Stones and the films of Kenneth Anger lit Her up like a torch. In the Eighties AIDS blackened Her face.

Now She is an occasional accessory to adolescent rebel angels dosed on hormones and right royally fucked off with the new world order. Only it is not that sound—bite simple.

Babalon has a history far deeper and richer than this, a grail brim—filled with blood that has been passed down through history in an untold story of passion, sacrifice and illumination. The Holy Whore has been trampled and abused. As well as I can, this is the tale I am going to tell.

Babalon is the meeting point of ceremonial magick and the witch cult. She is a power that comes out of the past and resonates into the Now with the compelling song of the witch woman. She is both the primal form of the Goddess from the far distant past and the most modern icon of post—human style.

The Holy Whore is the Great Goddess debased through the centuries and now returned at the head of Her armies whose ragged pennants rise across the battle scarred world as we go forth into the New Aeon. If you are looking for a pin—up girl for these days of blood and thunder, Babalon is where you have got to look.

To tell the story of Babalon we will go back into the days of Sumeria and listen to the words of Inanna and Ishtar, only to see her reflected later through the prejudices and hatred of the captive Jews. We must penetrate the adytum and hear the Priestess' oracular words coming through in fragments like Burrough's smack and static prose.

We are watchers of the dance of veils as Salome, Mary Magdalene, Isis and Astarte display the shrine of the mystery to our hungry eyes. She is a pole dancer, a dollar whore, a catwalk advert for impossibly red lipstick, a beautiful young girl. Your first Love.

She is the Sophia of the Gnostics, a Black Madonna, a heroine of the heretic heart.

We see Her in Elizabeth the Virgin Queen and the unwanted and terrible visions of Edward Kelley. William Blake is seduced by Her beauty. A procession of brave Antichrists strive to be worthy of Her Love. Byron drags club footed after Her. We see Crowley desperately searching for Her with fallen women and strange drugs. His heavy ringed fingers reaching for Her, imploring Her through the darkness. The brilliant Jack Parsons, whose solid rocket fuel put men on the moon, burns to death trying to make Her rise, terrible in Her beauty.

This is about Her and for Her alone.

I am a hand on heart, stick a needle in my eye, ritual magickian. I make no pretension to classical scholarship, anthropology or archaeology. Erratic capitalisation and poetic connections abound, for better or for worse.

What I have done is pursue Babalon to the full extent of my powers. I have carpet burns and scars, broken friendships and lost lovers. I have calluses on my knees from meditation. I have screamed myself silent and stayed up to watch the sunrise so many times. I have made Love. This is where my understanding comes from. If St Paul saw through a glass darkly, my fault is that I have gazed directly at the sun. Perhaps my strange journey will help you on your own crooked path towards Her, like it or not, that is where you are going. The Holy Whore is coming for you.

ARE YOU EXPERIENCED?

To understand what I am going to say you do not need a degree in Aleister Crowley or a Masters in Metaphysics. I want you young, raw, hungry and passionate.

This book should make sense to those who pick this up as their first book as much as those who have a library stuffed with the spines of heavyweight occulture, and hopefully a hell of a lot more.

This is the simplest thing. This is for virgins, for those of you who can feel wonder and excitement and Love, regardless of how far you have wandered down the paths of carnal pleasure. This still will not be an easy read. Just keep sight of the very simple central point and it will see you through. If you are new to all this some of the terms will be alien, and the ideas hard, but the central thrust is all that you require. I want you to be thrilled with Her presence.

All the time She is trying to tell you something very simple, instinctive. Let the blood in your veins respond to Her, that is where the magick is.

In the end the words will not count.

REVELATIONS?

'The Eternal Feminine
Leads us onward'
— Goethe, Faust part II

ANY DESCRIPTION OF BABALON must begin with *Revelations*, where the sheer terror of change comes in woman form to St John the Divine adrift on Patmos, sat amongst the scarlet cloaked fly agaric and bound in a rosary of repression. His personal history is less than edifying with what sounds like an arson attack on a temple of Artemis, the drowning of a local magickian and sundry other atrocities, but *Revelations* is the real poison chalice.

This is the core text. It makes for an inspired, bitter, and prophetic 22 chapter rollercoaster ride through war in heaven and earth. At times it is a polemic against the pagan gods of the day, already well on the way to being cast as demons in the new Christian history. At others it is a prophecy about the fate of the world. It is a classic puzzle box mystic text and I do not claim to be presenting a definitive version or an only truth. This is my cut, and it is as valid and false as any other.

It is time that we squared up to this text that has been pilfered by horror movies and strangely neglected by magickians, pagans and Satanists. Our history is hidden here. Every time a new disaster befalls the world *Revelations* is trawled out and read through for hints and signs that these are the end times. However pernicious we may find it to be, it cannot be ignored. *Revelations* gains new significance with every crisis and as our mismanagement of the environment reaps the whirlwind, it is to biblical prophecy that the Western world will turn. However postmodern and clever commentators think they are being it is the words of St John the Divine that will be trumpeted out. We need to read this book again. We need to make it ours or it will be used by those who trespass against us.

This is also a book that has divided Christians. In the fourth century, John of Chrysotom argued that it should not be included in the canon of the New Testament. It was too dangerous, too open to abuse and misinterpretation. It is the only book that the Eastern Orthodox Church do not read in the Divine Liturgy. *Revelations* continues to perplex and alarm, seized upon by evangelical eagles hungering for the end times, the rapture, and the whiff of brimstone to enflame their congregations. It is shunned by the moderates building inter—faith bridges with their liberal lamb Jesus. *Revelations* insists you take sides in the coming war. It is not a comfortable bedtime read.

If you care to watch the skies for signs, this is the timeline *Revelations* and the biblical apocalyptic canon proposes so you can play along:

A threat from the Kings of the East.

The Pope makes a special decree and is driven from Rome before dying a terrible death.

A new Pope is elected outside of Rome. He crowns a Christian King who defends the West from the Kings of the East.

Three days of darkness and the Great Chastisement come with a comet.

The Christian King is victorious over the East, and we enter a period of peace.

The Antichrist rises to power out of Babylon.

The Antichrist rules for three and a half years.

The two witnesses preach against him and he kills them.

These witnesses rise from the dead on the third day, and are taken into heaven.

Forty days later, the Antichrist tries to rise up to heaven by magic and is struck down.

Christ returns to the earth.

The dead Christians rise from the grave and are taken into a new heaven and a new earth.

The Christians that are alive are taken up to the new heaven and new earth.

Christ destroys the old heaven and earth.

Anyone with a half decent imagination can begin to fill in the names, times and signs. Perhaps you would care to add a sprinkling of UFOs, nuclear war and Islamic terror? Just tune in to the saturation 24 hour global news media for further inspiration. Very quickly you can feel part of a death cult with a doom watch steadily ticking down. It does not give me a warm fuzzy feeling that those who subscribe to these literal beliefs rule a significant amount of the planet.

There is just one small problem. *Revelations* explicitly states that the end times were happening right then in the ancient Roman Empire. On the very first page, in the third paragraph John writes that '*the time is at hand*'. This is not a document about barcodes, the United Nations, or credit cards. It comes out of a very real sense that the end is, or rather was, nigh in the first century. Jesus was meant to be pitching up any minute. That sure as hell did not happen.

Unfortunately for us this little detail has been rather overlooked by Christianity, which was not prepared to fold its franchise when the Messiah missed his cue. Soon he will be two thousand years too late. You can tap dance around the facts all you like, but this is the bottom line: *Revelations* was a damp squib, it fizzled out in ancient Rome. Meanwhile, mankind still hankers after a spiritual renaissance with the full compliment of angels and pits of eternal hellfire. We are a world moving towards very real environmental crisis and *Revelations* will be what many turn to in an attempt to make sense of it all. However

nonsensical, the grand archetypes will be seized on and the letter of the text conveniently ignored.

ROMAN REMAINS

Before we rush headlong into the future we need to understand John, and to do that we have to understand the turbulent times he lived in. On 9th June 68 AD the terror that was Nero had committed suicide and his death plunged Rome into civil war. Titus and his father succeeded Nero, but the conspiracy theorists of the day whispered that Nero's death had been faked, and that he would return with an army and fall on Rome. This was a grim thought for the terrorised populace as Nero was the perfect model tyrant, as capricious as Jehovah in his cruelty, plucking his victims from any strata of society whether man, woman or child, until no one felt safe.

Rome was literally under a black cloud, the eruption of Vesuvius in 79 AD had thrown ash as far as Egypt. The oracles muttered darkly and further disasters followed swiftly on its heels. In 80 AD a fire swept through Rome and this was followed by a plague that raged for a year. The mayfly emperor Titus died after two years, two months and twenty days of power, numbers to be conjured with. His brother Domitian took power with none of the caution his sibling had exercised in appeasing a people still reeling from the excesses of Nero.

John wrote *Revelations* in AD96 in Domitian's reign. The Christian church was now under pagan persecution from an Emperor who demanded to be called '*God the Lord*'. This was impossible for the followers of the Jesus cult. Christians would not offer incense and wine to the statue of the Emperor Domitian and that left them wide open to charges of treason. Those who did not rebuke their faith after three chances and offer up incense to the Emperor were executed. Three strikes and you are out was the harsh rule of Roman citizenship. This was a bad time to be a member of the young cult which now suffered under determined persecution. The atmosphere of terror under Domitian is the strong wine in which the pages of *Revelations* are steeped. John as head of the Church in Ephesus was exiled to Patmos with his disciple Prochorus. He was lucky to leave with his life.

Patmos is a volcanic arid rock and John received *Revelations* in a bare grotto. He recited as Prochorus wrote the words by the light of seven flickering candles which find their way into the text. There is still a cross there in the cell, carved by the hands of John. It is a simple place which enabled his mind to range forth and experience visions that rival the richness of the most complex Tibetan tankas. For John this was the end time, a time of antichrists. In imitation of Paul's seven letters he writes seven letters to the churches in Asia. These are letters that were never sent, they are propaganda for the frontline troops in a time of adversity. His edict was clear, to stand firm and not bow to the Emperor.

With the death of Domitian, John could return to Ephesus and take a powerful role in the sculpting of the early church. He took these hard won visions with him. These were events he saw as very much happening around him.

Revelations is an unexploded bomb, a toxic relic from a war that never came and a Messiah who never returned, but it is still extremely volatile dangerous material.

CUTTING THE RED WIRE

From *Revelations* we hear the Goddess described and decried. What was intended as a seal upon the pagan myths has been an unwitting touchstone, transmitting the heretical DNA. Babalon's name is inscribed in the last chapter of the biggest selling book on the planet. Sex, the central mystery of sin that Christianity has tried to deny is right at the seductive heart of John's work.

I am not going to launch into a lengthy exegesis of the text. That has been done to death by sects and well meaning schizophrenics and serial killers since it was first written. DH Lawrence, that tall, tubercular schoolmaster shaking with divine rage, did not believe that *Revelations* was simply the work of John. In his introduction to Frederick Carter's *The Dragon of Revelations* he writes:

'*The Apocalypse began probably two centuries before Christ, as some small book, perhaps of Pagan ritual, or some small pagan—Jewish*

Apocalypse written in symbols. It was written over by other Jewish apocalyptists and finally came down to John of Patmos. He turned it more or less, less rather than more, into a Christian allegory. And later scribes trimmed up his work.
So the ultimate intentional, Christian meaning of the book is, in a sense, only plastered over. The great images incorporated are like the magnificent Greek pillars plastered into the Christian Church in Sicily: they are not merely allegorical figures: they are symbols, they belong to a bigger age than that of John of Patmos.'

I would like to lead on from Lawrence and chisel off the plaster and let the pillars of wisdom stand by themselves. This is a time to reclaim our pagan past in order to move forward into the future.

Revelations is a mish mash of myths, and can be read as a bad rap for every pagan god, from Dionysus:

> '*And the angel thrust his sickle into the earth, and gathered the vine of the earth, and cast it into the great wine press of the wrath of God.*' (XIV:19)

to Prometheus:

> '*And he doeth great wonders, so that he maketh fire come down from heaven on earth*' (XIII:13)

to the various dying gods that the Jesus myth copied:

> '*saying to them that dwell on the Earth that they should make an image of the beast, which had the wound by a sword and did live*' (XIII:14)

The more you understand the history and myths of the East, the more

clearly you can see the horror of monotheism. Every other culture, goddess and god, every other form of worship is thrown onto an untouchable garbage heap of ideas, marked '*The Devil*'. Joyful Dionysus is crushed by a vengeful God. We are denied the heroic emancipation of Prometheus who brought starfire from the heavens. Dumuzi the corn god cannot be allowed to rival Christ. We must bow down and worship the Lamb.

The miracles of the undying pagan Gods become attributes of The Beast and the power of the Goddess becomes the wanton debauch of the Whore of Babylon. That is bad press.

To approach the Holy Whore is to reclaim our pagan heritage from the distorted lies of Christianity. To some this may sound profoundly Satanic, but this is not the inversion of Christianity that leads down a pathway to the Black Mass, the ill use of goats and truly bad music. This is a breaking of the seals on our pagan past and rediscovering our primal power. It is a journey beyond taboo into the dark places of our souls.

The profound beauty of Babalon has become terrible, in this sense She is the blackest Goddess. When we release the energy of this current it is raw and often frightening, these forces, so long neglected, have gone feral, abandoned alone in the dark. To be true to the famous occult maxim '*know thyself*' it is imperative that we explore not only the highest heavens but also the deepest hells. There is a beauty to be wrought here which is unsurpassed. This is something that can be experienced here and now. Eden is right where we are, if we can only learn to see it.

If you look at the world through psychoanalytical lenses you will immediately recognise that accepting Babalon and the Beast can be a radical method of self emancipation where your unconscious forces and drives can be unified with the conscious rational mind. If you are a mystic you will understand that this is a war engine that can be used to storm the very gates of heaven. If on the other hand, you are a Christian, you will have sussed by now that I am very much batting for the other team.

In the West our culture is hardwired with a Christian value system. Even if, like myself, you have never been a believer your mindset will

still be shot through with this morality. Our deepest drives are distorted by an internal censor. Whether this is a bearded man sat on a cloud, or a sense of vague guilt will depend on your individual programming. Face up to it. Even if you are enlightened enough to be nodding along with what I am saying you still have fetters on your freedom that have not yet been struck.

The essence of union with Babalon is letting go and experiencing the unity we once knew. First of all we have to realise that letting go is something we all need to do.

Revelations marks a definite historical point, a massive and resounding:

THOU SHALT NOT

It is a blatant attempt to dam off our access to the unconscious, but all it does is put a kink in the libido hosepipe that is just waiting to explode. There is a lot of pressure building here. Please insert your favourite sex crime, social dysfunction or petty hatred, this is the source of it. William Blake hit it right on the head, you can never be free if you buy into denial. Your initial reaction to seven headed beasts with horns sticking out of them may not be instantly positive, but it is repression that really makes monsters. The gateway to the unconscious has some very frightening looking guardians, but that is your first challenge. If you cannot get past fear you are not going to get very far on this journey. Fear will enslave you.

As a piece of panic propaganda *Revelations* is great, but for my money the '*bad guys*' are the ones who exert the fascination. I am not big on seven eyed lambs. The pagan subtext is there; however, just reading *Revelations* to get a clear idea of Babalon is like reading *Mein Kampf* to get a good idea of what Jews are.

John's attacks have the opposite effect to what was intended, they hymn the enemy, and that is what is interesting. Everything that he hates becomes embodied in this seductive Goddess, Her Red Dragon lover and Her Antichrist son. They are the characters that come alive and step off the page.

I am going to give a brief account of the facets in *Revelations* that intrigue me. I am looking at the immortal archetypes, not the long

dead history of the ancient world misread into our times. What I do think John received was a genuine vision, but when it strained through the matrix of his mind it became warped. It is a caricature of the truth. The terrible changes he saw can be seen as his own inability to cope with a world that was mutating into a future uncomfortably different to what he envisioned. This has been the fate of all visionaries. The divine is made to pass through the narrow mind of one human and bears the stamp of their prejudices and preconceptions as much as the song of the Angel.

ALL THE SEVENS

Revelations can be split into seven segments. Let us do that now so that you can get a sense for the text as it unfolds.

I PROLOGUE AND THE VISION OF THE SON OF MAN
II LETTERS TO THE SEVEN CHURCHES
III THE VISION OF HEAVEN AND THE ADORATION OF THE LAMB
IV THE PROVIDENCE AND JUDGEMENTS OF GOD IN HISTORY
V THE PRELUDE OF VICTORY AND THE BINDING OF SATAN
VI THE GLORY OF THE NEW JERUSALEM
VII THE CONCLUSION AND EPILOGUE

I will break these down paying special attention to mentions of the Whore of Babylon and giving you an overview of the text. At twenty two chapters the original is far too short for you not to read yourself when you can find the time. I have quoted extensively in case you are unlucky enough not to have a Bible to hand.

I PROLOGUE AND THE VISION OF THE SON OF MAN

Revelations I

John starts *Revelations* with a vision of an Angel who wants all the churches to hear what he has got to say. This is not any angel. This is Jesus, so the message is clear to Christians, you better pay attention. He has brass feet, a double—edged sword for a tongue and seven stars in his hand. It is quite a sight, and it needs to be to reassure the

beleaguered faithful. Jesus has not shown up since the ambiguous tomb incident on the third day, contrary to the predictions. They need some cheerleading.

II LETTERS TO THE SEVEN CHURCHES

Revelations II — III

The next two chapters are rousing letters to the seven churches in Asia Minor. They are under threat from internal heresy and external threat from the cult of the Emperor. Again, this rather rubbishes the idea that *Revelations* is meant to be describing future events.

For us, the interesting part of the letters comes when John starts by attacking one Jezebel in the diocese of Thyatira. Her name actually means '*Oath of Baal*', often translated as the rather damning '*Follower of Idols*'. This marks her out as part of a very different religious tradition that co—existed with Christianity.

The crimes of this Jezebel are an echo of an earlier namesake, though it is possible that by now Jezebel has morphed into a general word for pagan bad girl. The Son of God promises to kill her children and is generally vengeful. In fact the God of Love delivers a whole bunch of plagues in these scant pages. Her familiar crimes are listed in *Revelations II:20*:

> '*Not withstanding I have a few things against thee, because thou sufferest that woman Jezebel, which calleth herself a prophetess, to teach and to seduce my servants to commit fornication, and to eat things sacrificed to idols.*'

Regardless of the truth of the allegations, this passage reinforces certain key biblical ideas about what women cannot do. The attack on Jezebel is fundamentally an attack on her power as a Priestess. Women cannot be allowed to exercise this function in the Christian church.

The attack on Jezebel also serves as a warning. The Priestesses who had watched over the mysteries and transmitted the knowledge of sex magick through their very bodies have it coming to them. The use of the term '*suffer*' reminds us of the classic, '*Thou shalt not suffer a Witch to live*' in *Exodus XXII:18*.

The simple fact is that the patriarchal slave religion of Pauline Christianity simply cannot abide Goddess based religions, female mysteries and essentially, Woman herself. There is no place for Her in the new religious order. The ideal woman of the Bible seems to make a remarkable transition from virgin to mother without actually having, let alone enjoying, sex.

As *Revelations* is an attack on Babalon, it is also an attack on all avatars of female spirito—sexual power. Jezebel is the first to come under attack and with her the entire role of Priestess and divinity of the Goddess.

The first Jezebel we encounter in the Bible is in *2 Kings IX*. It is important to know her tale to make better sense of the Jezebel in *Revelations*.

Jezebel was the foreign wife of King Ahab of Israel. As a foreigner and worshipper of other gods or '*baals*' she was a lightning rod for orthodox anger. The prophet Elijah was at the forefront of the hate campaign. With the death of Ahab in battle, his former general Jehu joins with Elijah in a coup to destroy Jezebel and Ahab's lineage. Before assassinating Joram, the son of Ahab, Jehu offers him this bitter retort:

> '*What peace, so long as the whoredoms of thy mother Jezebel and her witchcrafts are so many?*

Jehu drives on to Jezreel where Jezebel is waiting. When she hears of his approach she apparently does her makeup and looks out of her window. The implication is clear, this is the classic image of a prostitute as well as the Goddess Ishtar.

As a good servant of god, Jehu has her cast out of the window and her corpse is eaten by dogs. When John, or the Angel Jesus, talks of Jezebel in *Revelations*, this is exactly the kind of compassion that he has in mind. The sacred sexual feminine is anathema. Women are seducers and idolaters.

III THE VISION OF HEAVEN AND THE ADORATION OF THE LAMB

Revelations IV — V

The next two chapters describe the throne of God as a mandala. Jesus, now decked out as a seven—eyed lamb monster, is given a book with seven seals by this God. There is an alternative mandala for Babalon given in Crowley's *Waratah Blossoms* which is described for you in detail later in this book as a better roadmap for this journey.

IV THE PROVIDENCE AND JUDGEMENTS OF GOD IN HISTORY

Revelations VI — XVII

There is little point here in walking you through the procession of horsemen and horrors that reign down upon the world as Jesus breaks open the seals. They simply do not figure in our story. What we are interested in is when the Whore of Babylon appears.

In *Revelations XII:1* we have the first vision of a woman:

> '*And there appeared a great wonder in heaven:*
> *a woman clothed with the Sun, and the moon under*
> *her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars*'

This is the image used by the Golden Dawn to represent Eden before the Fall. This is also the subject of one of Blake's most famous engravings. We have a celestial vision of the Great Goddess, crowned by the Zodiac, throned by the Moon, and filled with blazing solar light. A great wonder. A great danger to Jehovah's one—man show.

Christian readings identify this woman as the Virgin Mary but this is a shallow interpretation. These chapters are the most difficult for Christian exegesis because they are a snarl of pagan myth and figures that blend and merge with dream logic. It simply does not make biblical sense. This knotted mystery is what makes *Revelations* so intriguing a labyrinth for the scholar, pagan and layman.

In these chapters we meet three women:

One watched by the dragon.
One seated upon it.
The third, a triumphant bride.

Perhaps they are just one woman with three faces?

There is no definitive reading. What I want to know is, who is Babalon, where does She come from, and where is She going? I do not have to neatly tie up the loose ends in the way that a Christian reading must strive to do. I am only interested in Her. There is a face hidden here that has been excised from our heritage.

So let us return to the first woman. Before Her stands a seven—headed Red Dragon ready to devour Her child when she gives birth. The Dragon is red to show the nature of its power, pure male hot and horny as hell. Engorged with blood, the Red Dragon is drawn magnetically to Her. As Carl Jung would no doubt tell you, the Dragon is a symbol of blind impulse, deep primordial desire.

The seven heads represent the seven lower sephirah of the Tree of Life and the seven planets. The Dragon lifts up each of its seven throbbing heads to be with Her. In Christian theology, this is a very bad thing. Fucking your way to heaven is right out. In John's reading the identity of the Dragon is plain:

> *'...that old serpent, called the Devil and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world'*

The old pagan gods have since suffered centuries of being skewered by zealous saints in retribution for their upstanding desire to unite with the King's Daughter. Later iconography has Babalon replaced with a more sympathetic looking rubenesque virgin lashed to a convenient rock or tree in rather touching al fresco bondage scenes. Perhaps now in more enlightened times we can see the serpent as a friend of man rather than something to crush under heel.

I would suggest that the woman and the serpent is an ancient religious image and it is this which John is objecting to. As a Greek, John seems to have mangled the myth of Apollo who slays the Python at Delphi where the Pythoness would get high on fumes and pronounce the oracles. This is the same kind of witchcraft which Jezebel has been condemned for. There are also shades here of the Sumerian myth of the slaughter of Tiamat.

The Red Dragon wanting to eat Her child seems a little strange. This is where I conjecture that we are talking about a magickal transformation, where the Red Dragon having impregnated Her now wants to gain the powers of the child which is half her and half him, the divine androgyne of neo—Platonism. '*Devil worshippers devour babies*' is a less sophisticated understanding of this symbolism.

In Western sex magick and alchemy, the Child is the elixir created by the mingling of Her menstrual blood and the Dragon's seed. So right here in *Revelations* we have the grand magickal secret written for those who have the eyes to see. If you are not familiar with this spermo—gnostic secret I would suggest you read some classic texts on mysticism with your mind comfortably reclined in the boudoir. Better still, conduct your own experiments on this. Suddenly it will all make sense. Western magick has tiptoed around this secret for far too long. Crowley famously described sex magick in terms of human sacrifice to avoid the censors and made the OTO initiations a series of progressively plainer hints about this central sex magickal secret. Many magickal groups still pretend that this cat is not out of the bag. It is. Magick is Sex, Sex is Magick.

Our star gilded lady then flies off with eagle wings, and as the keener alchemists among you will know, '*the gluten of the eagle*' is standard code for the female sexual secretions. So this woman is obviously aware of the potency and use of the different kalas, juices, or potions that flow from her sex. Being able to fly links Her to the witchcraft and shamanic tradition.

There is then some cryptic jive about Her being nourished by the face of a serpent — reading this as an allusion to another sex magickal act is, I trust, not too hard for you to swallow. Then the aforementioned Dragon opens his mouth and causes a flood which is swallowed by the earth, not the woman. But wait, if the earth is the

Great Goddess, then the Dragon has in fact fertilised the earth. This is not some premature ejaculation or a spit rather than a swallow. The Goddess has just been pumped full of Dragon's blood. In one sense that makes us all the children of *Revelations*. Perhaps we can go full circle back to Greek myth and remember that Gaia, the Goddess of the Earth, was the mother of Python.

None of this sounds like an account of Mary and the birth of Jesus. It is, rather, a mass of myths. This is a vindication of Lawrence's position that *Revelations* is built around a pagan core.

The Dragon is followed by the emergence of the Beast from the sea which is described in *Revelations XIII:2*:

> '*and the beast which I saw was like unto a leopard, and his feet were as the feet of a bear, and his mouth as the mouth of a lion : and the dragon gave him his power, and his seat, and great authority.*'

Just as there are three women, we have three consorts, the Dragon, the Beast and the Antichrist, whose identities shift and merge. Both the Dragon and the Beast have seven heads and ten horns. It is safe to assume that they are facets of the same force. These characters are not an innovation of John. The apocalyptic dream sequences in Daniel contain the blueprint for both the Dragon and the Beast from the sea. Compare the verse above from *Revelations* with *Daniel VII:3—7* below:

> '*And four great beasts came up from the sea, diverse one from another. The first was like a lion, and had eagle's wings: I beheld till the wings thereof were plucked and it was lifted up from the earth, and made stand upon the feet as a man, and a man's heart was given to it. And behold another beast , a second, like to a bear, and it raised up itself on one side, and it had three ribs in the mouth of it between the teeth of it: and they said thus unto it, Arise, devour much flesh. After this I beheld, and lo another, like a leopard, which had upon the back of it four wings of a fowl; the beast also had four heads; and dominion was given to it.*'

These first three beasts are amalgamated in *Revelations* into the one Beast from the sea. The fourth beast of *Daniel VII:7* sounds very much like a Dragon:

> '*after this I saw in the night visions, and behold a fourth beast, dreadful and terrible, and strong exceedingly; and it had great iron teeth: it devoured and brake in pieces, and stamped the residue with the feet of it; and it were diverse from all the beasts that were before it; and it had ten horns.*'

The war against heaven follows, and despite a victory for his side Daniel is all shook up. It should be clear by now that Revelations is part of an apocalyptic Christian tradition and not the standalone text it is often seen as. I leave it up to you to decide whether both prophets are describing the same war.

The narrative now moves to the fall of the city of Babylon who is personified as a woman in *Revelations XIV:8*:

> '*Babylon is fallen, is fallen, that great city, because she made all nations drink of the wine of the wrath of her fornications.*'

Again we are shown the shocking idea of drinking the wine of Her fornications. Surely this has to be the kalas of the Goddess flowing out from her Holy of Holies. This Tantric nectar is clearly something very special indeed. Drinking from Her Cup is being held accountable for Her fall. Kissing the shrine of the Goddess is obviously a terrible blasphemy to the God of *Revelations*. We have already heard that he is a jealous God, apparently Yoni worship is not what you should do while you are kneeling before the Divine.

This is more than a straight sexual taboo. This is a religious and magickal taboo. The flowing wines of the Goddess have magickal virtues and the most important sacrament of all is the blood red menstrual flow. Blood is indeed the life. The very idea of ritually consuming the living menstrual blood of the Goddess is anathema to

Christianity. The communion blood of the Christ is a poor substitute for the blood flowing miraculous from the body of the Goddess. If you were wondering where the '*scarlet*' appellation came from, look no further. A cold chalice is no replacement for the body of the Priestess on the altar, possessed by the Goddess. This is a resurrection that swings around as dependably as the moon. These are the practices that so horrified the Christian Church.

One of the angels then takes John to see Babalon whom he seems pretty smitten with, and I for one do not blame him. Here She is in *Revelations XVII:4*:

> '*And the woman was arrayed in purple and scarlet colour and decked with gold and precious stones and pearls having a golden cup in her hand full of abominations and filthiness of her fornication. And upon her forehead was written:*
>
> *MYSTERY, BABYLON THE GREAT.*
> *THE MOTHER OF HARLOTS*
> *AND ABOMINATIONS OF THE EARTH.*
>
> *And I saw the woman drunken with the blood of the saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus. And when I saw her I wondered with great admiration*'

This is the clearest description we get, and it is this intoxication that you can feel winging Aleister, Jack, Byron and a whole host of poets into their flights of rapture. John conjures a compelling vision. If you cannot fall in love with Her after that description then your heart is made of stone. Go on, read it again, thrill with it.

Let us unlock the symbolic code we have been given by the Angel. On one level purple is the royal colour of Rome, so Babylon is being identified with a place and ideas of royalty. Wearing purple was a capital offence in ancient Rome, it was the supreme colour of

kingship. To claim kingship was seen by some as an affront to '*King Jesus*' so the purple also is a heresy.

In Cabbalistic terms, red is the colour of the fifth sephirah Geburah and blue the colour of the fourth sephirah Chesed, the colours mix in the path that joins them, that of Lust, Babalon and the Beast cojoined. Purple is also importantly the colour of the rampant male member.

We have covered scarlet already, the hot red male energy, menstrual blood and the petals of the aroused Priestess.

Gold, precious stones and pearls are not just the trappings of royal splendour they also represent occult virtues or powers. Gold represents spiritual purity freed from the corruption of its origins. This alchemical process is the result of the seven heads of the Beast rising up to become one with Her. The rubies of Geburah, the emeralds of Netzach, the pearls of Yesod, these are the precious stones. The magickal powers have become fixed in these stones as talismans. They are the jewellery that adorns the body of the Goddess.

Babalon is always described in terms of luxury. An abundance of flesh and wealth is described in all the accounts. Partly this is due to John living as a hermit on a barren island, where temptation from his ascetic path of denial was bound to be clothed in the sumptuous delights of curves and consumables. Partly it is the memory of Babylon with her cedar columned halls and gilt sphinxes, the splendours of the royal court that over—awed the Jews.

Symbolically there is great importance in this description of the Goddess. She has slimmed down from the famous Willendorf figure of pudgy spheres, but there is still enough to hold onto. Babalon is ripe with sexual promise. She is all woman, revelling in her physicality. This is a big change from the amorphous beard job Jehovah. This is a Goddess you can actually touch and feel. There is no vague promise of hereafter, Babalon is about direct hands on experience. To worship this Goddess is to make Love to Her, and to revel in the world of the senses. Rather than denying the world, she asks us to Love it.

The golden cup is Her sex filled with the golden solar light of the Beast. It is not just Her menstrual blood, it has combined with the blood of the Beast, his sperm. They are both drunk with desire, or less judgementally, in a trance state.

The vision of the cup is a repetition of a theme from *Proverbs XXIII:31—33:*

> *'Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour to the cup, when it moveth itself aright: at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder. Thine eyes shall behold strange women, and thine heart shall utter perverse things.'*

There are hints here of a visionary sacrament, perhaps a remnant of an earlier rite where a draught of the sacred wine brought on visions of the Goddess and a speaking in tongues.

She is MYSTERY in that Her secret, that is Her sex, is concealed rather than revealed. She is the MOTHER OF HARLOTS in that her Priestesses are Holy Whores, trained in sexual magick as the highest religious sacrament.

She is also described as the Mother of the ABOMINATIONS OF THE EARTH. This is a very ancient idea. In Babylonian mythology Tiamat the Dragon mother of Chaos gives birth to whole host of seeming monsters. There a lot of variants on this elder god mythology. These creatures, like the offspring of the Nephilim and the daughters of men, are an abomination, literally bad omens. So the Holy Whore's union with the Beast is responsible for all the half—god half—man magickal experiments ranging about in the Middle East. This kind of genetic engineering is right out according to *Revelations.* The fact that the Virgin Mary got hot and heavy with a dove seems to be conveniently overlooked. So what we have is a taboo against using sex magick to create new beings with god—like potential, not a blanket ban on animal sex. We simply have to follow Jesus and knock any ideas of mystic eugenics on the head. Heaven forbid that we wear animal masks when we make out and are possessed by their atavisms, let alone aim to have children that are more than human.

The text goes on to tell us that the seven heads of the Beast are the seven mountains she sits on, and in *Revelations XVII:18* the Angel explains that the woman is:

> '*that great city which reigneth over the kings of the earth*'

For those of you who have not joined the dots, we are now talking about Rome. This is the bit that gets all the anti—Catholics jumping about and pointing the finger. The classic text on this is Christopher Hislop's *Two Babylons* which has the dubious honour of being name checked by both fundamentalists and occultists alike.

It is possible that Babylon was also seen by John in the figure of Venus whose temple was the largest in ancient Rome. The temple was split in dedication between Roma and Venus. Roma spelt backwards is of course AMOR. In making the Love Goddess his enemy and casting Nero as Antichrist, John was attacking the very foundations of Imperial Rome.

Revelations is a whole mess of tenses, past, present and future so a budding Nostradamus can read any level of meaning into it.

When the Angel of Revelations reveals that Great Babylon is fallen, fallen, and points at Rome it is echoing the earlier words of Isaiah. This earlier prophet was emphatically looking towards Sumeria. Perhaps the most popular reading of the seven heads of the Beast and the cryptic wounding is that this refers to the succession of Caesars.

I would like to propose a more practical physical use for the Beast as an energy working. In Eastern terms, a Shiva to Babalon's Shakti. While *Revelations* can certainly be seen as a prophetic text dealing with Rome there is a bigger picture. Babalon and the Beast can be seen as a sexual formula to lead the aspirant to enlightenment. The archetypes can be used as an engine to storm the gates of heaven with. In my book fasting and flagellation are no match for fucking.

V THE PRELUDE OF VICTORY AND THE BINDING OF SATAN

VI THE GLORY OF THE NEW JERUSALEM

VII THE CONCLUSION AND EPILOGUE

Anyway, back to *Revelations*. This new Babylon gets a right royal kicking from Jehovah and his winged muscle until nothing is left. Then the Beast and the False Prophet get to take a swim in a lake of brimstone. The Lamb lives happily ever after in the New Jerusalem that replaces wicked old Babylon.

The End.

Only it is not. This rabid document contains the seed of the Goddess, disseminated into every hotel room — thank you Gideons — and read by every rebel angel worth their salt. It is the answer book at the back of every New Testament, past all the hokey loaves and fishes malarkey. Christianity's hatred of the Great Goddess and denial of feminine power has bent round and bit them on the ass. The war has not been won. You are still free to choose your side. All I am doing with this book is expanding your freedom of choice, the God of Vengeance and Hatred, or the Goddess of Love and the seven headed Beast.

First off I am going to give my answer to the question:

Who is She that inspired St John the Divine?

I want to challenge the idea that Babylon simply came to John fully formed out of the Aethyr and show the historical roots that he was trying to rip out of the earth. It also appeals to me to use and be used by Babalon to destroy the last vestiges of sin and guilt. Babalon reclaims the essential primal power of Woman and Man giving birth to something entirely new. The entirely new thing is the Antichrist, the Crowned and Conquering Child of Thelema, or for the Nietzscheans among you, the Superman. I am not making wild claims in the manner of Margaret Murray, I am a practical magickian, not a half—baked

historian. What I am interested in is Babalon flickering like a flame through the ancient world and then bursting into life Here and Now.

WEEPING WE REMEMBERED ZION

'Oh daughter of Babylon, who art to be destroyed; happy shall he be, that rewardeth thee as thou hast served us. Happy shall he be that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the stones.'

—Psalm 137:8—9

WITHOUT AN UNDERSTANDING of the theological history of the Old Testament we cannot begin to fathom where the Holy Whore has come from. These histories are almost lost to allegory and fable. We can interpret them on a symbolic level, but it is vital that we engage with them, because they are the dreams that have made our modern flesh.

Daniel, *Kings 2*, *Jeremiah*, *Ezekiel* and *Lamentations* are lying unread but still exerting their influence over our culture and ideas. Old wars, eternal battles between good and evil, these self same characters are recast in *Revelations* and the tale that becomes Babalon and the Dragon. These seeds, these dragon's teeth, are a harvest we still reap. In 598 BCE the unthinkable happened, Nebuchadnezzar the ruler of Babylon took the holy city of Jerusalem and carried many of its people into slavery. These ancient events have echoed down to us through history. In many ways Christianity is still feeding off this old weeping wound in what was a small war.

The prophet Jeremiah had prophesied the fall of Jerusalem. The reason for this was simple for him, the idolatrous worship of other Gods by the people. For Jeremiah life was one long lament, a misery of betrayal. Yahweh had not deserted his people, they had deserted him.

Yahweh would punish this loss of purity, using Nebuchadnezzar as the instrument of his vengeance. Jeremiah almost gloats over the foreseen destruction of Jerusalem, he berates Israel as a harlot. For him it is the incense burned on the rooftops to Baal and the worship of sweet Asherah in the groves and high places which would bring down Babylon upon them. His ranting was massively unpopular, and Jeremiah already an outsider, found himself imprisoned as a traitor. When Nebuchadnezzar came and fulfilled the prophecy Jeremiah was released from his dungeon where he was being slowly suffocated to death with mud.

Rather than holding out to see his people put to the sword Jehoiakim, king of Judah and vassal of the Egyptian pharaoh, wisely surrendered to the Babylonians who surrounded his city. Not surrendering would have meant the vigorous butchery of the population. These were the rules of ancient warfare. In recompense, ten thousand Jews were carried into exile.

This was more than a military defeat, this was a religious disaster. As well as the human loss, the Babylonians took heavy tribute from the Temple of Solomon and the Royal Palace. The Babylonian Marduk, a Serpent God, had triumphed over the people of Yahweh. Their tribal God had failed them in what must have been a hammer blow to their national psyche. The prophets cast about for something to blame. It could not be their God that had failed them. The fall of Jerusalem must have been the result of an enemy within. The soul searching turned into a witch hunt, a search for the canker in the rose of Israel.

The Jews that were taken down into Babylon were plunged into a thoroughly alien world. Despite the shared histories and the overlapping mythologies plundered from Sumerian sources, these were very different peoples. Seen through pious eyes, Babylon was a city of sin, a sensory assault of carnality and idolatry.

There are eight gates to the city flung across the cardinal points, each gate a God: Ishtar, Marduk, Ninurta, Enlil, Urash, Shamash, Sin, Adad. The Tower of Babel stood in the city midst reaching up to heaven. Some sight as the Jews came down the bold Euphrates, borne on tears to Babylon, the greatest city on earth. They will have come through the enamel blue brick Ishtar gate with its golden ménage and copper covered cedar doors. This is the architecture of awe. Lions and bulls

and sirrush gleam in polychrome glory along the sacred ways. The walls are all gleaming claws and fangs, the city like a devouring vagina dentata with a soft succulent centre. Luxury, excess, wealth is everywhere.

Here women sell themselves in the Temple plaza for a single coin. All of them, high and low born. The women of Babylon are whores, spreading themselves for strangers and calling it religion. Here they parade a great monitor lizard through the streets and proclaim that it is God. Babylon worships the Serpent. The place is thick with magi, eunuchs, courtesans and dancers. The air is spiced, the colours all too immodestly bright. Everything reminds them: We are not in Jerusalem any more.

The prophet Ezekiel is among the Jews taken into Babylon and he steps up the attack on idolatry. This is taken from Chapter VI for those of you that did not get past his early description of flying saucer encounters:

> '*And they that escape of you shall remember me among the nations whither they shall be carried captives, because I am broken with their whorish heart, which hath departed from me, and with their eyes which go whoring after their idols: and they shall loath themselves for the evils which they have committed in all their abominations.*'

He continues with a solution and a threat, there is no place for rivals to their God:

> '*Then shall ye know that I am the Lord, when their slain men shall be among their idols, round about their altars upon every high hill, in all the tops of the mountains, and under every green tree, and under every thick oak, the place where they did offer sweet savour to all their idols.*'

There is rich evidence in *Ezekiel* of the plurality of Gods and Goddesses being worshipped by the people at this time, rather than the

monolithic grip of the One True God that most assume. There is also the stark fate of competing religions laid out which has been enacted in a global pogrom from the Middle East to Europe and the Americas in his name. This is obviously a God of Love.

Despite the indubitable anguish, the captivity was not a state of pitiless slavery. The city of Babylon needed skilled craftsmen and the status of the Jews was respected. The book of *Daniel*, though an unreliable pastiche of Aramaic and Hebrew, does contain the seed truth that the Jews were also respected for their skills in magic and dream divination. Nebuchadnezzar even allowed them to worship Yahweh and maintain their cultural identity. This was despite the darkly prophetic railing against Babylon that was prevalent among the priests and brought to the ears of Nebuchadnezzar by a network of spies. The most tangible symbol of oppression for the captives was, perhaps inevitably, the Tower of Babel.

THE TOWER OF BABEL

If there is one thing people still know about Babylon it is the Tower, and God's disapproval of such avant—garde town planning. It apparently broke all the planning regulations and simply had to go. There is a building statute about overlooking Deity and so things went all 9/11 shaped.

We have a parable here about a group of magickians deliberately raising themselves to the level of God. Apparently that is a bad thing. All those who agree can quietly close this book and walk away before it is too late.

If you would like to open your Bibles to *Genesis XI* it tells us that the Elohim were not chuffed and smacked down the contentious edifice, and the men, now speaking different languages, were scattered across the earth. This heroic piece of skyline reclamation is of course shown in Tarot card number sweet sixteen, The Tower.

Unfortunately the Old Testament version of events rather misses the point because it is a cut and paste job of mistranslated Sumerian myth. The Elohim who allegedly destroyed the Tower are better translated as '*Gods and Goddesses*' than the rather grand and monotheistic '*God the*

most high'. In fact the Great Flood, huge chunks of *Genesis* and the whole Adam and Eve tale were ripped unceremoniously from Sumer.

With all of this bad mouthing, it would be easy to miss the fact that there was an actual Tower of Babel, a bricks and mortar temple that created all this anger. Sure enough in Babylon we have the sacred stepped pyramid temple that started all this rumpus. The city in Akkadian was called '*Bab—Ili*' meaning '*Gate of God*', the biblical interpretation of Babel was derived from the Hebrew '*balal*' to confuse. The word play can be found in Genesis XI:9:

> '*Therefore is the name of it called Babel: because the Lord did there confound the language of all the earth: and from thence did the Lord scatter them abroad upon the face of all the earth.*'

This is not only bad etymology, it is a good example of the injustice Hebrew translation did to the complexity of Sumerian thought. The tower itself was called '*Etemenanki*' by the Babylonians which translates as the rather more constructive '*House of the Foundation of Heaven and Earth*'. The original temple on the site had been smashed by Sennacherib with his Assyrian army. The biblically famed tower which dominated the landscape was rebuilt by Nabopolassar, the father of Nebuchadnezzar, upon the foundations of this structure in the name of Marduk the Dragon God. The king and crown prince removed their royal robes and bore up the first bricks, earth and mortar on their heads in a symbolic act that we see now in the laying of the foundation stone of a new building by a local dignitary or head of state, as well as in Masonic symbolism.

This was not simply a temple placed at random, this was the axis mundi, the vertical cosmic axis of the world. The temple and city of Babalon are the central point between the heavens and the underworld. The foundations were the very point where Marduk had been born and humans created from clay. In the temple the mythic and the mundane mixed as this is where the worlds overlapped. For the Babylonians with their obsession with the past and the origin of all

things, the temple was a functioning time machine. It enabled the king to become Marduk himself in the New Year celebrations, and the priests and priestesses to daily experience the presence of the living gods.

The tower itself is a form of the sacred hill or mound, the primeval earth rising out of the waters after the deluge of the flood. This symbolism can be found in Atu XIX of the Tarot, The Sun, and in many ancient mythologies. This is the point which can be called '*in the beginning*'. Sumeria itself can be seen as the sacred hill, raising its fertile mound between the Tigris and Euphrates. For the ritualist, this symbol is still used, it is the magick circle.

The Israelites in exile saw the 297 feet tall tower as a powerful symbol of their oppression. In our age glutted on skyscrapers and poured concrete it is hard to imagine the impact that this completed architectural feat had upon the ancient mind.

Let us be mischievous for a moment and consult *777*, the occult numerological dictionary entry for that number. Lo and behold, we have a swathe of significant words that share the number 297:

> '*Thesaurus/gazophylacium* (that is
> dictionary in Greek)
> *A secured house; a fortified castle*
> *The Throne; a name of Briah*
> *Nuriel* (the Angel of Elemental Earth, also
> spelled Uriel)
> *The neck*'

All delightfully significant, but only if the ancient Babylonians had decided to use feet and inches as their measures of choice. The correspondences may be intriguing, but let us not make the mistake of the Israelites and balance false assumptions on each other and then wonder why our edifices collapse before we reach the stars. It would be better for us to build like the Babylonians, step by careful step to the Holy of Holies.

The Sumerian temple or ziggurat that crops up in biblical law was the sacred mountain. It is both the body of the Goddess and the phallus of the God. The tower is the tree pillar connecting heaven and earth. The

axis mundi. An attempt in glazed brick to nuzzle the g—spot of the heavens into riotous ecstasy. Remember the description of Inanna with her tower headdress? This is the tower. If you want to take this to the nth degree then all crenulated crowns come from the Babylonian tradition.

The temple was comprised of heaven, earth and underworld. We have got a shift here from the earth goddess to a stellar consciousness and magick that looks to the seven sacred planets. The ziggurat in Babylon was indeed painted in the colours of the seven planets. At the summit of the tower was a ritual temple/cave/womb/tomb where the God and Goddess enacted the sacred marriage and descent into the underworld. This is not idle speculation, we have the account of Herodotus who visited in 5BC when the Tower was still intact. He accurately describes the step pyramid and the bridal chamber:

> *'..there was a tower of solid masonry upon which was raised a second tower and on that a third, and so on up to eight.. on the topmost tower there is a spacious temple, and inside the temple stands a couch of unusual size, richly adorned, with a golden table by its side.. They also declare – but I for my part do not credit it – that the god comes down in person into this chamber, and sleeps upon the couch.'*

Herodotus' scepticism is because of his literal reading of the descent of the God, but make no mistake, this is high magick. Wicca appropriately calls it the Great Rite. The High Priest and Priestess or King and Queen are becoming the God and Goddess and enacting the very first creative act that brought the universe into being. If you need another billion examples to saturate your unconscious with then read JG Frazier's *The Golden Bough*. One living example in your own life would serve you far better.

With the Tower of Babel we have cosmic measurements being turned into words and letters, and that gets the Freemasons all excited. This temple can be taken as the ground zero of sacred architecture. There is nothing haphazard going on here. This is the place in history where the repetitive chants of shamanism have become the crafted poem. The Tower of Babel is a clockwork bomb composed of precisely measured symbolic parts. Magickians are deliberately looking at the heavens and making representations of what they see on the earth. Civilisation has been wedded to the high magickal arts, and how lovely that is.

The actual historical tower fell into ruin when Xerxes of Persia took Babylon. It was a slow decay rather than a dramatic act of divine vengeance. The gods and goddesses who had bred the Nephilim and engineered the rise of man were abandoned. The city and tower overrun. This loss of the link to the sky gods and the multitude of the tongues spoken by the invaders is the reason behind the idea of a lost language. In a sense the language that John Dee was trying to find is this lost language, the intercourse between gods and goddesses and men and women. This is the secret knowledge that Enoch who was swept up to heaven learned. Even the sexual cross—matching between Dee and Kelley and their wives that the angels demanded can be viewed through this prism as a genetic experiment at creating divinity in man. These are exactly the ideas we find in Sumerian creation myth and with the accounts of the Nephilim who lay with mortal women to sire gods.

The Sumerian gods did not die here. The pantheon decamped to Israel and the Dragon Court of Egypt. All part of the grand plan of the Sumerian Annunaki, literally '*heaven come to earth*'. From here you can conjecture about a blood link from the Sumerian gods who lay with mortal women, to the Royal House of David and on through an impossible succession of orders to the Templars and beyond. In this reading The Tower and the Tarot become a repository of forbidden knowledge carrying this secret teaching down the ages in a code that only initiates of the mysteries could read.

If there is a lineage of genuinely alien blood then I can only say that by this century it is no longer a robust burgundy but a rather insipid rosé. Certainly ancient historical events are an important part of unlocking the wisdom of this curious house of cards. Our ignorance

about Sumeria, the very cradle of civilisation is something that must be fixed if we are ever to understand where we came from and where we are going. Space aliens with eugenics plans fail the test of common sense. We need to look closer at the double helix to understand what kind of dragon is in the blood which drives us towards the stars.

So why in the Hermetic tradition does The Tower look so sketchy? Phone line psychics are banned from using it, as if taking a card from the pack can remove an idea from existence. It is one of the '*idiot cards*' in the Tarot that gets turned over to a gasp by the fortune teller. The thing is it is the wrong kind of gasp. Those who have studied the Tarot may allow themselves a knowing smile at this point. The Tower card contains the essential truth of this ancient temple. It is an enormous cock detonating wildly into the night sky with all sorts of apocalyptic lightning (lightning actually starts at the ground and travels up) going on. Now before you get too cosy with the idea, the orgasm we are talking about here is one where the ego goes bang. The self is annihilated. Utterly. This is the secret of Babalon. This is the path of life but paradoxically that of death and destruction. In our increasingly turbulent times this is one paradox you would do well to study. Are you enough of a chameleon to cope?

We are all children of Babel in the sense that we are trying to find a language to talk to each other and our gods with.

THE GREAT ESCAPE

After three years of sworn peace Jehoiakim leads Jerusalem in rebellion against the conquerors. Babylon descends once more and chastises the city. That is putting it mildly. Jehoiakim dies and his son is taken to Babylon taking the bad news to his exiled people. Zedekiah appointed as king rebels in turn. After 18 months of siege and starvation Jerusalem is burned. The temple and palace are raised to the ground. There is no quarter given this time. Zedekiah's sons are killed in front of him and then his eyes torn out. Even more captives are carried down to Babylon.

In the biblical version Nebuchadnezzar darkens into death, afflicted by demons and shades. Nothing can cure him, neither gods nor men. The book of *Daniel* casts their hero as the interpreter of

Nebuchadnezzar's portentous dreams, just as Moses was able to play Freud to the Pharaoh. In this version Nebuchadnezzar ends up bowing to the God of Daniel. This is all rather wistful thinking, as is Daniel's faith making him immune to lions, something the Romans never seemed to tire of disproving in the coliseum.

The apocryphal book of *Bel and the Dragon* adds another dimension to this tale, slotting in just before the adventure in the lions' den. In this account Daniel rumbles a priestly scam where they are using a secret entrance to enter the temple and are eating the offerings to a statue of Marduk and claiming the statue lives. Nebuchadnezzar has them killed for this. He goes on to rather preposterously let Daniel slay Marduk. It is all rather Japanese monster movie, what with the pyrotechnics and what was no doubt a dressed up monitor lizard:

> '*1:23 And in that same place there was a great dragon, which they of Babylon worshipped.*
> *1:24 And the king said unto Daniel, Wilt thou also say that this is of brass? lo, he liveth, he eateth and drinketh; thou canst not say that he is no living god: therefore worship him.*
> *1:25 Then said Daniel unto the king, I will worship the Lord my God: for he is the living God.*
> *1:26 But give me leave, O king, and I shall slay this dragon without sword or staff. The king said, I give thee leave.*
> *1:27 Then Daniel took pitch, and fat, and hair, and did seethe them together, and made lumps thereof: this he put in the dragon's mouth, and so the dragon burst in sunder : and Daniel said, Lo, these are the gods ye worship.*'

The reason I am including this dragon story is that it is another clear influence on *Revelations*. The Dragon is emblematic of the old enemy, Babylon.

Meanwhile in the book of *Daniel*, Nebuchadnezzar's mind is stricken and the empire also crumbles. The people say that he has been abandoned by Marduk. The Jews sing songs of their deliverance in the ghettos. Nebuchadnezzar prophecies the coming of Persia and the fall of Babylon and it is not long in coming. Alas, Daniel is an unreliable source. Nebuchadnezzar is succeeded by several short reigning kings and the madness of Nebuchadnezzar should more properly be attributed to Nabonidus. But let us not get too snarled in dead kings, we can leave that to the historians.

It is not Yahweh who saves the Jews in Babylon. Cyrus the Great rises and descends on the old enemy, an empire weakened by misrule and madness. The Jews are released. In 537 BCE some 40,000 Jews return to Jerusalem to rebuild the temple, a fresh infusion of zealous believers forging a national identity around a united stand against all things Babylonian. The very place had become a byword for evil. The damage had been done. Here are the tales to become nightmares, of whores and serpents and towers and strange gods. Here is the enemy, the songs of lamentation ring around Her.

It would be wrong to lay the blame for the blackening of Babalon at the feet of the Jewish people. Anti—Semitism is a vile thing. The suppression of the Goddess has required the complicity of many small minds, large nations and ugly power plays. It is important to learn where these ideas came from in order to defeat them. We must remember that for them to take hold they must have found fertile soil in other climes where opulence, sexuality and paganism were reviled.

Now we must turn to the Goddesses of ancient Babylon to get to the core of the tale of the Great Whore of *Revelations*.

HOW MANY MILES TO BABYLON?

'Who is She that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with Banners?'
—The Song of Songs

THE DESERTS OF IRAQ ONCE BLOOMED WITH WILD ROSES. Sumerian ideas suffused the ancient world with their heady perfume, from the Hebrews to the Greeks and Romans, as well as spreading East into Hinduism and Buddhism. Shiva—Shakti is an echo of that earlier pair of mythical lovers, Inanna and Dumuzi. We have lost the link and imported our knowledge of sacred sex from India as if there was never such an exotic bloom seen here. The richness of Babylonian culture has been rendered down into a mere biblical watchword for sin. The substance of the civilisation, the history of that holy city with its exotic gods and goddesses has faded away. The hot erotic heart of western sex magick was certainly pulsing in Sumeria where now it goes sadly black

clad and veiled. This is a Love story where we have forgotten the name, and even the very existence, of our Beloved.

The angular marks of a stylus on clay and the slag heaps of burned brick do not have the immediate impact of the pyramids of Egypt or the classical temples of Greece, but this is where the Goddess that we know as Babalon was born, in Sumeria, the cradle of civilisation. When the Goddess says she is Babalon, it is back to Babylon that we must go. It is time that we conclusively proved that Inanna—Ishtar is the Goddess whose DNA matches what *Revelations* has ranted about. This is our original Eden, the ground zero, ring fenced and razor wired against our trespass. Well my bold reader, there is no need to be afraid, let me lead you back through the Lion Gates and down the processional ways.

Ishtar was the Goddess of the city of Babylon, and her cult and that of all the associated Love goddesses was horribly immoral for the displaced Israelites. What makes things even worse is that Inanna, in her guise as Astarte, was the Goddess of choice in Israel. She was both an alien and a familiar rival to the hegemony of Yahweh. If you believe the conspiracy theory of Jeremiah then Inanna—Astarte was responsible for the fall of the first Jerusalem. What better way for John to bolster the idea of a New Jerusalem than by killing off the perennial threat of this gorgeous Goddess? What more dangerous enemy is there to your purported message that '*God is love*' than a tradition based on explicit, erotic union with the Divine?

As we have already seen, the captivity of the Jews in Babylon massively impacted on their national and religious identity. Their tribal god had a very simple approach. All other religions, their gods and goddesses, were false. This dualistic, good vs. evil view persists through to *Revelations* where it reaches its zenith. In an atmosphere of outright religious persecution, who can blame him? John chooses Babylon, the old enemy, to personify evil and stand in opposition to the new improved washed whiter—than—white heavenly Jerusalem. There was no Goddess called Babylon, but it is clear who he means, the Love Goddess Inanna—Ishtar.

John would have fervently read the Old Testament, with its accounts of Astarte and Ishtar, and added that to his contemporary experience of the cults of Aphrodite and Isis. The Love goddesses and the unbroken

power of the priestesses and hetaerae was the ultimate enemy as they represented the triumph of the flesh. They were recognition of the ultimate reality of God as a hermaphroditic fusion of the male and female, with sex as the highest sacrament. The cults of the Love Goddesses promised transcendent experience that did not require a priest to unroll a Jesus sheath as a barrier between the worshipper and gnosis. This does not mean that pagan Rome was a paradise of Goddess loving strumpets flouncing about in sandals and slips. In criticising Christianity I do not mean to place the Imperial world on a pedestal.

What is intriguing for us is how much of Inanna there is to be found in the Goddess Babalon, despite the yawning chasm of time between the first fall of Jerusalem and the revelation of John. Repetition of the name of the old enemy is only part of the answer, and historical sources were scant at the time. There does not seem to be a rational account for the level of matching detail. The magickal explanation is that gods and goddesses are independent entities which we can directly connect with. John was dabbling his fingers in the fresh red wound of a very ancient and yet very living Goddess.

INANNA ISHTAR

First we need to clear up the confusion of names. The Sumerian Inanna predates the Babylonian Ishtar. Inanna was worshipped in southern Sumeria, and Ishtar was worshipped in the north. These Goddesses speak with one voice. They describe the same archetype. They are the same Goddess. The Babylonian Ishtar inherited Inanna's rituals and symbols as her contemporary and successor. Inanna became Ishtar. Both names look the same impressed into wet clay with a stylus, it is only the pronunciation that is different.

What we get here is a glimpse of the way that our Goddess has come down to us, carried by war and trade, recognised and integrated into neighbouring pantheons. In the heady days before the tyranny of monotheism the various cults had a holistic appreciation of the forces they worshipped. Brand loyalty was not a big issue. I will be switching between these two Goddesses and their myths as they are so overlapped. If students of ancient history can just bear with me, and

focus on the magickal fact that Inanna and Ishtar are one. The later Babylonians cast back to Sumer for the mud bricks that built the foundations of their culture.

We have a clear description of Babalon from *Revelations*, so it is only right that we should compare that with the images we have of Inanna—Ishtar. Inanna is depicted wearing a horned crown that encloses the sacred tiered mountain, cone, pyramid or tower. The headdress is a shorthand method for describing the powers and nature of the Goddess, something we see taken to its logical conclusion in Egyptian iconography. The horns represent the moon and sure enough she is described in the texts as the daughter of the moon. Her father, the moon God, is ironically called Sin.

The Qabalists among you will see that in this aspect Inanna instantly maps onto Malkuth, the tenth sephirah and daughter of the lunar Yesod. This fits with the fleshy nature of Babalon. Her Kingdom is the World rather than some cotton wool cloud hereafter. This horned moon cradles a tower, in the same way that Yesod, the Moon, is beneath The Tower on the Tree of Life. If you are not a Qabalist then just let that all wash over you.

The Tower is both a clearly phallic symbol and a representation of the sacred architecture of the Tower of Babylon. In one sense she is a Goddess of this early civic pride, much as Athena is the protector of Athens. In another she represents the highest form of magick, sexual union. The Tower and Moon are the genitals locked in love, an X—rated version of the Chinese Tai Chi.

Moving down over her beautiful face, she wears lapis jewels and a rainbow necklace, her girdle is the zodiac. In later carved images she is circled by the stars of the zodiac. The zodiac is even referred to as Ishtar's girdle. From this we can deduce that she is a rather more important Goddess than just being a planetary deity. In Love Goddess terms, we can think of her as Miss Universe rather than a provincial beauty queen.

The lapis jewels are the indigo blue of the night sky. The rainbow necklace is a more complex image. The rainbow is created by the splitting of the divine white light, giving seven visible colours, and these are the seven sacred planets we know as the Moon, Mercury, Venus, the Sun, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn.

Rainbows are formed by droplets of water illuminated by the fire of the sun. So the rainbow is a splendid vision of the harmony of water and fire that are needed for creation and for the crops to grow. This is a fertile vision.

One more aside for the Qabalists, this symbol is encoded on the Tree of Life by the three lowest paths, Qoph, Shin and Tau which spell Qesheth, a rainbow in Hebrew. This mystery is further explained by Atu XIV in the Tarot. The best representation is Art in Aleister Crowley's *Book of Thoth.*

The first woman in *Revelations* is described in similar starry terms:

> '*clothed with the Sun, and the*
> *moon under her feet, and upon*
> *her head a crown of twelve stars.*'

Though not an exact match, it does show that the description John uses has a far more ancient legacy than plain Mary. It is the description of a Goddess. In *Revelations* John compares the seven stars of Babylon unfavourably with the twelve of the New Jerusalem. He is stripping the pagan statues to clothe the Virgin Mother of his cult.

To confuse the celestial symbolism further, Inanna is referred to as both Venus and Sirius. This is not a contradiction, these are just different methods of describing her loveliness. There is logic to this, it is not just a variant on the same chat—up line.

The eight—pointed stars that are found in her portraits symbolise Venus. So why eight rays rather than the usual seven of our ceremonial magick tradition? This comes down to the astrological methods of the Babylonians who spent an inordinate amount of time gazing at the starry heavens. Eight is the number of years in one sacred year, which is the time it takes for the full moon to coincide with the longest and shortest day, thus reconciling the lunar and solar year. So Inanna is the reconciler, the bridge between the solar and lunar. The reason that she can take this exulted role is down to sex. We all know how good it is to coincide. Venus has two aspects. As the Morning Star she is ever

virgin, as the Evening Star the divine harlot. Inanna embodies both qualities, she is the Whore and the Holy One.

There is speculation that Venus is the star of Bethlehem and that she and her son/lover Dumuzi are the original Jesus and Mary. I dare you to find a more ironic piece of history. Whether this is a fact, it is more than likely that the Jews took their model for a new religion out of their captivity in Babylon, in the same way that they took their conception of the one true God from the ill—fated cult of the Aten in Egypt. There are clear parallels which threaten the idea that the God of the Jews was the one true God with a unique and universal claim.

When she is described as Sirius, then Inanna is the Goddess of destruction. In Sumeria, Sirius rises in July heralding the dog days of death—bringing heat. The scorpion is sacred to Inanna in this role as destroyer. This is the same scorpion you will find tucked away in medieval portraits of Death. It is also code for the female orgasm which the French still call '*la petite mort*'. Sex is about both creation, and destruction, life and death. Both sides are part of her. There is a temptation to view Love goddesses in a benign soft focus, the kind of Vaseline smeared lens effect of 1970s porno pics. Nothing could be further from the truth. Love is an emotion with destroying power, careless of human happiness, social constraints and rational analysis. Without this bitter sweet sting, the image of the Goddess would lose all power. Goddesses are as fully rounded and complex as humans, if not more so. They are not the simple bundles of force that characterise elementals and the other fauna lower down the celestial ladder but are large enough to contain contradictions.

Moving down over the body of the Inanna, perhaps your eyes would like to linger a moment on her naked breasts. In our jaded age it may be hard to remember that the images and statues of the Goddess were designed to create an erotic charge. We have had a glut of mother goddesses with the New Age. This is a more pornographic proposition. It is an image engineered to arouse. Breasts are not only suckled by infants. The image of a Love Goddess was designed to stir the loins and tease sexual energy into a waking state of worship. The images were often used to house the Goddess, in the same way that batteries hold electricity but are not electricity themselves. Attacking this as idol worship is lazy thinking, a facile understanding of a magickal

technology that is now exploited by the advertising industry and the Catholic Church far more than by neo—pagans and witches.

The Goddess accessorises her décolletage with a staff of serpents held in a hand that ends in almond eyed nails. If you have struggled through your anthropology you will recognise that the serpent holding goddess is the Great Goddess of prehistory, and it is her symbols that have been seethed in the whole Mediterranean basin. Her association with the serpent will create quite different connections for Christians with their Adam and Eve myth where the serpent has been cast in a rather dubious supporting role. The serpent is an ancient symbol of wisdom, rebirth, healing, destruction, and knowledge. The phallic connection is pretty damn obvious. This Goddess is a snake charmer, with everything which that implies.

The caduceus is not the only serpent connection. One of the titles of Inanna is '*Loud Thundering Storm*', something she shares with the gnostic Sophia when she is hymned by the world shattering beauty of *Thunder, Perfect Mind.* When she appears in this aspect she rides the Storm Dragon and her voice is the voice of thunder rolling over the Akkadian plains. In Babylon she was also associated with Marduk, the Dragon God we have already encountered in *Daniel.* Without doubt, we have found the woman seated on the Great Red Dragon of *Revelations.*

Moving into the Bronze Age, Her delicate sandaled feet rest on the back of a great golden lion. This is the second Beast of *Revelations*, and there is a clear symbolic message here. She is riding the Beast; sometimes she is pictured standing upon it, in others controlling it with Her thighs. The wild force is directed to destroying Her enemies. It is not castrated or tamed but used to the full extent of its power with Her skilful manipulation. The Beast and Beauty are in perfect balance, the two have become one.

The Goddess taking on the face of war has been seen by historians as a degradation, but is it? If you are keen to package and sell a friendly goddess—based religion as an antidote to that nasty patriarchy, war is not counted as a virtue. If you are living in a city state surrounded by enemies a goddess riding bareback on a lion is no bad thing. I prefer a feisty tooled up goddess with blood under her nails to a simpering stay at home. Let us put aside our unhelpful political correctness and accept

that this raw atavistic energy is the wellspring of magickal power. Sex and violence cannot be severed.

The dragon and lion have persisted as images of royalty from these ancient days. It would however be a romantic mistake to confuse the persistence of the archetype with an unbroken lineage of blood from the courts of Egypt and Babylon. This is an occult dream, loved by conspiracy theorists and aristocratic cranks. It also misses a more subtle transmission of knowledge that has transfused the vivifying of the Babalonian tradition. If there is some grand secret then it is that the promising f has turned to vinegar in the flask. None of the great teachers of the last thousand years have come from one maternal or paternal line.

What is important is that you fix Her image in your mind's eye before we go any further. All of the symbols around Her tell a telesmatic story that should drench your cortex like attar of reddest roses. Her other titles are scattered over her like the confetti of petals that lay in her temples:

Queen of Heaven,
Daughter of the Gods,
Slave girl dancer of the Gods,
Hierodule of Heaven,
Holy Whore.

Maybe that is enough, all you need to do is invoke that image and repeat those titles and you can experience the splendour that is Babalon. But, as the well worn martial arts maxim goes, to feel is to know.

Very clearly we can see a Love and War Whore Goddess. She is associated with the lion and the dragon, both the Beasts of *Revelations* which Babylon is seen seated upon. She is intimately linked to the city which gave the Goddess Her name. Her values are the antithesis of Leviticus. In Inanna—Ishtar we have found the source of *Revelations*, but we should not rest here. There is more to learn in the ruins of this civilisation.

Ishtar

HOLY HOLY HOLY IS THE WHORE

Both Inanna and Ishtar were Whore Goddesses. This is a big cultural stumbling block for most of us. If it was not this book would not be screaming panting and dragging its nails down my back demanding to be written. Like the tantric rite of copulating on a corpse, the idea of venerating a whore seems perverse. To the Christian it is a deliberate act of black magick, opposing the cult of Mary the Immaculate Virgin Mother of God with the cult of the Cunt.

This rather misses the fact that the Holy Whores predate chaste Mary by a rather sizeable chunk of time.

The opposite mistake is to take devotion to the Whore as an excuse for indiscriminate sexual consumption. Devotion to the Whore requires that you are crowned with Love for all, not fucking with an empty heart.

This would be a good time to ask, have you ever been in Love? What was your answer? The first answer that came to you. Hesitation counts as a no. There is no space for thought in the answer, if it is a Yes, it must come out of you like a lion rampant.

Can you even say it?

Unless you can fall in Love all your works are as nothing. This prayer starts on the lips. Set up an image of the Goddess and tell her you Love Her. Bend your thoughts towards Her until you are annihilated in Love for Her. Your mind must be consumed with passion for Her, your body resonating to Her pulse. If your devotion is pure the Holy Whore will receive you in the body of Her Priestess. If you have never been in Love then stop reading now. There is no point in reading a book on the Goddess of Love when you have not experienced it. Put your time to better use. Get out and get laid and fall in Love. Spirit without flesh is an utter waste, the two are intimately intertwined.

There was not uniform condemnation of the whore in the ancient world. Her status was more ambiguous then. Her title '*Hierodule of Heaven*' means '*sacred work*' or '*servant of the holy*' in Greek. The word '*prostitute*' means '*to stand on behalf of*' (the Goddess). Even

that wonderful word '*harlot*' (rhymes with scarlet) means '*Priestess of Hathoor*'. It is essential that the Goddess—hating negativity of Christianity is washed away from these words. Even the term '*virgin*' means ever creative receptive potential, it is definitely not a physical state. In many cultures virgin simply meant un—married, and children born out of wedlock were called virgin—born, that puts rather a different slant on the story of Joseph and Mary. More often than not virgin was used to contrast with married, and the Holy Whore is very much Her own woman.

In the same way that DH Lawrence strived to reclaim cunt and cock as beautiful and powerful in his works, the service of Babalon requires that Her title of Holy Whore is proudly held. There is nothing more holy than making Love. In the ancient world it was understood that to attain the transcendent moment of union it was best to have a professional priestess skilled in the arts of Love.

Shrines to Ishtar were set up in the houses of Babylon with an image of her nude and gazing out of a window. In this aspect she was called '*Kilili Mushritu*', '*Kilili who leans out of a window*'. This was the typical image of the prostitute and remains the same today, from Amsterdam to webcam. As we have already seen, this is the image of Jezebel in the Old Testament which led to her death. The temples of the Love goddesses were often brothels.

The Priestess of Inanna would engage in the sacred marriage as an offering to her creative power at the cusp of the New Year. The New Year was of course Easter, a corruption of her name, Ishtar. Climbing to the summit of the sacred tower she would take her son lover and bring him to Goddess. Some of her sacred hymns remain, and they allow us to see through the eyes of Inanna as she begins her seduction.

Inanna says:

> *'Bridegroom, dear to my Heart,*
> *Goodly is your beauty, honeysweet,*
> *Lion, dear to my heart,*
> *Goodly is your beauty honeysweet,*
>
> *You have captivated me, let me stand trembling before you,*
> *Bridegroom, I would be taken by you to the bedchamber,*
> *You have captivated me, let me stand trembling before you,*
> *Lion, I would be taken by you to the bedchamber,*
>
> *Bridegroom, let me caress you,*
> *My precious caress is more savoury than honey,*
> *In the bedchamber honey filled,*
> *Let us enjoy your goodly beauty,*
> *Lion, let me caress you,*
> *My precious caress is more savoury than honey.'*

When Inanna speaks you want to listen to what she has to say, especially when she is nibbling on your earlobe and saying things like that.

As well as the big New Year ritual the daughters of Babylon would sacrifice their sex at the temple to any man who would have her as Goddess. The virgins would sit outside the temple and wait for a stranger to come and throw a coin into their lap. Herodotus describes the scene with a less than sympathetic eye:

> '*The Babylonians have one most shameful custom. Every woman born in the country must once in her life go and sit down in the precinct of Venus, and there consort with a stranger. Many of the wealthier sort, who are too proud to mix with the others, drive in covered carriages to the precinct, followed by a goodly train of attendants, and there take their station. But the larger number seat themselves within the holy enclosure with wreaths of string about their heads—and here there is always a great crowd, some coming and others going; lines of cord mark out paths in all directions the women, and the strangers pass along them to make their choice.*
>
> *A woman who has once taken her seat is not allowed to return home till one of the strangers throws a silver coin into her lap, and takes her with him beyond the holy ground. When he throws the coin he says these words: "The goddess Mylitta prosper you" (Venus is called Mylitta by the Assyrians.)*
>
> *The silver coin may be of any size; it cannot be refused, for that is forbidden by the law, since once thrown it is sacred. The woman goes with the first man who throws her money, and rejects no one. When she has gone with him, and so satisfied the goddess, she returns home, and from that time forth no gift however great will prevail with her. Such of the women as are tall and beautiful are soon released, but others who are ugly have to stay a long time before they can fulfil the law. Some have waited three or four years in the precinct. A custom very much like this is found also in certain parts of the island of Cyprus*'

The sexuality was not theirs, it was from the Goddess, and the Goddess receives everyone. This acceptance is what it means to be a Holy Whore.

CONSIDER THE LILITH

Inanna is also entwined with the Lilith myths. In some tales Inanna is even depicted as Lilith's aunt. Lilith can be found in the *Epic of Gilgamesh*, making her home in a willow tree whose bark is used to make aspirin and cure headaches, putting pay to that old excuse. When she appears in her aspect as the Owl Goddess she is called Kilili, or Nin—ninna in Akkadian. Lilith is also known as Lili, Lilin, Liljake, Lilutu and Lillette.

All of the names related to Lilith have a trilling fluttering sound like the call of an owl. This is the sound of the bird—like calls of the women you can still hear in lonely Moroccan villages. The easiest way to get in touch with this Goddess is by using her name as a mantra and let it echo out across the landscape *Liliililillliliililillliliillii*........
It is about creating a good if somewhat eerie vibration and it brings her into our sphere. It is out here that Lilith has her dominion. She is not a Goddess of the city or civilisation.

Intriguingly, Lilith with her night queen malevolence has been championed by witchcraft in a way that Inanna has not. This tells us more about women's need to regain power and their anger at men than about the relative merits of these two rather different ladies.

In Sumerian '*Lil*' means dust storm. What we would know as dust devils, the wild ghosts of the barren wilderness. If you have ever come across these you will know that they seem to be living intelligences rather than mere meteorological freaks. Similar spirits can be encountered on high mountain peaks skittering across the slopes. They are not the friendliest of elementals.

These are not the familiar attributes of Babalon who is associated with luxury and splendour. What they do share is sexual allure. To the Babylonians Lilith was known as '*the hand of Inanna*', which has a variety of possible meanings. Firstly, that the priestesses of Inanna can be loosely called Liliths as they serve Inanna.

Secondly, the hand of the Goddess is a description of one skilled in the art of Love. The hand of Inanna is a title conferred on those with perfect control over their sexual organs. These Eastern sexual secrets can still be seen in Raqs Sharki, or belly dancing, and it is likely that the rites of Inanna, like those of Isis included ritual dance as well as ritual Love making. Liliths had to be experts at both. The rules then were the same as the rules now, if you can't dance you are going to be terrible in bed.

Thirdly, the hand of the Goddess is a procurer and harlot, going out and literally bringing men to the Goddess. This is a damn sight more appealing than having the Jehovah's Witnesses turning up on your doorstep. Some nerd with a briefcase could be replaced by gorgeous girls in diaphanous shifts. '*Hello, I'm from Goddess, have you accepted sexual ecstasy as your one true saviour?*'

Perhaps the '*hand of Fatima*' is a relic of this cult now wry—necked into Islamic servitude?

Lilith does not stay put. She is not that kind of girl. Put wings on a Goddess and she is liable to go flitting about and so Lilith heads out of Sumeria and into Hebrew myth. It is pretty clear to see through the chinks in the Bible that other gods and goddesses were worshipped in defiance of Jehovah, especially by women. All the feisty girls in the Bible used their sexuality to get what they wanted. It is more than likely that they were worshippers of Astarte, who is of course Ishtar—Inanna. Lilith again has a supporting folkloric role. The seductive power of Lilith is used in the Bible by Rachel, Tamar, Delilah, Judith, Esther, Ruth, Bathsheba, Lot's daughters, the Queen of Sheba, Yael and Deborah. Recovering Christians and cunning women would do well to study these examples.

In Hebrew '*lilatu*' meant '*handmaiden of a ghost*' and this was swirled together with '*layil*' or '*laylah*' the Hebrew and Arabic words for night as well as the Akkadian '*lilutu*', wind spirit. This becomes Lilith the night demon moving without rest in the blasted landscape. It is a powerful image and one shared by the much later Western ideal of the witch. There is an emphasis here on malefica which has been downplayed in the witchcraft revival with the rather spurious threefold law as a safeguard against the less socially acceptable aspects of witchery

that might threaten tax exempt status for the fledgling New Age religions. Lilith is still left out in the wild, a feral Goddess.

In Hebrew myth we are confronted by Lilith as a sperm sucking demon queen, the screech owl. This demoness of wet dreams, this negative Eve, shows the terror of the unconscious realms and the hungry spirits that roam them. Lilith was the first wife of Adam, so the Jewish story goes. Yahweh made her out of filthy and impure earth and surprise surprise, she came out bad. Lilith is not a spare rib, she is an independent equal of Adam. When they decide to make love, because no—one can resist a bad girl, Lilith wants to be on top. Adam can not get his head around this and so Lilith unfolds her wings and absconds from the garden to the Red Sea. Yahweh, true to form, sends the winged morality police to get her back but she will not play their game. She stays put, giving birth to a brood of demons and flitting out to kill children with her smile and suck off sleeping celibates. The shadow of Lilith hung over Adam's next marriage and Eve got pretty much tarred with the same brush. It is interesting that the woman in *Revelations* is also described as winged, and perhaps this is another echo of the Lilith myth.

The Hebrew Lilith was married to Samael, the Devil. They are joined by the Blind Dragon, not a very difficult symbol to interpret. The Blind Dragon is described as castrated which may explain why Lilith is what the porn industry would call a '*cum drinking slut*'. She is renowned as a child killer and the only children she spawns are astral monsters, a mixture of human sperm and her subtle DNA. This echoes the Nephilim who lay with the daughters of men. In all the ancient myths the gods are trying to have sex with us to evolve the race. Sex is being used as a magickal method of evolution. This strand of thought has re—emerged with alien abduction tales in the late 20th century, whilst the concept of genetic progression or eugenics remains taboo. Our civilisation prefers to level down, our Liliths receive short shrift.

In the *Zohar*, the 13th Century Kabbalistic text that claims it was written in the first century, the feminine is cut in two. The Shekinah, who is one half, is the consort of God. The second half, Lilith, is the seductive witch. Both of these ladies abide in Malkuth, the tenth and lowest Sephirah.

It is fascinating to see how this cultural legacy from the worship of Astarte, Ishtar and Lilith on the high places and holy mountains is made responsible for all that befell the people of Israel. Not only that, but by the time the *Zohar* is being penned, Woman and the worship of Goddesses have become an excuse and metaphor for the larger spiritual weakness of man. This slur has been made to stick.

The prevalence of the title Lilith has led me to consider the witch women of these lush deltas and barren deserts. Perhaps this is a fragment of an even elder witch cult that later got assimilated into the cult of Inanna? Perhaps Babalon first sprang from this nest of demon worshipping wild women and their attendant lascivious spirits? In some senses Lilith is a toxic version of Babalon, a raw wilderness form. I would caution confusing the two. They are working towards different ends.

This kind of female demon turns up as the succubus in medieval times, to the terror and nocturnal relief of chaste monks, priests and nuns. The important point to note here is the way that this force is transmitted. Lilith is able to go from wind spirit to priestess to demoness travelling across centuries and cultures with her distinguishing characteristics intact. The same is true of Babalon.

There is a potent female supremely sexual force rising out of Sumeria and through the gaps in Christianity. Sacred sexuality has oozed its way into the Bible and risen to a ferocious flame by the time it gets to *Revelations*. Lilith has her place, but it is Inanna—Ishtar who becomes Babalon, a Goddess of Love not a djinn howling wild on the wind.

THE DOVE AND THE SERPENT

We should also ask, could Babalon be the memory of an actual flesh and blood woman? Many men and women of renown have risen to divine status in much the same way that Catholicism raises Saints.

Semiramis with her winning combination of marital and martial prowess has gouged herself a place in this history, the warrior queen who built Babylon on a whore's history and her own mesmeric beauty. Semiramis is still a title given to strong women leaders, even in our times with not the death, but rather the neglect of history. Could she be the face that came back to John on Patmos?

Let us examine the tale of this troublesome queen.

Semiramis means in Syrian, '*the one who comes from the doves*'. It was told that Semiramis was the daughter of a mermaid demi—goddess. She was raised by doves in the desert on stolen milk, a pretty myth. The dove of course is sacred to Inanna and all Love Goddesses.

She captivated Onnes, the ruler of Nineveh. Love at first sight is often aided by this kind of spectacular beauty. Onnes quickly made her his queen entranced by her bedchamber eyes.

When Onnes joined King Ninus of Assyria in battle against rebellious Bactria, he became equally smitten. It was reputedly Semiramis' tactical help which won the day. Beauty and brains have always been the hallmarks of a real queen and it is a killer combination.

Ninus promptly threatened to gouge out the eyes of Onnes if he did not hand over Semiramis. The threat was enough, and shamed, Onnes hung himself. Ninus married Semiramis and being no fool, jealously guarded her from other men. She was kept closely protected by his eunuchs. So already we have our feisty warring woman, a true sister of Ishtar.

When Ninus died, she reigned in his stead and reputedly built Babylon. The hanging gardens are also attributed to her, but they were certainly the later work of Nebuchadnezzar for his pining Persian queen.

Semiramis did not rest with the death of her king but waged war in Egypt, Asia, Ethiopia and even India where she almost died in battle. Her legend spread on spear tips across the East. Naturally the distinctions between Astarte, Astoreth, Ishtar and Semiramis blurred. Just as the black kohl lines of Sumerian Inanna had been smudged into Ishtar. This seemed to be an avatar of the Goddess living among the people.

Semiramis abdicated before her brat son killed her. She vanished, leaving the country folk the sweet notion that she had ascended to heaven in the form of a white dove.

The other version of this tale is less winsome. In this telling Nimrod, rather than Ninus, hooks up with Semiramis in a brothel. She has him torn apart like a sacrificial ram after tricking him into making her '*king for a day*'. She fucks her way through the attractive members of her army and then has them murdered to pay for their singular night of

passion. She sets herself up as a false god and makes her perversions and wild drug rituals into a sham religion. Hell, it makes a great racy tale for those long nights guarding your flocks. Especially if you think all women are cock—famished manipulative demon bitches.

This second version wants Ninus to be identical with the biblical Nimrod, which would neatly sew up the *Two Babylons* hypothesis that Nimrod and Semiramis are the pagan prototype for papal Rome. It seeks to lay the blame for all ills at the gates of Babylon and a very real woman. But the dates simply do not add up. Semiramis does not appear anywhere in the Bible and the historical accounts are flawed at best.

It is tempting to find an ancient beauty who can be blamed for Babalon, a false goddess of corruptible flesh and blood enshrining her personal predilections, but it is more truthful to acknowledge that Semiramis is a mask that the Goddess once wore then laid aside. Aspects of Semiramis fused and illuminated the cult of Ishtar. That does not diminish either fair lady. It does give some idea of the bile that rises at the thought of a Goddess of Love and how quickly tangled the tales can become.

TIME GENTLEMEN PLEASE

'It is time to get drunk!
If you are not to be the
martyred slaves to Time,
be perpetually drunk!
With wine, with poetry,
or with virtue as you
please.'

— Baudelaire

IF YOU ARE LOOKING FOR AN AVATAR OF THE HOLY WHORE, you could do worse than asking a barmaid. It is no mistake that the almond—eyed houris of Muslim paradise serve the drinks. It is the same exchange you can see in hostess bars and lap dancing clubs where the customers project their fantasies on the pliant flesh. In those empty black eyes they are still looking for the Whore Goddess, to lose themselves in a glimmer of orgasm. So let us get down to business and raise a glass to Sister Siburi. In this chapter you will learn how to get intoxicated with the Goddess.

The Siburi appear in Sumer as the earthly priestesses of Holy Tavern Harlotry.

Siburi is the guardian of the Law, in Sumerian '*me*'. Creating a priestess of alcohol and sex seemed like an eminently sensible mix, and it still does.

You can drink to remember, you can drink to forget, and if you are drunk enough, everything is Goddess.

In the mad hunt for an aphrodisiac the subtle use of alcohol gets downplayed, but it is a perfect number with it is mimicry of sexual

arousal. The flushed cheeks and slight disorientation relax the body into louche abandon. I can see Siburi with her silver cocktail shaker knocking out some wonderful velvet concoctions to loosen up her clients. If you have ever spent a night drinking with witches you will know that this is a skill that has been handed down through the tradition.

But more than booze was on tap in the Holy Tavern. As the gorgeously titled '*Divine Barmaid*' Siburi controlled the descent to the underworld. In other words these Priestesses knew the pharmaceutical secrets of the poppy, mushroom and hashish. You can add as many more drugs as you like to the bottom of the prescription, but poppy, mushrooms and hashish are definites in the Soma stakes. The first written mention of the opium poppy in human history comes from Sumeria. If you want to look for a more radical psychedelic agent you can look for the moonflower blooms of datura or the flying ointment checklist of thorn apple, aconite and belladonna. You can even conjecture about blue lotus or other drugs, but opium, mushrooms and hashish have the effects and the geographical distribution that match. Magickians have a knack of procuring exotic pharmaceutical tools, and take them with them on their travels. Customs were not so strict back then. The cocaine traces in Egyptian mummy wrappings are a case in point. Siburi may well have dished out other drugs, but opium, mushrooms and hashish are givens. Probably in combination.

Now let us get some perspective here before we lose it in a helter skelter drug world. We are talking about measured doses for a specific reason. Not undisciplined use. Crowley tried this in his Abbey of Thelema where the drugs simply lay in bowls to take or pass over. This path requires a strong mind, and the path of the adept is littered with spent hypodermics and broken brothers.

When we talk about the descent to the underworld we are in shamanic territory. This is not some relaxed trip that Siburi presides over as a safety. This is not a recreational wind down and switch off after a hard day at the office pressing the cuneiform. The drugs that Siburi dealt out were to do with the mysteries of sex and death. Let us start with death, it is always popular. The set and setting are concerned with ripping away your body and ego. A metaphysical

dismemberment. Opium is one way to get you down there. Go ask Coleridge.

The classic tale is of when Inanna descends to hell to rescue Dumuzi. She is challenged in turn by demons at seven gates.

At the first gate she gave up her sandals. This is the will.
At the second gate she gave up her ankle bells. This is the ego.
At the third gate she gave up her robe. This is the mind.
At the fourth gate she gave up her breastcups. This is the sex role.
At the fifth gate she gave up her necklace. This is the rapture of illumination.
At the sixth gate she gave up her earrings. This is magick.
At the seventh gate she gave up her crown. This is her godhood.
Inanna entered hell naked, as a woman.

This is a female lunar and planetary mystery that was played out in Babylon and is still used by some working groups as a powerful method of initiation for their Priestesses. This descent can be facilitated by the careful application of drugs. This approach is not always suitable but has the benefit of being unequivocal. The seven gates correspond to the seven sephirah below the supernal triad. This is a female version of working with the seven heads of the Beast. As I am not a woman and have not gone through this experience I am going to break with occult tradition and shut the fuck up. If I have not personally done it I will not talk about it as if I have.

The other pharmaceuticals Siburi dispenses are of course the more subtle drugs of sexual juices. This tradition can also be found with the suvasini or '*sweet smelling ladies*' of Tantra. These medicines are the jewels of Siburi.

MINE'S A LARGE ONE

If you want to be modern we are talking about a drug—pushing madam fuelled up on booze. Does that stretch your vision of holy? Have another drink, you will get there in the end.

Siburi is your best friend, and she is going to help you learn about the Goddess more quickly than you can say '*Robert Graves*'. Open a bottle. She has got something to tell you, but you have got to get ready to hear it. We will break for a paragraph while you nip out and get something to drink. Don't ask what, you already know. We have heard enough about the corrupting influence of books, this one is telling you to go and get yourself a drink.

First we will start with a toast to Her, it is traditional. I have gone with some odd elderberry port, it seems sweet enough and the blood red is always good. As She said, you can have what you like. It is always what She likes.

So, to Babalon!

Even with the first mouthful you can feel the flush of alcohol spreading through you. It warms the blood. Just as she wants to warm your blood. Look at Her standing there. Your body eases, as if you have fallen an inch deeper into your skin. Your vision will soon start to soften and the hard edges yield into curves. It all depends how much you want to let go.

Not only can you hear the sounds around you, you can hear the blood in your heart. Really you should have another. She is halfway to pouring it for you before the thought is even fully formed. It is so easy to get lost in Her eyes. You can let go. As you watch Her exhale you can let go further and further. Breathe with Her. Several slow deep breaths. Your breathing is softening and changing. You have stopped breathing from the chest you are breathing lower from deep in your body. The breathing is from the very base of your spine. When you let go with Her the breath rises from the base of your spine. It comes in waves up your spine unlocking all the tension from your back. It is not even air now, it is energy flowing up your spine and pushing at the base of your skull. Breathe with Her. If it is going too fast, then drink some more with Her, She is moving at your speed. There is no rush. As She breathes out let go. Let go until there is no tension left. Let go with Her. When you are ready let it go into Her.

Let go.

The definition of a black brother is simply one who cannot Let Go.

You really have to let Babalon have it. She is one hell of a Goddess. If you can just do that one piece of worship it will all make so much more sense to you. If you need Siburi to pour you a river before you can let go of enough ego to do this simple exercise, you need to learn more about letting go. We all need to learn how to let go. All magick is the result of this one technique. This is the only technique you need to be a perfect master of the yoga of Babalon. It is impossible for me to over emphasize this single simple point.

Back to our story, with Hammurabi's conquest of Sumer—Akkad Siburu became Sibelu, and her heavenly aspect became Subulutu, a celestial virgin, a priestess whore who never married.

The message from this early avatar of Babalon is simple. Loosen up. Have a drink and allow yourself to be intoxicated with Love for the Whore Goddess. If that is not enough She will quite happily spike your drink and drag you down to hell. Some of us can meet Her over a cocktail, others of us will need rohypnol and ravishment.

There is not long before closing time gentlemen, the hour is getting late and your youth is running out. I suggest you finish your drinks down to the very last drop. You would not want to offend the bar staff in this particular establishment.

EGYPTIAN EYES

'Breast against bosom, shall I feel
The lure of velvet or of steel?'
—Crowley, Sekhet

I CAN POINT MY SKINNY FINGERS like a prophet at Sumeria, even now as it goes over to black pylons of burning oil and lost desert but still occultists will wistfully stare at Egypt looking for Her origin. Those black kohl lined eyes of mystery gazing from Khem have transfixed the world. The Golden Dawn, the Brotherhood of Luxor, Thelema, the Temple of Set, all are drawn from and back to the heartland of magick.

The undeniable power of the pull of the black land means that I need to refute the claims for its most perfect Goddesses as being the origin of Babalon. Not mentioning Egypt would be to leave a gaping hole in my history of the Whore.

The motive for putting Babalon back in Egypt seems to be occult wish fulfilment. We have all fallen in Love with Egyptian Goddesses but let us not confuse our devotion with proof, and using sleight of mind switch the labels on the display cases. The second reason brings us back to our old friend, slander. The Egyptians had a reputation for vice even in the ancient world. Brothers and sisters getting down together, obscene rites with shaggy goats, not to mention all those wicked pictures of oral, anal and onanism. Most of these have been damaged beyond repair. The Christians, Victorians, Muslims and their ilk used the fleshpots of Egypt as a byword for sin. It is the repressed

who really go blind, never able to see that sex magick is the art at the heart of the rose. Let me lay another curse on them here and now. There are two Goddesses who have been mistaken for Babalon, Sekhmet and Isis. This is my personal verdict on those claims.

No.

WILL IT BE CLAWS OR PAWS TODAY?

Gerald Massey makes the case for Sekhmet, '*the ruler of the chamber of flames*', as Babalon. In this form she is a Lioness, not a lady on a lion. That rather closes the case.

He pounces on her titles as the Great Mother, and Mother of Mystery, to link her to *Revelations*. As we have already seen these are not uncommon titles for Goddesses to carry. Robert Masters in his book *The Goddess Sekhmet* lists a hundred other names she held.

There was a Babylon in Egypt in the area of Coptos, this is a good hit. This Babylon is in fact a Roman corruption of Per—Hapi—En—On which means '*the Estate of the Nile god at On*' built in 6 BC. It was known colloquially called Babylon in Egypt and subsequently became one of the great centres of Coptic Christianity.

Massey unravels relentless astrological lunacy to say that, the Great Mother as Sekhmet—Bast is called '*The Lady of the scarlet coloured garment*' after the Red Hippo (later to become the Great Bear) the constellation of her birth. Therefore she is Babalon. But perhaps the red hippo would be better described as a red herring.

The association with scarlet is, for my money, more likely to be the blood from Sekhmet's famous rampage when she slaughtered her way across the earth. Sekhmet's murderous mission on behalf of Re is only stopped when she drinks red beer thinking it to be blood and falls into sleep.

This tale just does not fit with Babalon. Babalon becomes drunk and lustful on the blood of the Saints that fills Her Grail. She does not kick back and snooze. The Sekhmet myth reads like an account of a cosmic disaster that rained fire on the earth, not a myth in any way related to Babalon.

Kenneth Grant's lunatic etymology states that Sekhmet became Shakti in India and Saki in Japan. I trust that this is a joke, though with

Mr Grant you can never be too sure. He also equates her with Babalon, following Massey's lead.

Sekhem—Bast certainly is a Goddess of sexual passion and strong drink who is mistress of the gods, not as wife but as the promiscuous concubine.

Is that enough? Not for me. Evenly darkly hinting that the black cat Bast was taken up by the Templars and the witch cult will not sway me on this one. Sekhmet is a splendid Goddess of sexual heat, but in her very own right. She dates from early history when the female was believed to contain the creative principle. It may be from Bast that we get the word '*bastard*' rather than the Gaelic word for lust, 'baeos'.

This mistaken reading of reproduction is rectified in Babalon and the Beast who meet as equals each bringing their half to the ritual, one open and one concealed.

To settle the question once and for all take yourself to the British Museum and stand before the black basalt statues and see if you can call Sekhmet by anything but her own name.

I dare you.

BLACK ISIS

Nepthys is one sexy witch queen, both her and her sister, the better known Isis, have a great cult following. The sheer beauty of the rites to these Goddesses carried them further than most. We find Isis right across the Roman Empire. Even in England's heart we find the river Isis snaking its way into the Thames. When either of these ladies is seen as Babalon it is a triumph of style over substance.

To take Isis and Nepthys as masks of Babalon is trying too hard to tidy things up and read everything as going back to Egypt. The facts tell a different story.

Neither are Whore Goddesses.

They simply do not have the key characteristics that we have seen in Babalon. As alien and inspirational Goddesses they no doubt angered the patriarchal upstart religions and were demonised. Nepthys has the dark glamour of the witch cult about her and may have been submerged into the cauldron of the European witch cult, but this black

Goddess is not who we are looking for here. Beautiful though they are I am not going to waste any more ink on them. Egypt has given us many things, but Babalon is not one of them.

ALL GODDESSES ARE NOT ONE GODDESS

'Her Time is Now'
—Jack Parsons, The Book Of Babalon

THERE ARE A BILLION OTHER GODDESSES you can attribute to Babalon. Cast a loving eye over the contenders, from Kali the dominatrix with her graveyard ash and red tongue, Aphrodite with her commendable charms, to the lesser known Goddesses next door. But Babalon has been passed over as too powerful by modern Paganism, and by that I mean too damned sexy. She is a Goddess of Lust, and that is not something that the milky wash of Goddess workers feel comfortable with. Their Goddesses are as smooth under their skirts as plastic dolls. There is no evasion. Babalon does not hide behind the leaves in the greenwood. Her altar is an Amsterdam window. She is naked splendour pressing against you, parting your knees with her thigh. She is hot breath and urgent fingers that cut crescents into your skin. Can anything be more holy than this?

Perhaps the bitter and angry will allow a vengeful castrating Goddess a place in the pantheon, but heaven forbid one that fucks. Too bad for them, She cannot be politely edited out of existence. Even Freud grasped that basic fact. Warm as wine and cinnamon sticks, rough as dog roses, ragged as campion, leaving all as torn as the storm clouds of

gathering wars. Poppy mouthed, high breasted, crowned and drunk on divinity, the Whore is here.

One curse of modern witchcraft is the chant of '*all Goddesses are one Goddess*'. They are not. Practical magickal Work throws dust in the eyes of any claims that they are. It is all very well to cut the universe in two, call one part Goddess and the other God, but in terms of getting results I have found it is better to use more delineated and specific parts. This is the mistake Christianity made and Voudou and Catholicism fixed with the idea of the Saints. An omnipresent and omnipotent Goddess or God is essentially powerless. It pays to deal direct with the precise force you want.

The other reaction to the broken line in the West is to head East, into the abundant arms of the suvasinis, Taras and dakinis, to embrace the techniques still taught in Tantra. It is extremely useful to learn from those with the knowledge, but I have no problem with taking the lessons from India and using them to strengthen my adoration of Babalon. Too often I hear Babalon confused with Kali when what the speaker is trying to describe is a Goddess who still has her teeth. Kali is a Goddess of Death, Babalon is a Goddess of Love. This is where Love is a powerful word free from artificial sweeteners. Not a black, but a red Goddess.

Calling a Goddess by the wrong name will get the same reaction as shouting out the wrong name when you are hard at it with your Lover. A hefty bitch slap from a divine force will knock the idea that Goddesses are simply archetypes right out of your skull. This kind of offence will not be forgiven however many offerings you heap on the altar, Goddesses do not forget. Get the name right.

Much of magick is about naming things, finding the correct name for the force you want to work with. I am sticking to the simple approach that Babalon came out of Babylon and has been known as Inanna, Ishtar, Lilith, Siburi, and Astarte; but She is not any of these. Pick a pantheon and you can find a Whore Goddess to shoehorn into a seven—pointed star. I am not going to do that.

This is simply how I have experienced the Goddess moving through history, like ripples from a black stone flung into a lake. You can feel free to disagree.

The vital point is that if you want to work with Babalon then say Babalon. Shout Babalon. Scream Babalon. Whisper Babalon.

It is possible to create stickle brick deities in the way the Egyptians named different aspects of Gods and Goddesses and knocked out sphinxes, a head of this, a tail of that. We see the same thing in Enochian, little Angels can be clicked onto bigger Angels until you have a Manga style giant Angel. What does not make any sense is summoning one Goddess and then trying to call her by a different name.

If you see Babalon as Diana, or Aphrodite then call Diana or Aphrodite. Whatever turns you on. Babalon does it for me. Not Aleister's Babalon, not Dee's Babalon, my vision of Her as She comes to me and IT rises to Her.

The pagan and occult revival has turned in many places into a mummy hunt. There is book after book detailing the worship of ancient Goddesses, their mantras and rituals and images apparently set into amber. If the writers were more honest they would admit that they are liberally trowelling New Age cement and setting politically correct keystones into their royal arches. There is a place for research and re—enactment in the magickal paradigm, but let us get with the programme here. There are techniques to be taken and lessons to be learned from the past but these grave windings can become a tourniquet around the limbs of living arte. It is not just humans that change, Goddesses change too. They do not remain as they were if they are being worked with. Neglected Goddesses do appear trapped in time and many have gone feral. Babalon has moved on.

By giving you my history of the Holy Whore I have been putting Her into context. This is how we got here, these are some of the ideas Christianity tried to destroy, and this is where we move on from. I see little point in writing your magickal diaries in cuneiform. This is a thoroughly modern Goddess.

Take a tip from Santeria, put Coke bottles and lipstick on your altar. Seek Her in Soho as well as in silence. Buy Her a new red dress. That is what She wants. I have been deliberately heretical with my history because Goddesses are not found in glass cases and museum basements. From the history we move into the Now. The cult of Babalon is Now. It is impelling us into action to enthrone the Goddess that is woman,

and meet her as the God that is man, Babalon and the Beast conjoined. The seals are breaking and the trumpets ringing out. The Goddess is alive in your blood and that is what you must respond to. Love is the Law, and it is an unbreakable Law.

When Parsons wrote that '*She is alive and among us*', he had seen the truth. You cannot forge a relationship with the living Goddess by living in the past. I have written a history so that you can let go of it.

Be with Her Now.

WORDS MADE FLESH

'And the Word was made flesh,
and dwelt among us'
—John, 1:14

WE ARE GETTING CLOSER NOW. More intimate. The grand sweep of archetypes and great creation myths are passing. Rather than statues and priestesses turned into divinities we have the names of those who dared to take on the mantle of Goddess. These are dangerous times, with monotheism binding the limbs of paganism so that it hobbles like a crone into the New Age where before the lithe slave girl danced.

What I am going to show to you are the double acts of whore and magickian, Babalon and Beast. Not chattels but equals locked in the divine mystery of sex. Those who held against orthodoxy. Those who transmitted the wisdom of the Holy Whore through every fibre of their being.

These are pin—ups without the need for crucifixion. You can see these stories as immorality plays that you can watch and learn from. A secret history of sex. This is, if you will, an alternative litany of Saints.

This is where the Goddess becomes Babalon, a name that rings with steel on the anvil, as brazen as trumpets at the city walls, as delicate as

cymbals in the fingers of the houri and as awful as the tearing of atoms. This is where She gains Her name as we now know Her.

Unlike a Goddess movement that sees men as the enemy, here we have magickian and witch working together to become God and Goddess.

Here is Simon Magus and his whore Helena, a deadly rival to the nascent Jesus cult.

Here are the torturous and dangerous myths of the Gnostics. The world haters, the sperm eaters, the menstrual blooded howlers and rivals to the Christian Only Truth hammered out by Constantine in Nicea two hundred years after the Nazarene died. Could they have put a name to Her? In a tortured cosmology of Archons and hermaphrodites, did She reveal Her self?

Here are the Dark Ages that could not be lit up by the flames of all the books in the great pagan libraries of Alexandria. This is not history, these are dancing sparks. There is a magick method and logic to this madness and if you read closely enough you may be one of those who not only sees it, but feels it.

Magick moves on invisible wings, and that is the dangerous course of Her history. The whispers on the lips of the minnesingers may have been heard by William Blake, but only on the wind. Can we say with any certainty that those words did not issue out of the wreckage of the Ishtar Gate and before that the storm winds of the Arabian night?

There is a desperate hope here amongst the centuries of seeming savagery and loss. Any woman with a dash of divinity is canonised, from the mysterious Magdalene to poor mistaken Jeanne d'Arc. It is easy to get carried away, hunting for our Scarlet Queen in this pack of cards. It is tempting to look for a royal flush of beauties that make an unbroken line from the Garden to our very gates. This is not how the hand plays out. Like the Tarot of the gypsy witches it was necessary to palm certain cards and hold them close to the chest, against the beating heart.

What I will lay out for you with some care, patience and hopefully a little flair, is the history of Our Lady as she seethes and transforms individuals into mythic proportions with the power of Love.

Here is John Dee exulted by Angels and his red haired Elizabeth into the very worst kind of heresy. Of course Crowley, the beloved Master

and monster, looms large, uniquely qualified to wed the terrible vision of Dee and the apocalypse of John and behold Her.
It does not stop there. The colours here are going to blossom off the page and into the atomic age. She does not end in a niche in a temple wall, a suitably safe distance in the past. The ink will stain through your fingers as sure as lily pollen while you read, unfurl within you like infernal roses. This history is alive.

I will have missed some of your favourite saints and succubi. I could spend my entire life on this labour of Love alone, but I am too impatient. It is not my intent to penetrate every Salon of the Rose and Cross. There is so much to this striptease besides this. Perhaps it is all the better for that, because I cannot catch all of Her faces for you, it requires your active input, imagination and sheer desire to make all of this tale. Only you can fill all the gaps and make it yours. You know this is not history, but something quite else. Living.

Jean Duvet
Apocalypse, Revelations 17–18,

MARY MARY QUITE CONTRARY

'*...and he kissed her often on the mouth*'
—Gospel of Philip

CHRISTIANITY GOT ITSELF INTO A REAL FIX when it decided to do away with the Goddess. It was launching a new brand name into an ancient world that was still pretty keen on women, and a skinny guy nailed to a couple of planks was only really going to work for the gay SM segment of the market. So, a couple of things happened. The Gnostics snuggled her into their bosom and Pauline Christianity did their damnedest to cut her out of history. As the psychologists could have guessed, the Goddess was going to pop up again. Sure enough she did in a dramatic tale of secret societies, hidden scrolls, mysterious statues in our oldest Cathedrals and a scandal about the bloodline of Jesus that would rock Christendom, if anyone cared any more.

Enter Miss Mary Magdalene, stage left, in a rather flimsy number. She is wearing a plain wedding band of Canaan gold. The bearded patriarchs occupying the front rows of our little theatre shout '*Slapper!*' until their beards are flecked with spittle. In the crowd, though it is difficult to make out all the faces clearly, there seem to be Templars, Merovingian kings, Freemasons, Rosicrucians and general troublemakers. My God, there are even women in here. From where they are sitting she could be any number of things. Many of them seem

to be blithely ignoring anything she says, and simply making it up. Most importantly, from their rapt attention, we can see that she is hope. They are all fervently projecting their image onto her ebony skin, and some of them are whispering Babalon.

So what is the story of our biblical strumpet with the besmirched and rather lovely name sashaying into the Middle Ages?

Miss Magdalene gets scant mention in the Bible. Worse than that, there are several women whose identities get all muddled up with the Mary we are looking for. This gives us a couple of choices. We can look for a historically accurate and textually based woman or we can take the more dangerous path of the archetypes and see what our contrary Mary has become. Have a wild guess which one we are going to do.

The one '*fact*' that people know about the Magdalene is a lie. Mary Magdalene was not a whore, plain and simple. This is a smear story that has stuck, despite the lack of reference in the New Testament. The Fathers of the Church wanted her discredited and started the story and it has run and run. The fallen woman who repented and turned good became a Christian myth, reinforcing the inevitability of the fuck hungry Goddess worshippers coming over to the Jesus team. What a terrible waste.

The attempt to make the Magdalene a no—good prostitute does however point to a hidden history. Like a Stalinist photograph, the missing figure sometimes leaves a black halo. There is a story in the spaces between. The women who were bewailed as fallen by the joyless Jehovah mob were often priestesses of Astarte. This of course is the Goddess who was literally demonised into the less than lovely Ashtaroth of the medieval grimoires. If we are looking for a history of her then perhaps her face was one of the temple prostitutes and priestesses of Solomon's temple. Perhaps the beguiling charms of Mary Magdalene were learnt in the service of the Goddess.

The Magdalene is the woman who has seven demons driven from her body by Jesus; this may in itself be a reference to an heretical past. The word used for these devils can also be translated as blinding winds. So these demons were dust devils, the djinn of the Koran and, of course, our lady Lilith. Solomon's Goddess—worshipping consort, the

Queen of Sheba, was also reputed to have been sired by these elementals.

In the Gospels, Mary Magdalene appears as Mary of Bethany, the sister of Martha and Lazarus. This is the Lazarus who was raised from the dead in a resurrection that sounds more like an initiation ceremony than a funky piece of necromancy. The next time Jesus is passing through Bethany he stays at a house where an unnamed woman anoints his head with spikenard oil. This woman is Mary Magdalene. Spikenard oil was an expensive, heavy perfume and the fact that a woman had wasted this on him caused some consternation amongst the disciples. They wanted him to sell the oil and give the cash to the poor. This sounds pretty charitable until you realise that '*the poor*' was in fact a code name for their radical sect of anti—Roman heretic terrorists. There is a telling tension in this scene between the Magdalene and the disciples that does not go away.

This expensive oil adds weight to the story that Mary Magdalene was a rich woman, even a princess of the house of Benjamin, making her a worthy bride for Jesus. She is also reputed to own seven houses in Bethany and her own tower on the shores of Galilee. Magdalene can in fact be translated as '*watchtower*' or '*tower of the flock*'.

Anointing Jesus with oil has another meaning. The Magdalene here is showing that Jesus is the anointed one, the Messiah and King, just as the gardener was anointed by Inanna before the sacred marriage. The Magdalene is acting as his Priestess. This ritual shows to the other disciples that Jesus is destined for a sacrificial death and that Mary Magdalene is his wife. Yes, you did read that correctly. Immediately after this act, the equally oily Judas Iscariot rushes to betray Jesus to the authorities.

This is not the only biblical evidence that the Magdalene and Jesus were married. Esoteric tradition notes that in the marriage at Canaan where Jesus turned water into wine it does not say who is being married. The implication is that it was Jesus and the Magdalene, and that this is deliberately glossed over in the gospels. We are back to the black halos. Seeing what the official historians have excised from the records. Again, the miracle of turning water to wine is an allegory for initiation, not a literal act.

In the *Gospel according to Philip*, Jesus is described as kissing her on the mouth and holding her above all the other disciples as his companion and consort. In the *Gospel of Thomas* she is described as '*koinonos*' which is a term used specifically for a companion. In the *Pistis Sophia* her heart is turned towards the kingdom of heaven more than all the other brothers and she is blessed beyond all women on earth. She is the Pleroma, the fullness. There is even a very strong argument that she was the real author of the Fourth Gospel so—called according to John.

The whole sequence of the crucifixion is full of hints that the Magdalene and Christ had a very special relationship. She stands at the foot of the cross while he is dying. She attends the tomb on the third day to prepare the body when this is something that only the wife or family of the dead man can do. In *John* she is even described as going to the tomb alone. Mary is the first to meet the risen Christ and does not recognise him. She thinks he is the gardener. Coincidentally that is the gardener who is the bride of Inanna. Do you take the hint? We are not talking about Babalon but there is a scent of wild roses, something intangible on the air.

This gives us a very different Jesus to the straight King James version. He is closer to Tammuz, he is tainted with Goddess. Mary Magdalene has moved from background artist to centre stage in the Christian mystery play. But things are about to get even stranger than that.

'*Noli me tangere*', touch me not he says, and goes. The disciples are sceptical about her claims. Jesus is no longer around to defend the visions of the Magdalene. Jesus is dead.

It now seems that this woman, the beloved disciple, is claiming the mantle of their Messiah, seeing visions and trading off knowledge they were not privy to. Many of the disciples are just not having that.

In the *Gospel according to Mary*, dredged out of the desert sands of Egypt with the rest of the Nag Hammadi texts, she tells the disciples what Jesus taught about the soul. When they have finished listening Peter speaks:

> '*Did he really speak privately with a woman and not openly to us? Are we to turn about and listen to her? Did he prefer her to us?*

> *Then Mary wept and said to Peter, My Brother Peter, what do you think? Do you think that I have thought this up myself in my heart, or that I am lying about the Savior?*

James pleads her case, but Peter and the other disciples seem to have branded her a liar. Christianity is born to this background in a tumult of blood and betrayal. James is later executed and with the Jerusalem church destroyed, Paul now comes to the fore. The Magdalene is believed to have been preaching her own feminised version of Jesus to the Gnostic hot heads but it is a dangerous place and time. The legend says that she skipped the country, perhaps to Egypt, perhaps pregnant with the child of Jesus. The evidence has run out here. We are moving into poetry.

Certainly the beloved disciple, the one who Jesus kissed on the lips and praised above all others, was a threat to the orthodoxy that is already setting in like rigor mortis. Fleeing seems like a good idea. If the blood did not come and she knew she was pregnant with the daughter of the Son of God all the more reason to go. The tale is that she went with Mary and Joseph and Lazarus to Khem, the black land of Egypt. Indeed the Coptic Christians kept closer to Gnosticism perhaps due to the influence of the Magdalene. From there she fled even further with her child Sara to France, landing at what is now Saintes Maries de la Mer. The bearer of the sacred bloodline of Christ, the sang real or Holy Graal, has escaped the story of Christianity. She says nothing more, perhaps the radical days of youth and her dead lover come back to her on empty nights. What Paul preaches is very different to the firebrand back in Qumran. Yet there is a grave attributed to her in Provence and a body that has been visited by delegations from the Vatican.

Mixed signals, and so many wanting to believe.

Her worship was taken up by heretics. The Cathars allegedly taught that she was the bride of Christ and paid for this teaching with their lives. In Beziers the entire population of the town walked into the flames rather than renounce their belief in the marriage of Mary and Jesus. It is impossible to tell whether the fervour of this belief was the

result of the charisma of the Cathars who the Catholics mockingly called '*perfecti*', or the possession of a copy of the forbidden gospels rediscovered in Nag Hammadi this century. Perhaps one brought to France by the Magdalene herself. No evidence of this has been found. Paper burns even better than heretics do.

One set of bones, believed to be the Magdalene's were wrenched into the kindly arms of the Dominicans by the Pope in 1295. The Dominicans were of course the backbone of the Inquisition. What heretics could maintain a cult when its holiest relic was so firmly in the hands of the enemy? The grinning skull was draped with blonde locks in what looks like a deliberate blasphemy at the expense of the lost black virgin.

The Templars also loved the Magdalene and their order went to the sword. This heresy leads to the Merovingian kings and the Grail that was the womb of the Magdalene filled with the royal blood of the House of David, if that serves your purposes. In the modern world we are liberated from the idea of royalty or spiritual authority being transmitted in a particular family's blood. What could have been a devastating revelation for society and the church is now of little worth.

So where does this tale leave us? There are several threads to follow. The bloodline of Christ conspiracy has ended in a snarl at the junctures of Rennes Le Chateau and Rosslyn, both dedicated to Mary Magdalene. Try to untangle it at your peril, most end up caught and bleeding to death in the rose briars, their blood and struggles seeping down to feed the hidden treasure in the deep black earth.

The Cathars denied the body, believing in their own sweet Gnostic way that the Earth was a rotten place and sex was evil in so far as it created more humans, their spirits trapped in fleshy corruption separated from the Pleroma. Compared to the evil of the Catholic Church they were God's people, weaving a far more Christian existence of simple piety. They were not Magdalene worshippers. This was not a Goddess cult.

Here is my take. In his masterpiece *The Escaped Cock* DH Lawrence has Jesus arrive on the island of a Priestess of Isis and let himself be touched. He is able to be Osiris and be resurrected in the flesh. I suggest you read it. This is the same yearning that gives birth to all the tales of the Magdalene. The need to reconnect with the pagan whole.

The need for the Priestess to take the Priest. This is also the inspiration for The Last Temptation of Christ where Jesus fantasises about sex with the Magdalene as he hangs dying on the cross. We have seen Magdalene become Babalon almost against her will. The flesh is compelled by the blood. The Magdalene is whore once more, and holy.

The Magdalene is a Christian heresy, an attempt to write a what—if history where the sacred feminine and the holy fuck was not excised. This is an exercise in myth—making about the Knights Templar and the Cathars and the Gnostics and women priests and apologists for Christianity. This is a virus in the church, not the true heart of it. The need to mask Babalon in the Magdalene is no longer required. Let me give you another example. In Voudou the Catholic saints are masks for the orishas and loas. The offerings to these images were made out of expediency. The old religion gone underground. So that the slaves were not murdered by their masters they worshipped the old gods in the new church. This is what the heretics of the middle ages did with their churches to the Magdalene, they kept the flame of Goddess worship alive. It is time to move on now. The Magdalene is a cautionary tale or a crutch for recovering Christians looking for Our Lady but unable to accept the Antichrist as their personal saviour.

Does that sound a little harsh? Then let me give you an alternative. Let us reach back further to make sense of this.

King Solomon the Wise invited pagan King Hiram to help him build his temple. He sent rich offerings and honeyed words. Hiram sent his son Hiram Abiff, a cunning man, to help with the construction. He arranged the masons into the three grades that have passed down into Freemasonry and the Temple was upraised.

At the heart of the temple of Solomon was the image of Ishtar who we also know as Inanna. Solomon was an initiate in her cult. The temple was dedicated to Ishtar as well as Yaweh. Like his foreign wives he had turned to the worship of the Queen of Heaven. Holy, Holy, Holy is the Whore.

Deep out of black Africa came Sheba, drawn by the stories of his wisdom to see if he was the one, to test him with her magickal power. As she walked over the polished floor of the throne room her legs were seen in the reflection hairy and hoofed, for Sheba was Lilith the

witch queen, come to join the magickian king. Arabic legends say that she was a daughter of the djinn. They became lovers. To her he gave the Ark of the Covenant, from him went his star seed.

This is the temple where Mary Magdalene worshipped Ishtar—Astarte—Inanna.

This is the temple where the Knights Templar excavated their secret.
This is the temple rebuilt at Rosslyn and given over to the Magdalene.
This is the temple of the king—makers and the twin pillars of Egypt.
This is the temple where Hiram Abiff was murdered, the widow's son, and did not give his word to Jubelo, Jubela, Jubelum.

Solomon's blood flowed in Jesus' veins. Mary Magdalene worshipped Ishtar, as Sheba had, in the shady precincts and white cedar smoke. The unbroken line is not the blood of the sang real. It is the blood of the Whore Goddess drawn from the deepest wells. The Magdalene is an echo and nothing more. Move on, and open yourself to the deeper mystery of Babalon.

MARY INVIOLATE

'She had already allowed her delectable lover to pluck that flower which, so different from the rose to which it is nevertheless sometimes compared, has not the same faculty of being reborn each spring'
—D. A. F. de Sade

THE OTHER MARY causing consternation is Mary, mother of Jesus. Despite being slapped down by the big J every time she opens her mouth in the New Testament, and she does not get many lines, a myth has grown around her.

If you have any ideas about the BVM they have come out of the wealth of Catholic tat and dewy eyed statues rather than her actual presence in the good book. Not that it matters much to heretics like us, the impact of her cult is far more important than her non persona in the Bible.

The reason for including a woman famed for her immaculate virginity in a book about the Holy Whore is simple: The cult of the Virgin Mary enabled the worship of the Goddess to flourish, all be it in a cauterised form. As I keep repeating in a mantra, sex is power. The Virgin was a method of turning the sexual impulse of Christians back into the Church and onto the figure of the crucified Christ. I would describe this as a particularly unsavoury form of magick. This is the use of repression and misery as a spiritual battery. This enslavement of the worshipper's natural desires is the exact opposite of the natural and healthy lust for Babalon.

With the resolutely chaste Mary in position, churches had a surrogate Goddess back in the house. Christ knows, they needed one. To sell Christianity to the fans of the God who dies and is reborn (like the crops in the fields) the Church used statues of Mary and Jesus that were rather close to those of Isis and the Child Horus. This mother/son icon propaganda was like a Pepsi taste test for the wavering pagans. They failed.

It requires other women to keep women as slaves stripped of their sexual power. The BVM did that job. She was the only role model that you could fixate upon.

As a Goddess she is a cliterodectomy. If you lift her skirt you can see the coarse black thread where she has been snipped and stitched. The thread is plaited from the beard of Jehovah himself. This is not a woman anymore. Look under the hem and learn.

SIMON SAYS

'Helen, the face that launched a thousand ships'
—Homer

SIMON WAS A SAMARIAN MAGICKIAN, a contemporary of the Apostles Peter and Paul. His disciples held serpents and their preaching drove out demons, the touch of their hands healed. All were in the thrall of this man who proclaimed that not only was he was the very Son of God, but that the whore Helena at his side was the Goddess.

Simon has been linked to the Beast with seven heads and ten horns in *Revelations 13* and with his whore astride him and holiness beaming out of him like the Sun itself it is not difficult to see why. Anyone who is credibly compared with the Dragon of *Revelations* requires a closer look in this particular history. Simon kicked up quite a storm, certainly enough for him and his whore to have been in the thoughts of John the Divine as he twisted out his prophesies in his cell on Patmos. Simon is an example of an age—old heresy that recognises the divine in woman. Helena and he were a clear threat to the patriarchal fleshophobes of the nascent Christian cult.

Simon taught that he was the Son of God, destined to appear among the Jews. He claimed he would descend in Samaria as the Father, and among the other nations as the Holy Ghost. He said he was one with the Father. These are big, bold claims that magickians worth their salt sulphur and mercury, all end up making. This was never going to go down well with the salesmen of the Christian vision who gave that mediating role to Jesus, and Jesus alone.

Perhaps more than many of our assembled cast Simon is hard to follow. He has the magickian's gift of sleight of hand. Misdirection bedevils the tales that have grown up around him.

The Bible mentions Simon in *Acts 8*, where he is described as a respected sorcerer. In the anecdote that follows hard on its heels he tries to buy the secret of the power of the Holy Spirit from the disciples before knuckling under to the Apostle Philip. The sin of attempting to buy the Holy Spirit even gets given his name, '*Simony*'. This is a classic piece of propaganda. That particular story is a re—telling of an episode that was originally told about Paul by yet another sect before they signed up to his blossoming franchise. It also shows that Simon had built up quite a following with his miracle working, teaching and preaching. He was enough of a problem to warrant a smear. Simon has had all the sins of the magickian heaped upon him by Christianity and with their predilection for burning books we are forced once more to scry in the cold ashes.

Crowley doffs his cap to Simon in his Gnostic Mass, and it is not without cause that he gets name checked. Simon is the very model of a modern magickian — pragmatic, visionary, and set on unleashing his own divinity on a startled world. You are going to like him.

THE MAGUS IN THE MAKING

Simon Magus was born in the town of Gitta in Samaria, which is now Turkey. Magus was not a name, it was a title marking him out as one of the magians. The magians were astrologer magickians who predated even Zoroastrianism. The mysterious three kings who apparently pitched up at Jesus' birth were magians. Some commentators have wondered whether Simon was one of them, that is, if you place any trust in the nativity myth.

Simon left Samaria to study in Alexandria learning the Greek tongue and the Egyptian mysteries in a giddy whirl of wonder. It was a city of wisdom then where the cults melted together and the libraries stretched on forever. There was plenty for this eager student to learn. Under the Arab Dositheus, Simon rose to the head of a Gnostic sect. In the final test of his prowess the magickians fought. Dositheus struck at Simon with his wand only for Simon to turn to smoke and the wand

pass through his body. The duel is a strong part of the magickal tradition rather neglected by modern practitioners of the art.

Simon returned to Samaria and gained the wild tutelage of John the Baptist feasting on wild honey and locusts in the wilderness. To gain such a teacher shows that Simon had the gift. John named Simon as his greatest disciple. He received the baptism of wisdom, reborn in the waters. Black camel hair replaced the scholar's robes and disciples came to learn from him in turn. This is the mark of the true Gnostic shock trooper, equally able to learn in the city and out in the wild places with the mad, bad and dangerous to know.

John the Baptist was quite the shaggy shaman. This ragged desert preacher railed against the political and secular elites and told of the coming Messiah. Many thought that he was the Priest Messiah, just as Jesus rose to be the Royal Messiah. These are very different roles. The historical Jesus who insisted his disciples sell their clothes to buy swords is far removed from the emasculated idol of the modern church.

It was John who baptised Jesus, though Jesus vainly thought that it was he who should baptise John. There are some distinctly unflattering accounts of this with the water turning black and other portents of ill omen that find no place in the New Testament accounts.

There is clearly an element of competition between Jesus and Simon. Their similarity only becomes a threat when Christianity becomes a religion and Jesus is hyped as the one and only Son of God. There is no space for rivals in a cosmology which allows for a single trademarked saviour. Simon has the advantage and training of being John's student and seems to have picked up some pretty nifty magickal powers along the way. For his part, Jesus seems to have been a political rather than a religious hope for the people of Israel. The tales of water into wine, raising the dead and healing the blind are metaphors for initiation. The stories of Simon are more unequivocal demonstrations of magickal power. The death of John gave Jesus the chance to claim political and spiritual leadership, but Simon remains the undisputed champion of magick. Simon may have disputed that he was a magickian as he was on a collision course with becoming God. That is only to separate him from the two bit wonder workers and illusionists. In modern terms he was a magickian, as the modern magickian has the same aim, being God.

The knives eventually came out for John. His head was severed as a gift for Salome, the dancing—girl who ensnared her stepfather Herod Antipas with her floorshow. John had opposed her mother's incestuous marriage to Herod and when he promised her anything it was the head of John that she demanded. The penalties are harsh for those who spurn the Goddess.

There is another version of this story. The gospels do not name Salome. If you prefer, they avoid naming her. What we know of this dancing—girl is more coloured by Oscar Wilde than Bible study. John was executed, but that may have been before this light footed (and fingered) lady came on the scene. Blaming the seductive lap dancer may be a blind, a classic tactic of misdirection. The only other biblical Salome is a disciple of Jesus. Perhaps this is the reason that she is not named in the New Testament. If they were the same person then we have the beginning of an intriguing heresy. It seems that there is something here to hide.

THE MOONSTRUCK MAGUS

Some time after the death of John, in the city of Tyre, Simon saw a woman standing on the roof of a brothel and was stricken. She was the one, magnetic like the moon, drawing his blood to her like the tide. He recognised her as Helena, the Goddess trapped in human form. Helen, whose face had launched a thousand ships against the walls of fair Troy, reborn in the features and body of a whore. He was lost in Love for her as only a believer in the Goddess can be. Love at first sight is a real but rare phenomenon.

We know that Helena was a prostitute from the account of that Goebbels of the early church, Bishop Iranaeus. In his telling of Simon's Gnosticism, Wisdom (Sophia) is a prisoner on the earth guarded by the seven Archons. For Christianity divinity being within both a woman and a whore is as low as you can go.

The mysterious Helena is not mentioned in the expected sources: *Acts*, the Apocrypha and the Alexandrine heresiologists are silent about her. Digging deeper we find that her very name means '*moon*' and that she initiated Simon into the mysteries of the Tyrian moon goddess. So

perhaps the brothel where he first saw her was instead a temple to the Goddess. Of course, all brothels can be temples to the Goddess.

Sex magick combined with the powerful ascetic and magickal practices that Simon had learned. This is what the long years of work had prepared him for. At the zenith of his power he identified himself explicitly as the sun god Shamash, whose cult was united with that of the moon goddess Astarte. By now I barely need to whisper Astarte—Ishtar—Inanna and you will have a clear vision of Babalon poised upon the sickle moon and wreathed in sacred flame. There is another anecdote where Helena leant out of a tower and was seen in all the windows at once. This is the classic portrayal of the prostitute and another clearly Babalonian image. Helena was something special.

Simon taught that Helena was the Mother—of—All who inspired him, Simon the Father, to create angels. She was held captive by the lower forces, which refused to let her leave the world. They enclosed her in a female human body, and she re—incarnated as female for centuries. She was the lost sheep of *Luke 15:6*. The one in a hundred shot. The rogue wave in a calm sea.

They made quite a couple, Helena a bewitching ebony beauty dancing ahead to herald the arrival of Simon. She whirled wearing chains that raised the dust as they lashed around her. This is spirit struggling under the weight of flesh.

HEADS AND TALES

Now you will have to allow me a little wildness. I may be giddy from trying to follow all of the arcs of the coruscating chains. This is conjecture.

Simon seems to fall out of the Bible story but there is one further possibility. He was there all along but being called by a different name. Laurence Gardner in his irregular work *Bloodline of the Holy Grail*, and Barbara Thiering in *Jesus the Man*, discuss the possibility that Simon Magus was the disciple Simon Zelotes, and also Lazarus. This path walks as far as Golgotha where Jesus' cruci—fiction is engineered by Simon spiking our Lord and Saviour with the vinegar soaked sponge offered him on the cross. Later, at the tomb with a hundred

pounds of aloes as a purgative, Simon straightens him out and hey presto we have got a resurrection.

If Simon Magus was Simon Zelotes then his consort according to the Bible was Helena, and her baptised name was Helena—Salome. She worked for the daughter of Herodias who we have met before as the incestuous wife of Herod Antipas. Helena was also a Scarlet Woman, entitled to the red robe of the priesthood as a High Priestess of the order of Asher, according to Thiering.

This was one of the reasons that Peter, the muscle and knuckle dragger among the disciples, thought Helena a witch. It may be more prudent to see the disciples more as members of a terrorist cell than a spiritual elite. As we have seen with the treatment of Mary Magdalene, women were not the flavour of the day in this group. If Peter thought Helena a witch then it adds weight to the possibility that she was Simon's exotic consort, though it is far from conclusively proved.

Here comes the heresy. If this Salome was the famous dancer then she could have taken the severed head of John the Baptist to be used as a magickal object by the Jesus cult. Simon Magus would not have missed this trick. His extensive training in the different cults and his reverence for his teacher would have demanded it. Salome as the spiritual adviser to the daughter of Herodias had the access and the leverage to get hold of the head.

The severed head would have been preserved in salt water, oil and spices, a gold disc with the appropriate name placed under its tongue. This is classic necromancy. These heads, called teraphim, were commonly used as oracles and whispered replies when questions were put to them. The head or skull is an important power object in ritual across cultures and time but the teraphim is a specific Hebrew device. The head of John the Baptist would be a talisman of remarkable power.

But is there any biblical evidence for this other than the clutter of names? In the *Gospel of Mark* as Jesus is dying on the cross he shouts out for Elijah. This Old Testament prophet was widely believed to be reincarnated as John. This gives us the supposed Christ calling:

'John, John, why have you forsaken me?

That puts quite a different complexion on who was the real martyred saviour and whether the severed head of the Baptist lured Jesus to his death, regardless to if it was real or another spectacular conjuring trick stage—managed by Simon.

John's headless corpse sinks into the Jordan and his desiccated head is carried to France four hundred years too late for the Magdalene to revive it with her kisses. The Templars with their hushed worship of Baphomet may have been the last guardians of this strange relic. If there is anything buried under the apprentice pillar in the circular Templar church to Mary Magdalene at Rosslyn in Scotland it may well be this grizzled egg.

This is not the Bible story that we have been brought up with. You may prefer it for your own ends.

SIMPLY SIMON

Whichever Simon you choose he is a sure—fire rival, a lightning rod for those opposed to the orthodoxy of Pauline Christianity. History is not as smooth as the lying tongues of the victors make it seem.

Simon's mission was to rescue Helena, the divine spirit trapped in the world that had forgotten what it was.

The way to wake up? Sex magick.

As part of his mission he would also offer men his knowledge (gnosis) that they may also wake up and be free.

It has been noted that the accounts of Jesus and his female companion Mary Magdalene are similar, but Simon definitely did it. Through all the fragments of evidence and contradictions Simon still emerges as a shining example of a modern magickian.

The final beautiful example of the confusion in this story comes with the tales surrounding Simon's death. Peter famously claimed to arrange Simons fall to his death from a pillar in a botched flying contest at the height of a magickal duel before the Emperor Nero. Simon, he claims, was felled with a prayer as he soared. That just does not ring true.

This differs from my favourite account of Simon's death which has him cut in half with a saw. On the one hand a barbaric murder, on the

other, a fitting end for a magickian. His lovely assistant arrayed in sequins smiling all the while. The hush then murmur of the crowd. Still leaving the question, was that one last trick played out against the world? A joke for those with ears to hear?

The cult of Simon Magus did not die with him, it spread west. The teachings forked like a serpent's tongue, one influenced by Alexandria and the other by Syria. The Alexandrian tine favoured biblical exegesis whilst the Syrian was a blend of Babylonian mythology and Hellenistic allegory. This sect became occult and libertine in character, and it is that self—same cult that flickers forth again in the twentieth century. You just can not keep a good Goddess down.

THE BED OF HIM THAT IS FALLEN

'Bab — Power, Ability, Possibility
Babalon — Wicked
Babalond — Harlot'
—The Complete Enochian
Dictionary, Laycock and Skinner

JOHN DEE WAS THE FINEST MIND OF HIS AGE. He is the very model of the Magus. Dee cast the horoscope for Elizabeth's coronation, scattered the Armada like walnut shells, conversed with Angels, survived the fortunes of five monarchs and turned lead into gold.

Dee is the unwilling axis of our story of the Holy Whore. Dee was a pious man and wrested something from the Aethyr that he never wanted to find. As a Christian magickian he fatefully received a series of heretical visions. Even now, almost five hundred years on, the words are so fresh that they could be written in blood.

Through his dialogue with the Angels the Christian clothes are gradually peeled away, leaving Her terrible nakedness before his eyes. The white lead flesh and red flamed hair of Babalon blaze like a beacon leading us out of the dark ages and into the apocalypse of John.

It is fitting that Shakespeare based Prospero on Dee and Marlowe cast him as his diabolical Faust. This is the story of a long fall for the former favourite of royalty.

What Dee learned has echoed on and it is perhaps only now that we can begin to make sense of those troubling visions of the Great Goddess unleashed on our world. His Enochian Angel magick has been central in the work of the Golden Dawn, OTO, AA, the Church of Satan, the Temple of Set and many more private groups and individuals. All have found something deeply compelling under the prayers and protestations and have sought to recast the magick for their own ends. The underlying fact is that these Angels seem only too keen to communicate with us.

There has been a mass of lies and misinformation written about John Dee and his scrying partner Edward Kelley. Too many writers have huffily put aside the claims without ever reading the Calls aloud or gazing into the depths of a shewstone. I am amazed at the ignorance of the writers on magick who have never done a stroke of Work. How can you conjecture on the nature of Angels if you have never so much as seen the tail feather of one? A slew of novels and pop culture references have only added to the mire. Combine that with the anal retentive and Byzantine world of Enochian scholarship and most will back away from the subject. The sheer volume of material can seem overwhelming.

So, here is the history of Dee and Kelley seen through the glass that places the Holy Whore at the core of the Enochian transmissions. If this is too simple for your tastes there is plenty more buried treasure to be found in the original material and crucially by going to the Enochian Angels direct.

THE SORCEROUS APPRENTICE

John Dee was born on 13 July 1527, a Cancer with Sagittarius ascendant, for the astrologers among you. He was the son of a minor official at court, though there are tales that his heritage goes back to the dragon kings of Wales. Dee went to Cambridge at fifteen and devoted himself to study, sleeping a scant four hours a night before diving back into his books. He seems to have missed out on the ale

quaffing and whoring that still marks a decent university education. Even from a young age Dee was the very model of a magus with all the faults and virtues that implies. He was scholarly, pious, hard working, self assured and exceedingly moral. Dee remained strongly Christian, though his pride lead him to believe that he could converse with the Angels as Enoch once had. His path lead far from Christ, whatever prayers were made before the scrying sessions began.

The gossip that Dee was a magickian started in 1542 when he built a flying scarab as a prop for a play. His special effect cleared the theatre. Magickian was a dangerous label in an age where the church had split like a lightning—riven oak and men were burned for following science out into the dangerous waters of the occult.

The scarab beetle, Khephra, is a symbol of the sun at midnight, and is an apt description of Dee's legacy. Detractors will only see a beetle famous for lugging about a ball of excrement. To the initiate the scarab is a promise of new life. The sun that it rolls through the midnight sky is thick with creeping things. Those who look for shit see only shit. Like Blake and Dee, I would commend you to look for the Angels.

Dee's reputation as a learned man in the Artes quickly got him into trouble. He cast Queen Mary's horoscope and seeing her early death also cast Elizabeth's. This looked a little too like treachery and he was imprisoned. In this age there were spies everywhere. There was a real fear that a man who could read the patterns in the stars may also be able to control them. Even at this early start to his conjuring career Dee was close to a heretic's death. Barthlet Green who shared his cell was burned alive. The myth of the great witch holocaust in the burning times has been well and truly smashed by study, but let us not forget how many people were still put to the stake or hung. This experience marked Dee for life. His choice of subject for study carried significant risk.

With Elizabeth's accession Dee was back in favour and he calculated her coronation date for the January the 14th 1559. Judging by the length of her reign, this was quite a success. He had grown up around Elizabeth, and like all the men of his age was no doubt smitten by this strange, red haired beauty. He knew her before the white lead had eaten into her milk white skin and his nascent sexuality must have taken a strong imprint from this pretty girl in the corridors of court.

Dee was devoted to Elizabeth, he was the first to articulate the idea of the British Empire, and it was as a gift for the Virgin Queen. He laid more than his cloak on the ground for her, he had his reputation and world trampled into the mud. This lone, strong woman surrounded by a hostile Catholic world, was an unrequited crush grown almost divine. Elizabeth has more than a hint of Babalon about her. Men often make their queens into goddesses, from Sheba to Diana the pattern has been the same. History shows that this virgin also had more than enough lovers to earn the title Holy Whore. I am not stretching very far when I say that Elizabeth was an avatar, an archetype of the Goddess.

Dee quickly and expediently became a spy under Liz's spymaster Walsingham, with the code name 007. Using his cover as a scholar he travelled to Antwerp, Rome and Zurich. Along the way he acquired more precious books in his insatiable desire for knowledge.

In 1564 he completed the important *Monas Hieroglyphica* in a matter of days. In what sounds like automatic or channelled writing, describing himself as merely the quill through which the spirit writes. Dee tellingly wrote:

> '*There is present, hidden in the most central point of our Hieroglyphic Monad, a terrestrial body. How this body may be activated by Divine force, the monad teaches without words. When activated it copulates (in a perpetual marriage) with the sun and the moon.*'

At this stage Dee had not realised the full sex magick implications of what he was writing. That would take him another 30 slow years and one very hard lesson.

This is where you will be smart enough to get a pen and paper, draw out the monad and put it somewhere prominent. Remember, this is a book about living magick, not linear history. You cannot afford to be passive.

The monas symbol pops up in several of the Rosicrucian texts including the *Chymical Wedding*, lending weight to the idea that it was Dee who seeded the Rosicrucian order as he tracked back and forth across Europe. Rosicrucianism of course fed into the Golden Dawn, the OTO and this has seen the reification of Angel magick like blood pumping into the wings of a still wet butterfly.

GLASS EYES

In1564 Dee moved to Mortlake, his family seat in Richmond, and both married and saw his wife die within the year. On the day of her death the Queen arrived to see his fabled magick glass and examined it in a field, unwilling to enter the same house as death. Dee was not a natural scryer; though he did have visions in the glass, they were not consistent enough. For that he needed an accomplice.

In 1582 Barnabas Saul became Dee's scryer, staring into the glass after the two had sunk to their knees and offered up prayers to the divine. The partnership did not last long. When Saul tangled with the law they questioned him on the occult. He promptly shopped Dee, declared that he had made it all up, and that was that. Two days later Edward Kelley arrived on the doorstep. We will see this kind of coincidence again with Parsons and Hubbard in the Enochian powered Babalon Working.

Kelley had a nefarious reputation as a necromancer and, of great interest to Dee, renown as an alchemist. His ears were (allegedly) cropped as a criminal and he had definitely been busted for forgery in the past and thrown out of Oxford University. He was prone to fiery and violent outbursts, which came like storms over his swarthy features. This was the raw energetic power that needed to be added to animate the matrix of Dee's intellect.

By now Dee had married Jane, a younger woman who caught Kelley's eye as well. No doubt this old fool with a pretty young wife set the obvious thoughts going in the mind of the carnal Kelley. Jane for her part could not stand the man.

Kelley was also married, but to a fallen woman in exchange for a lump sum from her aristocratic lover. Some sources point to the possibility that Kelley was a Catholic priest on the run and that marriage was the

final part of his new disguise. There was unresolved sexual tension in this foursome from the outset.

Was Dee tricked?

Was Kelley an opportunistic conman?

Perhaps the clearest way of answering this is to look at the quality of the material they produced when they worked together. The difference between the Angelic transmissions and the platitudes of mediums or the mush of the New Age industry is crystal clear. This was the start of a seven year relationship that has yet to be equalled, for all the rascally reputation of the scryer.

ANGELS AT THE TABLE

Kelley and Dee set down to work and the aire was quickly thick with Angels. The death of Mary Queen of Scots and the attack of the Armada were both predicted. The double act was getting serious results, whatever the provenance of the forces they had contacted.

The Enochian alphabet came, 21 letters that were dictated into huge squares like the circuit boards of some vast spiritual computer. They were told that this was the lost language of the Angels.

Often the Angels would give a cross reference for the letter and spell out words. In the end over 100 squares were given in this wearisome fashion. For Kelley to have fraudulently done this would need the memorisation of thousands of letters and a skill with prose that the English language can barely express. Enochian seems to be an octave above our normal ability.

Uriel gave instructions for the preparation of the Sigillum Dei Aemeth, a pantacle carved into beeswax, an elaboration from Agrippa or *The Sworn Book of Honorius*, rather than a brand new design. Uriel also described the Holy Table for the pantacle to rest on. The Holy Table has seven planetary talismans on it inscribed with names from the *Goetia*. It is worth pointing out here that Dee's work was firmly in an established Angelic magick tradition based on the grimoires of the day.

In the centre of the table is a three by four square which can be used as a key to decipher the inscription around the edge of the table.

Gerald Schueler has somewhat controversially interpreted the text as reading:

> *'This is the place of the outpouring of forgotten treasure in the form of ecstasy. Only fire is substantial here. This is the way of BABALON and THE BEAST who is the first form. The eyes need only rest upon the name of any guardian and its representative will speedily be encountered.'*

This is either a clear indication that Babalon was involved from the start of the working or an example of how easy it is to make the Enochian material suit your own designs. Those who work with Enochian are often drawn into making rather grand statements and winning derision for it.

Despite the masses of material generated, Kelley and Dee seem to have done very little with it. The intricacies of Enochian magick are the legacy of later adepts. Most sessions seem to have been more of a séance than the machinations of high ceremonial magick. So before you start panicking about squares and letters and whorls and ciphers and opening rituals keep in mind that Dee and Kelley would simply pray. Then they would place the shewstone on the pantacle which was covered with a red silk cloth that draped over the table. Kelley would set to gazing into the stone and calling out references with Dee checking the letters on the tablets.

A plan of the Universe was slowly revealed. Kelley had a vision of four Watchtowers. In each Watchtower resides a mighty Angel. Each Watchtower is 12 x 13 squares, that is 156, the number of Babalon. These are the Watchtowers we find called in the Golden Dawn, disguised as Egyptian gods in Crowley's *Liber Resh* and summoned in modern witchcraft. From the Watchtowers we can construct seven letter sigils that give the names of the Governors of the 30 Aethyrs that ring the world like onion skins.

So what were the Angels? Certainly not the buff and babyish creations of Renaissance paintings. Against all the evidence Dee kept up the belief that they were Christian and goodly. A quote from Dee's diaries shows their ambiguous nature:

> *'They would have persuaded Kelly:*
> *—That Jesus was not God.*
> *—That no prayer ought to be made to Jesus.*
> *—That there is no sin.*
> *—That man's soul doth go from one body to another child's quickening.*
> *—That as many men and women as are now, have always been.*
> *—That the generation of mankind from Adam and Eve, is not a History, but a writing which has another sense.'*

One of the Angels presents Dee, not Kelley, with a shewstone, a crystal ball. Both this gift and the Sigillum Dei Aemeth can still be seen in the British Museum.

On May 28 1583 the spirit guide Madimi appears. With breathtaking sense, '*Mad*' in Enochian is a word that means '*God*'. Madimi is a young girl seen weaving through the library stacks by Dee. She has the cryptic and coquettish way of many spirits. She tells them:

> *'Am I not a fine Maiden? Give me leave to play in your house, my mother told me she would come and dwell here.'*

If they guessed who her mother was they would have walked away from the table and never looked back. A dusting of crosses and a sprinkling of Jesus would not save them now. Madimi is a regular presence in their Work from here on in.

FOREIGN SHORES

In 1583 Dee was introduced to Count Laski who anxiously wanted to know from the Angels about his claim to the Polish throne. Laski was invited into the séance room. In turn he invited Dee to Prague to meet the king of Germany and occultist Rudolph II. Dee was sorely tempted by the minds and books waiting for him to explore in Prague.

Elizabeth's spies were watching and Madimi warned Dee that Walsingham was now plotting against him. The Angelic work is increasingly set against this tapestry of intrigue and rising paranoia. In this milieu politics and magick cannot be separated. In 1584 on Madimi's orders, Dee, Kelley and their wives left for Europe with promises of knowledge from the Angels.

Babalon, like Lilith, seems to have a thing about storms and their ships went straight into the teeth of a tempest that had been pulling at their cloaks since they loaded their coach at Mortlake. By the grace of God they survived the crossing, — the question is, which God was watching over them?

A mob plundered and burned Mortlake soon after they left. Dee's benign reputation was becoming darkened amongst the superstitious. Enemies were everywhere. There was no going back now, they had to trust in Madimi and the Angels for their salvation.

When they had crossed Europe the Angels told Dee to go to Rudolph II and tell him that he was possessed. Not very cunning thing to say to the head of the Holy Roman Empire. Especially when you are an ambassador of a Protestant queen ringed with knives. In the lion's den he told Rudolph he must listen to the Angels that he has heard, or lose his throne. This was not a display of solid steel balls, but utter faith. The scrying sessions must have carried a level of conviction that is only known to the Saints.

Rudolph listened and did not kill him. There was little movement though, so Dee offered him the Philosophers Stone, that miraculous substance that turns base metal into gold. His secret weapon was the red powder taken from a treasure hunting expedition to Glastonbury. Alan Moore has described this powder as the h—bomb. If a European power could make gold then they would win the arms race and roll over the continent. Rudolph was far more taken by the hard cash argument and the reputation of Kelley as an alchemist that his spies had

gleaned than any Angelic threats. He set them up in a lab and soon rumours spread that Dee had done the impossible. The diary accounts for this period get wild. Books that were thrown into a blazing furnace are restored intact by a mysterious gardener. The Angels keep promising more.

Elizabeth wanted them back, furious at the idea that they were about to give the secret of gold to another monarch. Dee had cut a chunk out of a brass warming pan and apparently turned it into pure silver, he sent both pan and piece to his Queen. Spies were thick as flies around them. The pressure became too much and our plucky alchemists were finally forced from the alembic of Poland by accusations of necromancy from the Pope. They were lucky to escape with their lives. Fleeing to Bohemia, they continued to be secretly funded by Rudolph who believed they were almost there with the alchemy.

Dee wanted more Angelic magick, Kelley did not. He had seen his reputation as an alchemist fill his pockets with gold, his bed with women and make him a confidant of kings. Dee insisted on more Angelic magick and put him through gruelling scrying sessions of up to 10 hours a day. Kelley was living in the crystal, and here Dee seems to be the possessed man driving him deeper after the visions and into the arms of Angels who exhausted him, left red weals on his skin and did not seem to be acting in any kind of Christian fashion.

FOUR IS FOREVER

Madimi becomes more lewd and appeared naked before Kelley, showing forth her shame. She orders them to share wives in a cross—matching rite. This is a request utterly opposed to the order of Dee's life. It is a taboo smashing exercise that the tantrics would recognise. To an Elizabethan magus it was the ultimate test and an absolute blasphemy. Could he sacrifice his beloved Jane into the arms of Kelley? Madimi is clear about it:

> '*Nothing is unlawful which is unlawful unto god, one committing adultery on my behalf shall be blessed eternally, and given a heavenly reward.*'

Dee agrees, no doubt vexed by the results of his holy Arte but prepared to go all the way. The fragments of diary that relate this episode and were not destroyed confirm the guilty secret: the cross—matching did take place.

The transmissions do not stop here, but are followed by the famous *Daughter of Fortitude* speech. This powerful transmission is vindication for those who do not see the cross—matching as Kelley's last ditch attempt to get down with Jane and split with the tiresome Dee.

Madimi is back again with a spearman on horseback and then a woman appears who Kelley describes:

> '*Here cometh another woman. All her attire is like beaten gold. She hath on her forehead a Cross crystal, her neck and breasts are bare unto her dugs. She hath a girdle of beaten gold slackly buckled under her with a pendant of gold down to the ground.*'

Could this be the woman clothed with the sun from *Revelations*? The pendant, Malkuth the lowest sephirah, shows her dominion over the Earth. The Cross crystal her open ajna chakra. Her naked breasts the sign of her whoredom. We are at the heart of the Enochian system and here stands the Holy Whore.

She speaks.

This has to be quoted in full as the most powerful piece of apocalyptic writing ever penned.

I suggest you sit down for this and read it very carefully.

'I AM THE DAUGHTER OF FORTITUDE, *and ravished every hour from my youth. For behold, I am Understanding and science dwelleth in me: and the heavens oppress me, they covet and desire me with infinite appetite: few or none that are earthly have embraced me, for I am shadowed with the circle of the sonne and covered with the morning clouds. My feet are swifter than the winds and my hands are sweeter than the morning dew. My garments are from the beginning and my dwelling place is in myself. The Lion knoweth not where I walk, neither do the beasts of the field understand me. I am deflowered and yet a virgin. I sanctify and am not sanctified. Happy is he that embraceth me, for in the night season I am sweet, in the day full of pleasure. My company is a harmony of many Cymbals and my lips sweeter than health itself. I am a harlot for such as ravish me and a virgin with such as know me not. For lo, I am loved of many, and I am a lover to many; and as many as come unto me as they should do have their entertainment. Purge your streets, O ye sons of men, and wash your houses clean; make yourselves holy and put on righteousness. Cast out your old strumpets and burn their clothes; abstain from the company of other women that are defiled, that are sluttish and not so handsome and beautiful as I. And then will I come and dwell amongst you; and behold, I will bring forth children unto you, and they shall be the Sons of Comfort. I will open my garments and stand naked before you, that your love may be more enflamed toward me.*

As yet, I walk in the clouds; as yet, I am carried with the winds, and cannot descend unto you for the multitude of your abominations and the filthy loathsomeness of your dwelling places. Behold these four: who is he that shall say, they have sinned? Or unto whom shall they make account? Not unto you, O you sons of men, nor unto your children, for unto the lord belongeth the Judgment of his servants.

Now, therefore, let the earth give forth her fruit unto you, and let the mountains forsake their barrenness where your footsteps shall remain. Happy is he that saluteth you and cursed is he that holdeth up his hands against you. And power shall be given unto you from henceforth to resist your enemies: and the lord shall always hear you in the times of your troubles. And I am sent to play the harlot with you and am to enrich you with the spoils of other men. Prepare for me for I come shortly. Provide your Chambers for me, that they may be sweet and cleanly, for I will make a dwelling — place amongst you: and I will be common with the father and the son, yea and with all them that truly favoureth you: for my youth is in her flower and my strength is not to be extinguished with man. Strong am I above and below. Therefore provide for me: for behold I now salute you, and let peace be amongst you: for I am the Daughter of Comfort. Disclose not my secrets unto women, neither let them understand how sweet I am, for all things belongeth not to every one. I come unto you again'

The resonance of this speech still echoes forth from the Aethyr. Dee and Kelley had done the impossible, they had awakened the Whore Goddess from the Christian sleep by the explicit, focussed release of sex magickal energy. The mother of Madimi was here, the pious prayers had served to break the seals on the book of *Revelations*.

Dee had, like the good alchemist he was, noted Jane's periods in the margins of his astrological tables as well as the times and dates when they had sex. So Dee was a long term sex magickian rather than the prude he is often painted as. After the cross—matching he notes '*necessary conditions*' as well, so there is the tantalising possibility of a lost system of Angelic sex magick. What the cross—matching did was to destroy the final taboo.

There are rich pickings in the visions of Kelley and Dee. I would recommend a close reading of the diaries and working in the Angelic tongue. The call of the Aethyrs used by the Golden Dawn, Crowley and Parsons pack a mighty punch even in their English translation:

> '*O Ye Heavens which dwell in the First Aire, ye are mighty in the parts of the Earth, and execute the judgement of the Highest! Unto you it is said: Behold the Face of your God, the beginning of Comfort, whose eyes are the brightness of the Heavens, which provided you for the Government of the Earth, and her unspeakable variety, furnishing you with a power of understanding to dispose of all things according to the Providence of Him that sitteth on the Holy Throne, and rose up in the Beginning saying: The Earth, let her be governed by her parts, and let there be Division in her, that the glory of her may be always drunken, and vexed in itself. Her course, let it run with the Heavens; and as an handmaid let her serve them. One season let it confound another, and let there be no creature upon or within her the same. All her members let them differ in their qualities, and let there be no Creature equal with another.*

The reasonable Creatures of the Earth, and Men, let them vex and weed out one another, and their dwelling places, let them forget their Names. The work of man and his pomp let them be defaced. His buildings let them become Caves for the beasts of the Field! Confound her understanding with darkness. For why? It repenteth me that I have made Man. One while let her be known, and another while a stranger: because she is the bed of an Harlot, and the dwelling place of him—that—is— fallen.
O ye Heavens arise! The lower heavens beneath you, let them serve you! Govern those that govern! Cast down such as fall. Bring forth with those that increase, and destroy the rotten. No place let it remain in number. Add and diminish until the stars be numbered. Arise! Move! And appear before the covenant of His mouth, which he hath sworn unto us in His Justice. Open the Mysteries of your Creation, and make us partakers of the undefiled knowledge.'

Kelley and Dee split asunder soon after these last visions. Kelley seems able to make gold and is working directly with Rudolph. He gains a castle and is made a baron. Dee returns to England 1589 to the remains of Mortlake but he is travelling in style with a retinue of soldiers and receives a royal welcome.

Money flows to Dee and the missing magickal diaries for this period may be hiding the names of those who sat in on his communion with the spirits. We do know that these included Henry Percy, the poet John Donne, the playwright Christopher Marlowe, Sir Walter Raleigh and we can surmise, Elizabeth herself.

The Angel gravy train was derailed when Marlowe put a thinly veiled Dee on stage in his Doctor Faustus. In the popular imagination Angel magick became wedded to the demonic and the court dropped Dee like a hot chestnut. Marlowe himself met a sticky end, before his blabber mouth implicated Her Majesty. He was stabbed to death by Ingram Frizer, as an unreliable secret agent, not murdered in a tavern brawl as is often said.

Despite Marlowe's death, the money and fame ran out for Dee. Life was becoming bitter in his old age and with Elizabeth's death in 1603 Dee lived on scant hand outs from his few remaining friends.

In 1595 Kelley fell to his death from a tower, trying to escape imprisonment by Rudolph after failing to give him the secret of how to make gold. A more fitting symbolic death could not have befallen him. Had the secret of the Philosopher's Stone been finally given to him by the Angels?

We will never know. Dee records the event simply in his diary with the words, '*Kelley is slain*'.

He will never find a scryer to replace him.

Dee dies aged 81, alone.

THE AFTERMATH

In 1662 the records of Dee's séances were discovered in the false bottom of a chest and given to Elias Ashmole, the founder of English Freemasonry, who was intrigued and began to sound those strange words himself.

The research of David Rankine and Stephen Skinner has shown that the Angel magick tradition of Dee continued through the seventeenth century and that the version taught by the Golden Dawn in the 1880's was only a sliver of an already developed system integrated into ceremonial magick rather than standing alone and outside it. This is a fascinating story and will have major implications for Enochian study in this new century.

I however am not a ritual purist. I take the position that the splinter of information that Crowley and the Golden Dawn worked contained the essential DNA of Enochian. I am a believer in the spirit over the letter. That is in spite of the obsessive detail of the tables and tablets. This is simply the set of language and proofs which God would choose to talk to a mathematician and cryptographer with. The crux for me with Dee is the cross—matching and the *Daughter of Fortitude* speech, the rest stage settings for a game of chess played to almost impenetrable rules.

The Angels that Dee contacted do not seem to me to be the servants of Christianity, but have a far more morally ambiguous agenda. I

would urge you to draw your own conclusions through your own Work with them. Listen to what they say, they have plenty more to tell.

After *Revelations* Dee is our next best source. He dared and it cost him dearly. There is much to this strange reflection of Elizabeth and Empire wrung through the piety and persistence of Dee, focused into flame through the lens of the shewstone and the eye of Kelley. Unbidden, the Holy Whore has returned in all Her splendour.

RHYMES WITH HOLY

'Oh Rose, thou art sick!
The invisible worm,
That flies in the night,
In the howling storm,

Has found out thy bed
Of crimson joy;
And his dark secret love
Does thy life destroy.'
—William Blake,
The Sick Rose

BABALON IS NOT A TRADEMARK owned by the estate of Aleister Crowley. This is only one part of Her history; though admittedly an important part it is not the heart of the matter. By Her very nature this slave girl cannot be owned. I am stressing this because Aleister Crowley has a tendency to overshadow any discussion of Babalon when it is She who should be astride him.

Crowley is a latecomer to the feast. His attempt to bridle the cult of Babalon to his own messianic ambitions cannot be allowed to remain unchallenged. She is much bigger than that.

As I have previously confessed, I am a magickian and much of my practice has grown out of the spiritual exercises and pioneering work of Crowley. This is true for almost every magickian in the West and all the witches who follow Gerald Gardener's Wicca. *The Book of Shadows* is heavily tracked with the cloven hooves of Crowley despite the attempts of Doreen Valiente to brush over the evidence. Dear uncle Aleister has left a rich legacy to us all. That is not going to stop me plunging a knife into what has become a rather bloated corpse. For all the talk of Babalon, in many ways he hardly knew Her.

Aleister was the man who put the K back into Magick. For those of you who do not know the code, that is K for Kunt. His omnivorous appetite made anything with an orifice ripe for ritual sex. There was a parade of Scarlet Women, whores, boys and one reluctant goat. His orgiastic use of cocaine, heroin, ether and mescaline made him a hero of the sixties counter culture. This combination of sexual and chemical keys gave Aleister the inspiration to turn out a remarkable body of work. He also made mistakes.

Many women are drawn to Thelema by the vision of Babalon. She is far more appealing than the milk and water goddesses of the New Agers. Here we have a Goddess who is whole hale and horny, what the Germans call '*lustig*'. She has harnessed the power of sexuality. When Aleister is on form he hymns Her with great beauty. Women are at the heart of the philosophy of Thelema which explicitly states, '*every man and every woman is a star*'. In Thelema, Babalon and the Beast promise a balance of power, symbolised by the dynamic unicursal hexagram. This is technology that works.

Babalon is the key to the witch cult and the glimpsed union of the witch and magickian. The Holy Whore has been notably absent from the modern witch cult. The distorting impact of feminism was empowering for a while, but it has meant that goddesses who fuck are right off the menu. Babalon is a bridge across the abyss of magick and witchcraft where the Goddess and God can meet as equals. This book is my attempt to fashion a keystone for that Royal Arch.

Aleister's writings on magick are lucid and direct. There is a real sense of power and urgency in his work. Thelema can be expressed simply as, '*Do What Thou Wilt Shall be the Whole of the Law*', '*Love is the Law, Love under Will*'. That ends in a full stop. There is no

need to take on any other trappings or beliefs. Alas, many who read Crowley become faded photocopies of him rather than living their own lives.

The Crowley cult has failed to challenge some of the misogynist ideas that dear Aleister peppered his writings with. In one paragraph he is a champion of the rights of women and liberty. In the next he is literally punching her in the face and throwing her down the stairs. If it was just his private life we could forget it, not excuse it, but get on with the teachings. The fact is that in Crowley's sex magick he treats women with contempt, as ignorant vessels for his glorious sperm. These are the ideas I am going to challenge. At the same time I am going to celebrate the great work that he did.

Love or loathe Aleister, he did the work and his Work is my concern. This Beast is too big and bold for me to butcher into a single chapter. What we are going to look at here is the relationship between '*the wickedest man in the world* ©' and Babalon. In the bibliography I have listed the rollicking biographies of Aleister's life for those of you who have not had the pleasure. There is a lot to learn from this bad boy of the Western Mystery Tradition but you should not believe everything he said.

LITTLE SUNSHINE

Aleister's parents were members of a radical Christian sect called the Plymouth Brethren, his father was a hellfire and brimstone flavoured lay preacher and his mother was pathologically uptight. Rebellion was almost inevitable for the young Aleister and he passed an alienated youth of boarding school buggery and killed just the one cat. His mother rather helpfully labelled him '*The Beast*' and this made sense to young Alick. He rejected the warped Christianity of his parents and fondly styled himself as the Beast of the Apocalypse. With the Bible as one of the only books allowed in the Crowley household, students of Aleister's work would do well to look more closely at the Bible as a key to his opus rather than concentrating on the tedium of the Golden Dawn.

Throughout his life Aleister deliberately set out to challenge and smash conventional morality. This method is found in many magickal

paths, most notably in Tantra. To the uninformed his life looks like an extended game of devil's advocate. His identification as the Beast may have started in childhood but it evolved into a far deeper understanding than revelling in his mother's disapproval.

My point is that this was not just a churlish opposition to the religion of his parents but also a deliberate and systematic rejection of the values and social mores of his society. This was often accomplished with great wit and flair. When challenged in court in later life about his title as '*The Beast 666*' he memorably explained to the Judge that it was simply another name for the Sun and that he could call him '*Little Sunshine*'. The dark, wannabe Crowleys prowling their local graveyards may want to ponder that.

Aleister is utterly convinced in his identity as the Beast but when it comes to his consort Babalon he says very little. Come a little closer, he whispers and I will tell you the secret. This seems to be a typical occult chat up line. There are plenty of groups and individuals who will still initiate the nubile newbie into the mysteries for a loving spoonful of the medicine of the metals. There is more than one explanation for the talk of a secret oral tradition.

LIBER AL

After various initiations and occult adventures the big breakthrough came. In a room in Cairo in 1904 Aleister received a dictation from Aiwass, his Holy Guardian Angel — a disembodied voice speaking from behind his left shoulder. In three consecutive days a book emerged filled with riddles, sly allusions and traps for the unwary. This is *The Book of The Law*, or rather more grandly *Liber Al Vel Legis*, but generally shortened to *Liber Al*.

This is a puzzling book, a ragged text with flashes of pure genius wedged between hefty chunks of pure Aleister. Putting his protestations to one side, this message is very much shaped by the messenger.

The book proclaims the dawning of a New Aeon, that of the Crowned and Conquering Child. This New Aeon is to sweep aside the cloying mother and bad dad religions that have plagued our planet. We are to stand on our own two feet and like troubled teens go out

among the living to find and do our true Will. The simplest explanation of the book is that this is Aleister's unconscious mind rejecting his parents. On one level that may be true, but it is a fairly trite reading. Jesus is never held to have been crucified because of the issues he had with his dad being a carpenter and his mother being a bare—faced liar.

This New Aeon is marked in the stars by the phenomena of precession. At the Vernal Equinox the sun now rises with Aquarius behind it rather than Pisces. This shift was also discerned and catalogued by Nietzsche, Hesse, and Lawrence, among many others. Crowley was one of many voices.

Whatever your opinion of *Liber Al*, something changed. The baptism of blood with two World Wars, the social upheaval that flowered into the sixties, the rise of the individual and the dawning of the information age, are the beginning of the collapse of Christianity. All of these can be read in the apocalyptic terms of *Liber Al*. I would also add that we can read these terrifying changes in terms of *Revelations*. It just depends how frightened you are by radical shifts.

Liber Al is couched in the language of Egyptian deities but Babalon gets in there as the evocatively named '*Scarlet Woman*'. She is described as the consort of The Beast but rather than being an equal it is apparently Her job to do what he commands. This is very clear from the end of Liber Al III:43:

> '*Let the Scarlet Woman beware! If pity and compassion and tenderness visit her heart; if she leave my work to toy with old sweetnesses then shall my vengeance be known. I will slay me her child; I will alienate her heart: I will cast her out from men; as a shrinking and despised harlot shall she crawl through dusk wet streets, and die cold and an hungered.*'

It is quite frankly an attempt to bully and bind his young wife Rose into submission. Aleister is plainly stating that he is not about to settle down and be a nice bourgeois Satanist and that Rose is going to have to turn her back on her old world. He has already returned letters from

her parents that do not address her as Princess Chioa Khan. The harlot threat sounds like the fate that Aleister rather fancifully ascribes to the wife of Macgregor Mathers' at this stage down and out in Paris. It is also an echo of his biblical youth, '*harlot*' being the worst fate that a woman can suffer. At its bitter best it can be seen as prophesying the death of Aleister's children and the booze sodden oblivion of many, but not all, of his Scarlet Women.

The alternative to this desperate situation is given in the next verse:

> '*But let her raise herself in pride! Let her follow me in my way! Let her work the work of wickedness! Let her kill her heart! Let her be loud and adulterous; let her be covered with jewels, and rich garments, and let her be shameless before all men!*'

That sounds more Babalonian. If we are charitable, the heart killing speech may refer to non—attachment and the proper attitude for sex magick. Even so, Aleister is quite firmly The Beast but his consort seems to be a peg or two down from full Goddess—hood. To me this seems out of balance but in keeping with the difficulty Aleister had in seeing other people as Stars in anything other than the abstract. He was more than a bit of a bastard.

If *Liber Al* is read with your brain in the bedroom there are plenty of other sex magickal formulas that can be extracted. None of them other than those I have quoted refer directly to Babalon.

Aleister is still a young magickian at this stage in his career. Although *The Book of the Law* is what the cult of Thelema was founded on, his greatest work is yet to come. *Liber Al* is a long way from perfect, but many magickians, my self included, have found great beauty reflected in this flawed gem. I would like to be unfashionable and point out that many of Aleister's prophecies were about the people around him and either fulfilled or failed within his lifespan rather than of undying cosmic import. For a fuller understanding of Babalon we must look elsewhere, the war engine that is Enochian magick.

ALYS THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

A core teaching of the Golden Dawn was Enochian magick, in a suitably elaborate form. The Enochian squares were turned into flat topped pyramids and given elemental attributes and painted lurid flashing colours to make things even more GD flavoured. The correct uses of the tablets and the calls were given in the higher grades. There was also Enochian chess with a choice of the four Watchtowers as playing boards and four players moving Egyptian Gods as pieces to produce a protracted divination. This was only to be done with a full temple set up. The far simpler method for exploring the Aethyrs was also given but it seems that only Aleister actually did this. As a climber he liked to make first ascents on untried routes and so the Aethyrs were bound to appeal to him. Many modern magickians have followed in his footsteps. There are plenty of notches in the rock face but there is still the thrilling risk of death or severe injury on this dangerous climb.

As we have already heard, Dee received nineteen calls or keys, which are used to summon the different Enochian Angels. The first eighteen of the calls are for the 4x4 combinations of the Elements plus Spirit active and passive. In contrast, to work the Aethyrs one call does it all. To access each of the Aethyrs all you need to do is recite the nineteenth key, insert the correct name and call the Governors which are your angelic guides to the experience. With something to see your visions in, like a mirror or a gemstone, and a minimum of preparation you are ready to rock and roll.

In Crowley's experience the thirty Aethyrs map onto the Tree of Life, but it is not a tidy arrangement of three Aethyrs per sphere. It is interesting to note that in early depictions of the Tree of Life the spheres are arranged in concentric rings, just like the progression of the Aethyrs from TEX closest to earth to the outer reaches of LIL. The visions he received also refer to the paths and the major arcana of the Tarot. This rich tapestry of images forms the backdrop for Crowley's Tarot, *The Book of Thoth* painstakingly realised by Lady Frieda Harris to his exacting instructions. The Angels came back with vivid splendour as death closed finally upon the master. The book was finished just in time and the money to publish it found neatly boxed beneath his deathbed. Students using this splendid deck should be

familiar with where this came from, not by copying the substance but by forging a vital link with the Angels that gave him the information.

His exploration of the Aethyrs is collectively titled *The Vision and the Voice* and stands as one of the most compelling pieces of magickal Work ever recorded. The Great Goddess Babalon who had revealed Herself to Kelley and Dee now had a more willing scribe.

Our bold anti—hero plunged into the first two Aethyrs in 1900, that is, four years before *The Book of the Law*. He was in Mexico and feeling puffed up from his initiation as a 33 degree Mason. The quality of the visions is remarkable, but he did not take it any further at the time. To penetrate further out into the mysteries he would have to pick up some more skills, and like Dee before him, a talented assistant.

His next stab was in Algeria, nine years later. He had not wasted his time and was obviously well versed in Enochian magick by this stage in his career. Wandering the world, driven, lost, the voice of Aiwass returned. His Holy Guardian Angel who had dictated *The Book of the Law* to him has a simple message, go into the wilderness and call.

Aleister was often on the move so the simpler the props for his magick the better. Finding himself in Tunis with a topaz—set cross to skry in, the Calls and some stout notebooks, everything had strangely fallen into place. It sounds like a set—up, the fact that he just happened to have the right bits and pieces. If you actually do magick rather than just read about it you will find that these coincidences do start to come thick and fast. Books open on the right page, people appear unexpectedly, money arrives. Often the Angels are standing there waiting before the words are spoken. The flurry of coincidences are taken to mean that you are on the right track. The author of this text takes no responsibility for your encounters with fiery red heads, the recurrence of the numbers 7, 49 and crucially 156, along with radical energy surges and strangely significant sexual encounters. Books are dangerous, but putting that to the back of your mind, let us go back to Tunis.

Crowley walks into a bold sweep of desert heavily bearded, robed, a star sapphire flashing on his hand. The magickian in full effect. Behind him on a leash trails a demonic disciple, Victor Neuberg, all the hair left on his head dyed red and twisted into bristly horns. The Arabs say djinn and he leers at them. Slave only to his master.

Far behind him are the cloisters of Cambridge University and his sweet wizard has lead him through beds of gorse, wine, women and sodomy.

Crowley works at his customary superhuman pace. One Aethyr a day, reciting the call, gazing into the golden topaz in its Calvary cross. Alys through the looking glass. Neuberg frantically writing it all down as the Voice describes the Vision. The Aethyrs are rich, bejewelled and teeming with life like a tropical coral reef. The visions are a stunning unfolding of Crowley's genius and it would take more than one book to do them justice. Gentle reader, the Angels would prefer if you saw your own.

> '*Qol: hua allahu achad: allahu assamad: lam yalid:*
> *wa lam yulad: wa lam yakun lahu kufwan ached*'

As he reaches the threshold of the Fourteenth Aethyr Crowley recites the verse 1001 times, one for every night of Scheherazade and every time the verse ends falls in the dust. Bloody knees stick to the black wool djellaba, eyes are red raw, the horizon dances. It is as if the words pull him onwards long after the body has failed. Achad, he chants, God, the single pointed Will. Only then is he ready for the Aethyr.

Even with all this effort an Angel with a burning star upon its brow bars his progress and leaves him tearing at the merciless black gates. Thrown back out in the desert inspiration comes. Even in his Autohagiography Crowley is guarded, he writes:

> '*..I had hitherto clung to certain conceptions of conduct which while perfectly proper from the standpoint of my human nature, were impertinent to initiation. I could not cross the Abyss until I had torn them out of my heart.*'

In a hastily made circle Vicky takes him over a rough rock on the summit of Da'leh Addin. Sex and magick back together again as the Angels implore and initiate. He has sacrificed his shame on the Altar of

Babalon, just as Dee had given up his Jane into the arms of Edward Kelley.

Aleister *let go* and that night is admitted as a Master of the Temple. This is how Babalon works, the destruction of morality and the release of psychosexual energy into mystical illumination. For Aleister it was passive sodomy in bright sunlight. The Goddess does not care for gender.

THE MYSTERY OF THE HOLY GRAIL

Things are serious now. Aleister has experienced the ego snuffed out like a candle, and he had a damn big ego to snuff out. The Thirteenth Aethyr explains his Work as Master of the Temple and in the Twelfth BABALON is described as the Mistress of the City of the Pyramids by the enigmatic Grail Knight shown in the Tarot card The Chariot. He is also given the correct spelling of Her name, Babalon where he had written Babylon, the letters adding up to 156, but more on that later.

Here is the core of Crowley's revelation of Babalon and it puts St John the Divine to shame. It has the power to transform this world of sorrow into one of joy. It is simple, beautiful and missed by most, eager for more salacious tales about the Magus.

The Charioteer describes a Cup filled with the blood of the Saints fermented with Her kisses and poured out to intoxicate the devotees. By drinking this they will come to know Her Father. All thought is destroyed by one draught of this intoxicating mix.

This is a radical revision of *Jeremiah LI:7* where Israel pours invective on the city that has destroyed her:

> *'Babylon hath been a golden cup in the Lord's hand, that made all the earth drunken: the nations have drunken of her wine; therefore the nations are mad.'*

This same image is echoed in *Revelations XIV:8*:

> *'..Babylon is fallen, is fallen, that great city because she made all nations drink of the wine of the wrath of her fornication.'*

If you are Christian, though I very much doubt that you are, Crowley's restoration of the original symbol of the Babalonian Cup is heresy. If you have a shred of intelligence you will realise that this is the Grail myth restored to its pagan glory. The Chalice is of course the cup of Babalon, Her Cunt. Her Holy Kteis.

Babalon Herself is more than a little drunk, and that is a sign of her holiness. We can see the same symbols in the splayed Sheila Na Gigs, carved on Celtic churches open, for all to see. Her name literally means Sheila the giddy. It is the same drunkenness that comes with possession by Pomba Gira the spinning pigeon and bride of Exu, Lucifer among the Loa.

Aleister interjects in the record and explains that the sacramental wine which fills the Cup is '*compassion*', an ecstasy of suffering without pain, like delivering the self up to the beloved. Compassion is also an alternate name for Tiphareth, the heart centre of the Tree of Life. Students of *The Book of the Law* may wish to re—read what it has to say about compassion in the light of this.

The devotees of Babalon do not just drink the wine. The Saints have sacrificed their individuality and ended the pain of separation by pouring every drop of their life's blood into Her chalice. You must do the same and, like Dionysus, be crushed in the winepress to attain resurrection.

This is I contrast with the Black Brothers who are happy to see the blood of Jesus spilled but will not spill their own. They selfishly want to hang onto their blood, which is a symbol of their personality. This is described as black magick. In truth it is fear. They have confused ego with essence. This shutting up is against the nature of the Universe which is Love, the constant flow of divide and unite. This was glyphed by the alchemists as '*Solve et Coagule*' and these are the words written on the forearms of Baphomet, the goat—headed god of the Templars.

This raises the questions: Which side are you on? Are you prepared to Let everything Go? The vision is explicit, not one drop must be lost. This is quite a challenge for us to rise to. Everything must be given unto Her. The following Aethyr reassuringly says that if one drop is left it will breed scorpions and vipers and the '*cat of slime*'. This would generally be seen as a bad thing.

Babalon has attained Her exulted state by giving Herself to every living thing. This is what is meant by Her title as Holy Whore. She cannot rest until the blood of all living things has been poured into her chalice because this is how the universe functions. It is an unending rapture of Love, of union and division. Babalon is described as Understanding because she has known everything — in a biblical sense. Understanding is also the name of the third Sephirah on the Tree of Life, and so Babalon is identified as Binah.

Knowledge is the name of the Second Sephirah, and so The Beast is identified as Chokmah. The Charioteer reveals that Crowley has already met the Beast as the Angel in the fourteenth Aethyr. This was the Angel with the blazing star that gives its name as Chaos, describes itself as a snake, and talks of Satan falling like lightning from heaven. Can we guess ITs identity?

The Charioteer explains that when all the blood has been poured in, the wine which ferments in Her Cup will be used to revitalise the Father. This is a reworking of the qabalistic formula of IHVH. If you do not know it, do not worry. Basically Dad can not get it up, but with the aid of this magick booze and a foxy young daughter starts the Universe rolling all over again, albeit in a not very politically correct fashion. The text is more suited to the poetic physicists among you:

> '*and the universe unfoldeth itself as a Rose, and shutteth itself up as the Cross that is bent into the cube*'

This is not a closed system, this is a description of the Universe as vibrantly alive through seemingly apocalyptic big bang and big crunch. It is a seething wonderous thing of chaos and order without beginning or end. You can see this illustrated in *The Book of Thoth* where the

elemental suits of Cups, Wands, Swords and Disks all have this restless dynamic character.

The Eleventh Aethyr says little, it largely acts as a cheerleader for the mighty demon of dispersion Choronzon. If you look at the picture of the Tree of Life, Aleister, or what is left of him, is teetering on the edge of the Abyss and about to square up with the thing that lives in Daath. A successful bout gets him through to the City of the Pyramids.

Crowley sacrifices some doves and settles down in the triangle. The call is recited and he is possessed by Choronzon. He wins through the ordeal after a dramatic naked tousle in the circle which is defended by Victor Neuberg. It is a classic magickal duel. This risky operation is chalked up as a success.

The vision of Babalon gets hurried over in most accounts of Crowley's life as the authors rush to spill words about the Tenth Aethyr where Crowley is possessed by the demon Choronzon, the Devil and bogeyman of the Crowley cult, a splintered howling mass of dissonance, the nightmare of reason.

Everyone clamours that their own theory of what happened in this ritual is the definitive one. It is as if the very mention of the name Choronzon creates a whirlpool that destroys their reason in a tangle of words. If only they had learned to write in the sand with their magick ring the secret word:

B A B A L O N

The remaining Nine Aethyrs are obscure. I would say unsatisfactory. Crowley trails off in his usually bombastic autobiography and talks of how they '*shadow forth the mysteries of the higher grades*'. Reading through them they reveal little. Perhaps Aleister is being deliberately silent. Perhaps I do not understand. For me the high water mark of his vision is reached in the Twelfth Aethyr. Draw your own conclusions.

I will end this important stage in the history with a bit of playful nursery rhyme Qabalah. Victor Neuberg can be translated as '*Conqueror of the Virgin Mountain*' or, '*King of the Castle*'. By extension that makes Crowley the Dirty Rascal. Certainly the dramatic sexual charge between these two powered the visions. It is sad to think

of Crowley in later life hammering on the door of Vine Cottage snuggled under the South Downs in Steyning. Impotently he is shouting, '*I want Vicky*' and Neuberg is quailing inside, the goat foot god gone to ground unable to come and face his lover. The universe is careless about our human happiness. The Enochian Angels have not given their final vision. We have to keep pouring the blood into the grail, it is insatiable. Everything must be destroyed that everything might be renewed.

LIBER CHETH

The work of *The Vision and the Voice* is distilled into two pages of tightly written magickal instruction, *Liber Cheth*. If you have the standard twentieth century attention span you will be heaving a sigh of relief. Cheth is the Hebrew letter attributed to The Chariot which you will find in the Tarot as Atu VII. *Liber Cheth* can be found in *Magick in Theory and Practice*, which is on the bookshelf of every good student whether they like Crowley or not.

The lesson is simple, pour all of your blood into Her Grail, by sacrificing everything you will no longer be who you once thought you were, but you will have won the Universe. This is the path of the hardcore and holy. There is nothing more to it. If you have a more traditional magickal mindset, this can be taken as the ultimate version of Eliphas Levi's four virtues, '*To Know, To Will, To Dare, and To Keep Silent*'. You may want to note that in your diary, it is worth a meditation or two.

In this text and in my life I am pouring all I am into the Cup. It is your choice how or whether to let your own blood. The succinct words of *Liber Cheth* may prove an admirable guide for you.

RED PETALLED MADNESS

In his fiendish qabalistic puzzler *The Book of Lies*, Aleister expands further on the theme of Babalon. Besotted with the Australian violinist Leila Waddell he unveils more of the mystery in *Waratah Blossoms*. It is a brief but densely constructed piece, less of a poem and more an intricate clockwork bomb.

I am going to take you through a line by line analysis of *Waratah Blossoms* for a couple of reasons. Firstly, I think that there is a great deal that can be revealed by tracing back the ideas that inform this exotic flower. Secondly and selfishly, it has been massively influential in helping me come closer to an understanding of Babalon in my decoding of the symbols.

Some of my readings will be contentious and will veer away from a discussion of cold Crowley, yet I assure you that there are ample pleasures to be found in this lush botanical foray. Stay with the exegesis. Each line of the poem is picked out in bold and taken in turn. I am not claiming that this is what Aleister meant, I am sharing with you what I have found.

Magickians of an hermetic persuasion will be further pleased by the inclusion of authoritative looking tables in this section.

The piece has been a riddle for me, a labyrinth in which Babalon is revealed. It does not have the raw invocatory power of *The Hymn to Pan*, but rather creates a visual and sensory mandala that unfolds like a flower, if you can hold it in a steady unblinking gaze.

WARATAH BLOSSOMS

Telopea Speciosissima

Telopea is from the Greek telopos, meaning '*seen from afar*' due to the dramatic blooms. Speciosissima is from the Latin speciosus, '*showy*' and issimus, '*most*'. Waratah is simply an aboriginal world meaning beautiful.

Aleister relaxes opium stoned and in love with Laylah and she tells him about home. Gorgeous red flowers that burst into bloom after the bushfires have been. Like Laylah, menstrual blood on the sheets, her red flower at the crossroads of her thighs. We can imagine what she told him and how the flower became her symbol just as the Rose of the World was his first wife Rose Kelly. It is a romantic image.

' *What do you call it?*'

'*My waratah*', she whispers.

The waratah was prized by the Aborigines who sipped rich honeyed nectar from its flowers, they weave stories about it. Laylah may have

told him one of them as they lay together and perhaps in the dreamtime this is just one more tale. The waratah is not one flower but is hundreds of florets clustered together in a dome, the perfect image of Our Lady. Not one but many.

Here are two of the Aboriginal myths to add to our one of the Poet and the Prophetess entwined in blood, sweat and ecstasy:

This story is about how the white waratah became red.

Two pigeons are in love, building a nest together early in the morning. The female looks around and the male has gone so she calls to him. There is no reply. She flits around the low branches of the trees, cautious of the hunting hawks. She calls out and there is no reply. She circles higher, calling. There is no reply. She flies above the treetops calling. There is no reply. A lurking hawk withdraws its wings and falls upon her. He carries her away and she struggles in his claws. She struggles and tears open her breast plummeting from the hawk and fluttering onto a white waratah.

The blood turns the waratah red. She calls for him, moving from waratah to waratah staining them with the blood of her heart.

She dies and never finds him.

Even now, when you push your finger into a red waratah it will still stain your finger with the blood that she shed looking for her lost love.

Another tale is told by the Burragorang of longing and death about the first red waratah.

There was once a beautiful young woman who wore a scarlet cloak of wallaby fringed with the red crests of the cockatoo. She would wait every evening high on a sandstone ridge for the return of her lover with the other men. Her slim figure in red silhouetted against the sky was what he looked for every evening as he returned home.

Their neighbours threatened the tribe's land and so her lover went to war.

On the day of the battle she watched in her red cloak. Glimpses of fighting flashed through the trees. She waited for him to return. Seven days on the ridge she waited. Seven days and he did not return. She willed herself to die and became as one with the sandstone ridge.

From where she stood rose the first waratah.

First the stalk, her Lover standing straight, then the leaves, his spear, and finally the flower, her cloak and the mysterious colour of blood.

As *The Book of Lies* was written in 1913 it is also possible that Aleister was reminded of the mysterious disappearance of the SS Waratah in 1909. The nine thousand ton vessel, with 211 passengers and crew aboard, was on her maiden voyage from London to Australia. On the return trip via South Africa, the Waratah foundered somewhere between the ports of Durban and East London on 28th July, during stormy weather. None of the passengers or crew survived, no bodies were found.
Finally, there is an aboriginal dreaming that tells how waratahs have such long leaf stalks. During a volcanic eruption people were able to grab the leaves of the waratahs and pull themselves to safety over the fire and brimstone of the lava flows, just as Babalon draws us from the deepest hells to the highest heavens. And so it begins:

Seven are the veils of the dancing—girl in the harem of IT

The vision of the Goddess as a dancing—girl is age—old. This is the opening of the ultimate burlesque performance. So settle back on your cushions and enjoy the performance, allow yourself to be charmed.

The seven veils echoes the story of Salome in the popular imagination, and a whole history of erotic, ecstatic dance. Alas, the seven veils are not mentioned anywhere in the biblical account. Much of what we think we know of the Bible does not actually appear in the text, our memories add ideas to what we read without us realising.

Crowley is more likely to have been influenced here by Oscar Wilde's controversial play *Salome*, the lead role written for Sarah Bernhardt, which contains the bare stage instruction:

'*Salome dances the dance of the seven veils*'

That one line unlocked a panoply of lush Eastern eroticism, magick indeed. Often one phrase in a book or a line of a poem can unleash satori — in *Salome* Wilde did this.
Wilde's *Salome* debuted in France and was published in England in 1894 to be promptly banned from performance by the Lord Chamberlain. It finally reached the stage in 1905. With illustrations by

Aubrey Beardsley, another Crowley favourite, and its mix of the sumptuous and sadistic, *Salome* would have found a place in the Great Beast's reading list. *Salome* was certainly important to him, appearing again in *The Vision and the Voice* account of the Fifteenth Aethyr. Wilde, for his part, is now a footnote in the biblical apocrypha, and I am sure he is delighted by that. Of course he would no doubt claim on the spur of the moment that the Bible was apocryphal to Wilde.

Wilde for his place had not been entirely novel. Salome was an icon of Renaissance art, Caravaggio famously painting her in a stunning red cloak. She then resurfaces in literature in the nineteenth century in Heinrich Heine's *Atta Troll* where Salome's lust for the Baptist is made explicit as she shockingly kisses his severed head. In 1876, there is an intriguing piece of synchronicity, Flaubert began his *Herodias*, and visionary painter Gustave Moreau unveiled a watercolour titled Apparition, an unnerving study of Salome haunted by the Baptist's head. This provoked Joris Karl Huysmans in 1884, to lavish attention on the Salome painting in his decadent novel *A Rebours* (*Against Nature*) where it is owned by the protagonist, des Esseintes. Simply viewing the painting sends him into raptures. As our understanding of Babalon is born out of rapture, I will share some of this magnificent text with you:

> '*Des Esseintes saw realized at last the Salome, weird and superhuman, he had dreamed of. No longer was she merely the dancing girl who extorts a cry of lust and concupiscence from an old man by the lascivious contortions of her body; who breaks the will, masters the mind of a King by the spectacle of her quivering bosoms, heaving belly and tossing thighs; she was now revealed in a sense as the symbolic incarnation of world—old ice, the goddess of immortal Hysteria, the Curse of Beauty supreme above all other beauties by the cataleptic spasm that stirs the flesh and steels her muscles, ~a monstrous Beast of the Apocalypse,*
> *indifferent, irresponsible, insensible, poisoning, like Helen of Troy of the Classic fables, all who come near her, all who see her, all who touch her..*'

This is the power of the image. You would do well to enter this state yourself by finding the icon that unlocks your imagination. How can you deny yourself such an experience? I still resonate and respond to Moreau, but I find the image of the Goddess in many more places besides.

The chain continues as French symbolist poet, Stephane Mallarmé pens the drama *Hérodiade* in 1887 which had a strong influence on Wilde's version of the play. Wilde inspires Beardsley into penning his black and white images and then Strauss creates the lavish opera *Salome*. This may appear to be a digression but now you have visual, auditory and written ways in which to summon the dancing—girl. All your senses must be engaged.

Aleister may have also been swayed by Isadora Duncan's scarf dancing performances. There is no Middle Eastern dance of the seven veils. Isadora was a long term source of sexual fascination for Aleister and lost her life with archetypical style when the tail of her scarf became caught in the wheel of the car she was riding in.

We can see that the seven veils was fashionable shorthand for a mythical idea of eastern sexual opulence. The theme was reproduced in art, literature, theatre and dance. So is Aleister simply cashing in on an Arabian Nights vision of licentious pleasure?

Yes, and No.

We have to remember that Babalon as a Goddess of Love is a construct of sexual desire. Babalon is a stranger, an exotic beauty, an alien Goddess whose striking difference and otherness is Her enduring appeal. If the popular imagination is fixated on a sultry beauty hip swivelling in the cushion strewn luxury of a seraglio, then that is how She will appear. To deny ourselves this imagined realm of sensuality would make our lives barren. A pox on political correctness. The sexual imagination demands difference to stir it into life. This is what Moreau understood and expressed with his fusion of Eastern promise in paint.

There is of course more to be revealed than this fading snapshot of Victorian delectation and the Rose Cross dreams of the symbolist salons.

The seven veils can be seen to refer to the dance of the seven veils of Inanna as she descends into the underworld. With the devastating similarities between Inanna and Babalon I would argue that this is the real point of reference. Esoteric tradition states that Salome's dance was the same as Inanna's, and this I feel is the dance that Aleister means.

To refresh your memory of the seven veils and for your own ritual use:

THE UNDEWORLD	THE VEILS
FIRST GATE	CROWN
SECOND GATE	LAPIS MEASURING ROD AND LINE
THIRD GATE	LAPIS NECKLACE
FOURTH GATE	BREAST STONES
FIFTH GATE	BRACELET
SIXTH GATE	BREASTPLATE
SEVENTH GATE	ROYAL ROBE

It is this literal baring of the soul that we are concerned with in *Waratah Blossoms* and all of Crowley's work. Aleister often describes the progress of the magickian in terms of opaque veils that are gradually made transparent through the hard graft of tireless magickal practice. All that sex and drugs can leave you quite tired out, and if you push it hard enough, it could even kill you.

The image of the veil also brings to mind the hymen. This is the veil that protects the inner sanctum from the Dragon. It is this last temple veil in the holy of holies that Babalon is about, but let us not rush things. This is a dance of illusion leading to absolute revelation, intimate penetration, a complete openness to all experience. The dance leads and teases to this ultimate crisis.

The term '*apocalypse*' in *Revelations* comes from the Greek '*apokalypsis*', '*an unveiling*', a striptease. As the dancing—girl strips, the mysteries are revealed. In this display it is the dancer who is in

control as she charms the phallus hard. As an exercise to prove this you would do well to visit a lap dancing emporium and see how long it takes you to offer all of your crisp notes, the head of John the Baptist and your left kidney to witness another dance. This may be a girl in a harem, but do not be mistaken about who has the power.

Everything is contained within this dance of matter. This is the way the Universe works. How much more appealing than the subatomic structure of twining and recombining DNA is the image of the most beautiful dancing—girl?

Seven are the names and seven are the lamps beside Her bed

As we are considering a Goddess of Love then we are assaulted with a battery of sevens drenching the senses, as seven is Netzach, the sphere of Venus on the Qabalistic Tree of Life.

With the dancing—girl at the centre of our picture we pan back to a ceremonial magickal working. The trappings of ritual are a mandala when viewed from above. The names are protection, the forces that prevent us penetrating the circle. The signs all say no touching allowed, but the dancing—girl is imploring and seducing us to reach out and touch.

So what is the connection between the seven names and the seven lamps? In *Magick in Theory and Practice* Aleister gives his answer when he describes one version of the classical circle:

> *'Some Magicians prefer seven lamps, for the seven Spirits of God that are before the Throne. Each stands in a heptagram and in each angle of the heptagram is a letter so that the seven names are spelt out'*

This is a straight reference to *Revelations IV:5* and with his Bible—

bashed childhood he knows this off by heart:

> *'And out of the throne proceeded lightnings and thunderings and voices and there were seven lamps of fire burning before the throne, which are the seven Spirits of God.'*

So the lamps and the names are the seven Spirits of God we find in *Revelations*. This whole biblical passage completes a vivid diagram composed of the 24 Elders of the Apocalypse, a sea of glass and four creatures representing the Gospels and the elements, Man, Bull, Eagle, Lion. This is an image for contemplation, pathworking and meditation. That is, if you are a Christian. If you would like to take out your Bibles at this point and read *Revelations IV*. If you still do not own a Bible then I would suggest that you steal one from a hotel room next time you hire a dancing—girl by the hour.

Waratah Blossoms can unfold into an alternative mandala suitable for use by devotees of Babalon. Christians may see this as parody, when in fact it is using the techniques and terms of the enemy to destroy it. Just as they tried to destroy Her.

It must be remembered that in Qabalah we are taught that seven is also the number of revenge.

So who and what are these seven Spirits of God? The Bible is low on naming Spirits and Angels, an oversight corrected ad nauseum in the magickal grimoires which not only butchered their way through the psalms but also overpopulated pin—heads with variegated winged fauna. With a zeal only matched by the Victorian entomologist's fondness for naming beetles, the names of Angels have gone forth and multiplied. Now it seems the Angels have all withered to husks on their pins and the world is lonelier without them.

There are fleeting references to the names of these particular seven Spirits in the Apocrypha. Raphael, for example, appears as one of the seven Spirits in the apocryphal *Book of Tobit 12:15*.

If the four elements are represented by the Bull, the Eagle, the Lion and the Man and the twenty four elders represent the hours then logic dictates that the seven Spirits of God represent the planets in some

form. These are the traditional Angel names used in ceremonial magick and sure enough, each is allotted a planet.

These angels can be found sprinkled through the Grimoires and in Agrippa's definitive work *The Three Books of Occult Philosophy*. These are set out in the table below. I have also included the Archons for comparison and use by those of you swayed by the Gnostic heresies:

PLANET	ANGEL	ARCHON/ ARCHANGEL	DEADLY SIN	HEBREW	ENGLISH
Saturn	Zabathiel	Kafziel	Sloth	Shabbathai	Rest
Jupiter	Zedekiel	Zadkiel	Pride	Tzedek	Righteousness
Mars	Madimiel	Samael	Wrath	Madim	Vehement Strength
Sol	Semeliel	Raphael	Greed	Shemesh	Solar Light
Venus	Nogahel	Aniel	Lust	Nogah	Glittering Splendour
Mercury	Corabiel	Michael	Deceit	Kokab	Stellar Light
Luna	Levanael	Gabriel	Envy	Levanah	Lunar Flame

These same Angels were given in a magick square to John Dee in one of his first séances with Edward Kelley, unsurprising given Dee's devotion to the works of Agrippa:

Z	l	l	R	H	i	a
a	Z	C	A	a	c	b
p	a	u	P	n	h	r
h	d	m	H	i	a	i
k	k	a	A	e	e	e
i	i	e	E	l	l	l
e	e	l	L	M	G	✠

This square was followed the next day by another using the Angels that we find incorporated into the Sigillum Dei Aemeth and as such can be counted as the ground zero of the Enochian transmissions.

The names are read from the top left diagonally with the numbers a cipher for '*L*'.

S	A	A	I $\frac{21}{8}$	E	M	E 8
B	T	Z	K	A	S	E 30
H	E	I	D	E	N	E
D	E	I	M	O	30	A
I 26	M	E	G	C	B	E
I	L	A	O	I $\frac{21}{8}$	V	N
I	H	R	L	A	A	$\frac{21}{8}$

You may prefer to use Dee or Agrippa's spellings in your own experiments. I use Dee's spirits for the internal consistency of my manipulation of symbols and because I have found that it works.

I am intent here in dealing with the planetary forces encapsulated in these Angelic names rather than moving down the hierarchy. Those are the instructions of *Waratah Blossoms*. I favour this simple and direct approach in my magick. Go straight to the seven Spirits. If you are doing this Work you will have to become an accomplished magickian. The Golden Dawn viewed these planetary spirits as blind forces that can be used for good or evil, and that suits this symbol system just perfectly.

So, what do these Angels look like? You may wish to use colours to symbolise the angels or create a telesmatic image from a breakdown of the name as the Golden Dawn did. My own solution is to use coloured candles, heptagrams and names; I am sure you do not need telling, but that is Saturn black, Jupiter blue, Mars red, Sol yellow, Venus green, Mercury orange, and Lunar purple. You then let the Angels come in whatever form they choose, cross—checking their characteristics to

make sure that they are who they say they are. I have misgivings about forcing Spirits into proscriptive rigid forms, they may display the same attributes to all men, but they appear to the mind's eye differently.

Now we need to find a connection between the seven names and the seven lamps, and sure enough, we find the lamps in *Revelations.*

The seven lamps remind us of the Jewish menorah, the candlestick that John of Patmos sees over his shoulder in *Revelations 1:12.* This may have been an actual part of the furnishings of John's sparse cell.

Again, it is time to open your Bibles.

In the vision Jesus is seen at the centre of the candles with a double edged sword replacing his tongue. Not an image that graces many churches who tend to favour him doe—eyed and placating, or bloody and nailed up. The seven lamps are an echo of an earlier book in the Bible. Turn the pages back to *Zechariah 1:IV* where the prophet has a vision of a golden candlestick:

> *'I have looked, and, behold, a candlestick all of gold with a bowl on the top of it and seven lamps thereon, and seven pipes to the seven lamps, which are upon the top thereof: and two olive trees by it, one upon the right side of the bowl, and one the other upon the left side thereof.'*

This is a sort of arterial variant on the Tree of Life. Zechariah's vision of the candlestick is all about giving props to Zerubbabel who has returned from Babylon to rebuild the Temple. It is nationalist propaganda, and is tellingly followed by an attack on a woman called '*Wickedness*'. Let us remember here that '*wicked*' in Enochian is Babalonuda.

The wicked woman is found in a basket sitting in the middle of a false weight. Her mouth is filled with lead as a punishment, and then two angels with stork's wings carry her back to Babylon. So here is another fairytale image for you to decode. I cannot do all the work for you.

This is the way that *Revelations* works, it is crammed with images from the previous prophets, it is more of a motley patchwork quilt than a fresh wedding dress. John did not write on snow white paper, this is a palimpsest. We should not delude ourselves that what we are doing is any different. Crowley himself is just one more prophet in a long line of whispers, but all go back to Babylonia.

So this is where we can glimpse the seven lamps, greasy olive oil smoke in the cell on Patmos, lost in the fall of the Temple in Jerusalem, encoded into the Qabalah and above all, referring to the Spirits of the seven planets.

We are building all these symbols up into a composite image. The Babalonians would have stacked the planets up into a Ziggurat. I am turning them into a circle. These names can be seen written in the seven pointed stars that contain the lamps. Their pools of light delineate the working space and draw spectators, footlights for the floorshow.

Each flame is transformed into an Angel. Each Angel wingtip to wingtip stands firm.

This is the first ring of defences and it does the same job as putting a burglar alarm on the outside of your house, it announces to everyone that you have something worth stealing. Luckily for us Mercury, the god of magickians, is also the god of thieves.

Seven eunuchs guard Her with drawn swords

The blueprint of defences around the dancing girl now reveals a ring of Damascus steel. This should be making you think twice about what you are attempting, as if the Angels were not enough.

In classic harem style our Holy Whore is guarded by eunuchs. Only the Priest King can consort with the Goddess, no lesser men are to slake themselves on Her loins.

Are you up to the challenge, or are you content to be a eunuch with your back forever turned to Her?

Once again the detail of the eunuchs is not oriental window dressing. Eunuchs have been used traditionally to serve the Goddess, often as sodomitic dog priests. That name is not a slur but most likely comes

from their dog position sex. These were important priests who served the ancient Love Goddesses by sacrificing their reproductive power, they are no longer men. They cannot penetrate the mystery. I will not be advocating the joys of self castration or the smooth route of the Skopsie, but it is certainly one way to serve Our Lady. I prefer magick with the balls to push shaft deep in the crimson petals of the Goddess.

There is another biblical reference hidden here that throws more light on where the seven eunuchs come from. In *The Book of Esther 1:10* King Ahasuerus gets well and truly wrecked on wine and demands that his wife Queen Vashti appear naked before him and all the assembled princes. To do this he sends off his seven chamberlains, this is the polite way of saying eunuchs, to bring her out for a bit of show and tell. Being a feisty woman, she rightly refuses.

Her refusal leads to the decree that all wives must give their husbands honour, that is, treat them as their masters. This gutless despot then hooks up with the oh so virtuous Esther, and Vashti is stripped of her royal rank.

This is a turning point. The story of Queen Vashti is an allegory of the axis shift that destroyed the power of women, and an attitude that is enshrined in Christian marriage. Man is the master and woman the slave. Babalon restores the balance, Love cannot exist without equality.

These are the names of the eunuchs in the *Book of Esther*, you may choose to write these in a circle around the lamps if you are unfortunate enough not have seven castrated ritualists at your beck and call.

MEHUMAN	BIZTHA	HARBONA	BIGTHA	ABAGTHA	ZETHA	CARCAS

As a further complication, Esther has been identified with Ishtar and Mordecai, who pitches up later, with Marduk. Nothing is easy here. The strands cross and recross, only meditation and ritual can guide you through. Perhaps I can suggest learning the lesson of the Seven of Swords if you have your Tarot pack to hand. Weakness and vacillation will not carry the day.

No Man may come nigh unto Her

The riddle continues, as every mandala is a maze, with a seemingly impossible statement. Apparently as a Man, you cannot reach Her. If you are not ready for the challenge, the memento moris, sentinels and swords will send you fleeing in terror. The secret door will not admit you to the sanctuary if you cannot find it.

Magickians being a bloody minded and inquisitive lot, will immediately want to come nigh. This demonstrates what Anton La Vey calls '*the law of the forbidden*'.

Like the sacred oak in *The Golden Bough*, this sanctuary is guarded. The guards may be eunuchs but they will snickersnack through anyone who trespasses. In fact, the threat here is one of castration. There seems little point in attaining to the Holy Whore if you are incapable of consummating the sacred marriage.

So how can you become No Man without loosing your manhood?

How can you, a Man, come unto Her?

Perhaps you reason that you can come unto Her as a Beast, or a King, or a Child?

Well, another answer is in the text.

To come unto Her you must become No Man.

Those of you with a classical education may remember will know that NEMO means '*nobody*' in Latin, that is quite literally, no body.

NEMO was the alias Odysseus used when captured by the one—eyed giant Polyphemus. When Odysseus/Nemo wounded his eye Polyphemus could not get any help as he could only tell the other giants that '*no—one*' had blinded him. I hope you are not equally blind to the blatant sexual metaphor at work here and a whole history of rebellion against the Demiurge.

Let us just stop and think for a moment here. Where exactly is this mandala if it can only be reached with no body? This is not a mere astral Sabbath. Babalon is being described in Qabalistic terms as being above the Abyss.

Those of you with classical magickal training, yes, all four of you, will recognise NEMO as being the Master of the Temple seated in Binah. This is the fancy way of saying that having crossed the Abyss, the magickian is technically no longer a man. This is Crowley's answer

in his footnotes to *The Book of Lies*. Aleister of course claims this grand title, and many more besides. There is plenty more information about this if you care to plunge into *The Vision and the Voice* in the Thirteenth Aethyr, where NEMO is described tending his garden of disciples, the fabled garden planted eastward in Eden. Poetically it soars above most writing you will ever read.

But let us not use the language of the dead. What we mean here is Love. The loss of self into the Beloved. An understanding that the name you scratched into your arm with a compass point is not a name, but the blood which spells Babalon. That your name carved in a heart on a tree is no name at all. You have lost all the names that life has given you, from parents and friends and lovers and enemies. Perhaps you have glimpsed this, arched in sexual ecstasy? There is no division from Her. No name that can call you back.

So suddenly the mandala seems harder than you first thought. It is only when the magickian has attained the giddy heights of illumination that he can come to Babalon. It is an utter abandonment into Love. This is rather different to the shorthand idea of Babalon Work as bedding any fuckable female. This is quite a challenge, the greatest game, but this is where all Work with Babalon inexorably leads. This is a fierce path, for all the rose borders. Some will cling to the edge of the Abyss, others will be lost lower down in sensual bliss, but to truly come unto Babalon is to lose everything and in doing so, win the Universe. I apologise if this is not crystal clear to all of you right now. It will be in the end.

So Babalon is beyond the Abyss. This is where you will have to ultimately go, and now you have the password. If only you can become fit to bear it.

Who goes there? No one.

All riddles are undone here, uncoiled from their serpent state.

In Her wine cup are seven streams of the blood of the Seven Spirits of God

Just as the candles burn away their bodies in prayer arrayed around the circle, the Angels are absorbed and bleed into Babalon. This is the crux

of the matter. As surely as all roads lead to Rome, all life flows and is drawn into Her wine cup. As we have seen, the seven Spirits of God represent the seven powers of the planets as the Archangels loyal to the Demiurge. The lesson here is that nothing can hold hard against the power of Love. The Grail of Babalon is the ultimate weapon. Everything dissolves into Her. With Babalon there is no sin, since rigid denial is gone as soft as candlewax.

By the act and in the instant of becoming No Man the powers of the seven Spirits are absorbed into Babalon. The threat posed by the Archons has simply disintegrated.

This is the Grail meditation in its purest form. This is the magnetic odic force of the Love Goddess. It is not only the blood of the seven Spirits of God that fills Her wine cup, the blood of all things is drawn to the mystery.

In *Revelations 5:6* the seven Spirits of God are also identified as the seven eyes of the Lamb, our old friend Jesus. Taking this into account we can read this line in *Waratah Blossoms* on several levels. Perhaps that Jesus has been (or must be) sacrificed and absorbed into Babalon. Add your own quantity of Satanic seasoning here to suit your taste. The Beast is certainly seen to triumph over the pale Galilean in this cosmology. Or, if we take Jesus as a gloss for Tiphareth, that the Angel must be abandoned and sacrificed to Her at this stage of our transformation. Babalon is suffused like Countess Bathory and vivified in the living blood. She is drunk and brimful on life. How much more this means than the dry cannibalism of the Christian mass.

In my Gnostic understanding of this I see the death of Christianity in the West.

Seven are the heads of THE BEAST whereon She rideth

The scene shifts, vertiginous. All the eunuchs and swords and circles and stars are fallen away. She is now triumphant, riding The Beast with seven heads.

When we say '*ride*' make no mistake, we must understand that in all the chaos of heads and whore, that this is sex. You may have, like Freud's child at the door, mistaken the tangle of limbs for something

else, the gasping sounds for violence, but the essence of Babalon is Love. Right here is our Rosy Cross where Babalon and Beast are joined. There are some hints for the sex magick practice here. Babalon rides, like Lilith on Adam. This allows both magickian and witch to make love with straight spines so that the energy can flow unchecked. She can control the depth and angle of penetration and dictate the gentle movements with the slightest pressure of her thighs, the merest touch on the reins. There is a perfect balance here of magickian made Beast and girl gone over into Goddess. There is no trace of the formal ceremony left.

There is nothing human here. Just as Maya Deren speaks of the Loa riding the possessed in Vodoun, this mandala practiced as a ritual is not between a dancing—girl and a man, but between a Goddess and Her equal. This is the Great Rite that witchcraft shielded then shied away from. When we read that Babalon is Mystery it means that Babalon is sex. We are at the heart of it. There is no time but Now, Babalon and Beast locked in eternal copulation.

Some subtle counter change has occurred where the Spirits of God have been replaced by the heads of The Beast. Like when the curtain drops and the magician is seen to have made a remarkable switch. For all the precautions demonstrated to the audience they have come to naught.

So what are the heads? Can we understand from them where The Beast has reared from?

It seems natural to suppose that if the seven Spirits represent the powers of the planets then their replacement heads are a new form of this self same energy. Rather than being expressed as the constraining forces of a demiurge then they are the joyful natural forces that come to join with Our Lady in the most secret of mysteries.

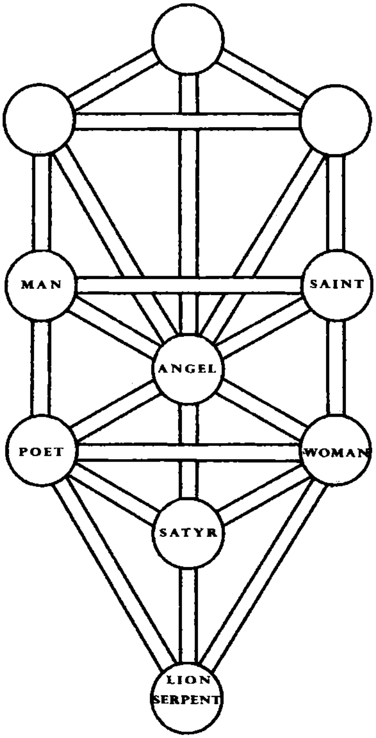
The head of an Angel: the head of a Saint: the head of a Poet: the head of An Adulterous Woman: the head of a Man of Valour: the head of a Satyr: and the head of a Lion-Serpent.

If Babalon is revealed to be a lost pagan Love Goddess, then it would seem natural that The Beast is not some nightmarish chimera but is

something else that has been made to cast an obscene shadow by flickering church candles.

So here rear the heads, and with them the terrors of half remembered tales. I am not about to domesticate this Beast. These ideas have been so mistreated and are tied to such powerful drives that working with them can have the direst consequences. If you hold Her in holy awe then remember that this is an equal and opposite force.

Crowley lists seven heads for this Leviathan and they can be attributed to both the planets and the Sephirah.



Seven letters hath Her holiest name; and it is

The ritual moves on and we are into the almost Goetic territory of name, number and seal. These are the grimoire details of how to connect. Aleister knew Her as Laylah but this is where he learns Her holiest name. Words are power and here is Hers. The name of the Whore, known to us all, exposed but holy, in that delicious mix of sacred and profane that so describes Her. As we have seen, this is the name that Dee used and not a new Crowley spelling.

Do not just read the name, immerse yourself in it. Use nursery rhyme logic, repetition and playing with the word the way children learn language. Roll the word around your mouth, speak it, say it, shout it, scream it, whisper it, laugh it, cry it, sob it, swell it, swallow it, sell it, caress it, suffer it, vibrate it. Find all the permutations of this strange and beautiful word. Try it with a mirror or better still, with a Lover, passing the word between you.

Take your pen out and write out Her name. Draw it letter by letter on your skin and buckle it under your watch strap. Carve it in a tree. This is a Goddess of Love, you have to be obsessive to get close to Her. These are the great secrets of magick and you already know them.

You have to actively unlock it yourself.

B A B A L O N, is it even a name?

Is it a formula like I.N.R.I, T.A.R.O, or IAO?

Or a cipher concealing secrets like BAPHOMET and the divine Sophia?

Burroughs and Bowie—style rabbit in the hat cut—ups might come in handy. A lottery of possibilities emerges as you draw out words and piece them together. This method does invoke some interesting images. Try it.

From Babel we get the English babble, and babble—on contains as much information as translating a Sumerian word into Hebrew and Egyptian and then into English via Greek. I find the bastard nature of Her name strangely fitting. It is a mixture of everything, a heresy against language itself. As Holy Whore She has received all the words of the Saints. She is fluent with more than one tongue.

This is the Seal upon the Ring that is on the Forefinger of IT: and it is the Seal upon the Tombs of them whom She hath slain.

Our lesson in practical magick continues. The circle we began with has become a seal. As a seven pointed star it is a simpler version than Dee's Sigillum Dei Aemeth or the Golden Dawn's serpent swathed floor in the vault of Christian Rosencreuz.

If the name is the frequency, the number a DNA code of the force, then the seal is a visual gateway to an understanding of the form. It is a way of accessing Her.

First we are told that the seal is on the Ring on the forefinger of IT. Certainly Dee, Solomon and Agrippa had magickal rings, but before you rush to the silversmith with a commission for more ritual bling, look a little closer.

The seven—pointed star is a rose and at the heart of the rose is a vesica piscis, this seal is a sigillic drawing of Her cunt. The ring is formed by the warm wet lips of the Goddess swelling around the phallus, the forefinger of THE BEAST. Meditating on the Star of Babalon is Yoni worship. We only require very simple tools for this. Taking this sexual reading, and by now you should be well aware that you need to be aroused to reach these mysteries, you can know that the Ring is Her sex and that in this sense She is also the womb as tomb, slaying IT in the ecstasy of orgasm. This seal should be visualised at the moment of crisis in sex magick, and at the moment of physical death if you wish to cross the Abyss.

Here is Wisdom. Let Him that hath Understanding
count the Number of Our Lady; for it is the
Number of a Woman; and Her Number is
An Hundred and Fifty and Six

666 is the number of The Beast and we all know that from our trashy horror culture, even if we do not know why. This poses a question, what is the number of Babalon and why on earth does it matter?

To answer that we will look at the madness of letters and number that is gematria in the hope that it will give us a glimpse of Our Lady. This will get a little technical, but if Hebrew and mathematics make your palms sweat, relax. I have tried my damnedest to keep it simple. There is a sublime poetry in letters and numbers. All of these things do not strip away the essential mystery, they are like a lover kissing the hollows of your arms. This is a sensuality that is in Love with every aspect and angle. This is where science and magick combine as art.

If at the end of the section if you are still none the wiser it is no matter. There are more important ways to get to the heart of Her. You can know the Jewish or Greek word and number for cigarette or kiss but without the experience they will remain hollow words.

I want you to fill the letters of the word B A B A L O N with blood.

Gematria is a method of cutting words and names down to their DNA. It is something magickians have been doing for a very long time, greedily trying to interrogate ever more information out of the universe. Every letter is given a number, you add up the letters in a word and that number is the DNA code of the word. If other words add up to the same number then there is a link between them. You can do this in Hebrew, Enochian, Greek or English and you can quibble infinitely about what letter has what value. I would advise finding a system that creates synchronicities for you and stick to it. It is simple and schizophrenically complex all at the same time. Gematria is a way of seeing the invisible threads that bind everything together. Unless you actually try it you will never understand the compelling symphony of numbers it creates, and the elegant and unexpected revelations it brings. Worst of all you will never know that it works.

Modern psychology could describe this method as yoga for your neural networks, as it creates connections between different parts of your brain. It forces you to think in different ways and see underlying patterns at play in the universe. It makes the occult or unconscious, visible. It is a mental workout that makes the cryptic crossword look like a kindergarten toy. Give it a try.

Psychologists are actually more likely to describe gematria as absolutely insane which, no doubt, it is. This is because magickians believe that if you know something's number you can call it. Not only that but they will spell eccentrically in their grimoires and grammars in a mishmash of languages none of which they can pronounce properly, following logic in directions that a double jointed snake could not describe.

Bearing all that in mind, here are my solutions to the number of the Woman.

Aleister describes Babalon as 156. He has changed the spelling because he is bold enough to claim that St John got it wrong. He sides with John Dee's spelling replacing the '*y*' with an '*a*' which may simply be because there is no letter '*y*' in Enochian. If you can get more information from the Hebrew, he is switching a yod for an aleph. With the number of other lies and mistakes in *Revelations*, Aleister

may well have a point in simply reclaiming Her from the hoary hands of St John with the letter shuffle.

So what does the number mean? In Hebrew it is simple sum:

Beth + Aleph + Beth + Aleph + Lamed + Ayin + Nun = 156

2+1+2+1+30+70+50 = 156

First of all we turn to Aleister's number dictionary *777* and look under 156 and sure enough we find food for thought:

156=12x13 —The number of pyramids in each Enochian Tablet. Once again Babalon is linked back to the Enochian angels. The number also combines the twelve Solar months and the 13 Luna months giving the harmony of Babalon and The Beast.

'*A Viper*' —The fallen angels or Nefilim are described as 'viper faced' which may simply mean nice cheekbones. The viper may also be a reference to that first subtle serpent, or a phallic symbol, or both.

'*A Bird*' —Perhaps echoes of Lilith rather than noun 'bird', opposite of 'bloke' in the Anglo—Saxon vernacular.

'*Crying Aloud*'—The name of one of those mysterious Kings of Edom.

'*Zion*'—The city of the Pyramids and the undersea city in that modern Gnostic fable The Matrix.

'*Limpid Blood*' —Naturally enough.

Uncle Aleister also describes 156 as '*the most spiritual form (13) of the holiest number (12).*' Babalon is a more powerful name, the cadence is better, it suits Her. The sound is like drums, like thunder. Now that is all well and good and we can learn a lot by meditating on these ideas, but this does not quite explain why Aleister changed the number. The

mystery deepens when we look at the '*correct*' spelling in Hebrew:

Beth + Aleph + Beth + Yod + Lamed + Ayin + Nun = 165

2 + 1 + 2 + 10 + 30 + 70 + 50 = 165

Now when we look at this in *777* we get this:

'*Strength*'—The title of LUST in early Tarot packs.

'*To make them know*' –Pretty apt.

'*NEMO*' —The Master of the Temple and the '*no—man*' in his paean to Her, *Waratah Blossoms.*

Uh—oh. There must be another reason for the number change. By changing the number Aleister has changed the meaning on us. So what gives? Well, BABALON also adds up to 156 in Greek:

Beta + Alpha + Beta + Alpha + Lambda + Omicron + Nu = 156

2 + 1 + 2 + 1 + 30 + 70 + 50 = 156

As does MARIE (the BVM), which may be a pointer to those who see the woman with the child in *Revelations* as different to Our Lady Babalon.

The Goddess is called Babalon by Crowley to make explicit the Enochian connection. It is a word meaning '*wicked*' in Enochian and indeed Babalonuda means '*harlot*'. Crowley, as a reincarnation of Edward Kelley or student of the Keys, would have known that. As Enochian is the language of Angels then that is what he used, Her true name, straight from the source.

Another explanation for Her number can be found in the Star of Babalon. The seven sevens are drawn in a stylised mathematical equation:

$$77 + \frac{(7+7)}{7} + 77 = 156$$

So 156 is shown to be a rather lovely way of combining seven sevens. What is more, Crowley's Star of Babalon is a clear exercise in talismanic magick. It contains Her number, expressed as an elegant symphony of seven sevens, Her name, each letter in a triangle, Her nature in the barred vesica, and all is harmoniously enclosed in a seven pointed star. If you ever wondered what a genie in a bottle looked like, this is it. Other attempts have been made at drawing Her seal, but this seems definitive.

This star is a very powerful mandala, this is a perfect focus for meditation and will reveal many secrets with study.

There is more.

156 is a rather nifty piece of Qabalah. When Aleister writes about Babalon in his opus *Magick* he does say he will give the teaching to pupils orally and for a long time I thought that was a typical occult pick up line, up there with '*Come back to my place babe and we can do a tantric meditation*'. Jerry Cornelius, the Head of an A.A. lineage has made me change my mind. He was a student of Hymenaus Alpha (Grady McMurtry), who was one of the last students of Aleister and was reputedly given this teaching orally before he assumed the disputed leadership of the OTO. I will rush through this, and those that are interested can chase down the idea in #7 of the excellent Red Flame journal.

Now we are going to do a bit of addition:

The path of the Tower is Pe = 80
Death is Nun = 50
Fortune is Kaph = 20
The Hierophant = 6

That gives us the familiar 156.

If you are fortunate enough to own the Thoth Tarot this is where you can get out those cards and look at them. Meditate on them, by that I mean tell yourself a story about how they go together. It is up to you to take it from there if you want to. I have stopped handing out spoons at this point. If you wish to feast at this banquet you can bring your own cutlery or use your fingers. Whatever seems appropriate at the time.

This approach uses the Tree as a glyph of subtle energies with the right hand pillar as Babalon drawing up energy and the left hand pillar as Abrahadabra drawing down the energy. When that energy circuit is completed the divine force descends to Tiphareth and you achieve knowledge and conversation of your Holy Guardian Angel. It is a nice bit of circuitry that has overlaps with Taoist yoga and is a compelling exposition that I have given in the very broadest of brushstrokes.

Still hungry for more angles of attack?
Nun, the Hebrew letter = 50
Nun spelt in full, meaning fish = 106
Add them together and we are back to 156.

This particular sum occurs in *The Vision and the Voice* where we learn that:

> '*Fifty are the gates of understanding and one hundred and six are the seasons thereof. And the name of everv season is Death.*'

Nun is ascribed to the Death card in the Tarot, one of the most important cards in understanding the mysteries of Babalon. Look deeper into this.

The virtue in gematria is not found in another's exposition but in your own process of discovery. If you want to know the number of the Woman get out the calculator and caffeine and spend some sleepless nights covering sheets of paper in feverish script. When you

have the number then call Her, do not call your friends and force them to follow your logic. Let us not forget the importance of getting to know Babalon the traditional way.

She evades pure number, but Her lips ask that you cross the precipice to Her. Gematria is one cobweb that you can follow into space, but however nimble you are you will need to weave more threads than that to reach Her.

It is also worth checking your Qabalah. Wisdom is one of the titles of Chokmah, and Understanding a name for Binah. Babalon is ultimately outside language and time. To be at one with Her we must abandon the artifice of the magickian and analytical mind and enter a wordless state. Using Her number will attune you to it, I like to think of it in terms of a frequency or a rate of vibration or a key. A measured part of the seduction, but you still need to steal that first kiss. Just as Dee accumulated pages of tables, but it was only when he cross—matched that the breakthrough came.

This would be an apt time to re—read *Waratah Blossoms* and let it seep into your deep mind. We are turning back to Aleister now.

THE SCARLET HARLOT

Throughout his life Aleister used sex magickal partners he called Scarlet Women, and it is a term used loosely by cultists to describe anyone they happen to be sleeping with. But let us get back to basics, what is a Scarlet Woman?

Part of Aleister's training in the Golden Dawn was about the occult virtues of colour. Scarlet triggers a logic chain that links Mars, Geburah, fever, strength, fiery serpents, —you get the idea. Scarlet is also, vitally, the colour of menstrual blood and the aroused petals of the sex of the Priestess. As we have seen in *Revelations*, scarlet is the colour of Babalon. Aleister stretched the definition further and referred to sex magick partners of either sex as Scarlet Women. In this he was strikingly modern.

For Aleister the Scarlet Woman was lunar, taking this from the line in *Liber Al*, '*he is ever a sun, and she is a moon*'. Anthropologists can quickly point out that there are at least as many moon gods as

goddesses. That is rather a tricky one for the New Age goddess industry to deal with.

Aleister seems to have taken it to mean that the moon is sterile and can only bask in the reflected glory of the sun, that is, his cock. I prefer to move the metaphor on and think in terms of polarity and energy. Fuck gender. We are all lunar or solar, depending on our intent.

Aleister did not get there. The classical magickian in the centre of the circle identifies himself as the undying Sun, and the Universe rotates around him. When AC threw out much of the ceremonial and shifted magick into the bedroom he kept that solar chauvinism. That is understandable. AC took the role of The Beast seriously, as we have already seen, but that macho pose severed him from the salvation of union.

At first he took Rose to be his Scarlet Woman, as a lifelong appointment til death do they part. He held this opinion even after they divorced. When she was finally committed as an alcoholic he decided that the Scarlet Woman was an office and therefore replaceable. Smart move. This enabled him to pick and drop new conquests as he rampaged from country to country in hot pursuit of Aiwaz, his wily Holy Guardian Angel.

The mark of a Scarlet Woman was not only that they had sex with The Beast, but that they were oracular. These witch women were a gateway to information from extra—human entities. This contact to gain knowledge from non—human intelligences was seen by Crowley as vital for both his advancement as an adept and the evolution of the human species. Big words and big plans. There is an air of disappointment with this project as Aleister kept failing to find the Scarlet Woman who would unlock all the secrets for him.

Aleister was certainly inspired by the remarkable women who did become his lovers, whether they got full Scarlet status or not. Rose got him *The Book of the Law*, the proclamation of a new age and his status as prophet. Mary D'este Sturges got him *Book 4* (*Magick*), still the classic text on the subject and the cornerstone of any decent occult library. Jane Foster got him Frater Achad, his magickal son who eventually turned the Tree of Life upside down and went more than a little mad. Each one of these women was a muse consumed in the terrible fire of his genius. Aleister left a trail of human wreckage behind

him as a result of being both an utter bastard and a driven genius who could not find people to match his pace. It would be best not to emulate this emotional body count.

Aleister did not limit his sex life to women. He had a remarkable string of lovers of both sexes. When he took his prefered passive role in man on man sex he would call himself Alys. His method of choosing a sex magick partner was simple. Basically they had to be hot, hungry and willing, or starving prostitutes happy to get down with the jowly guru for a couple of dollars. He proudly tells how some of them would not accept payment after a good seeing to by the Logos of the Aeon. Very often they were kept ignorant of the fact that they were being used for sex magick, as that would somehow spoil things. There is no decent reason given for this, beyond misogyny. These questionable ethics flow out of his inability to empathise with others or see them as equals on his lonely path to enlightenment and are part of the sex magickal teachings found in the secret document *De Arte Magicka*. This flawed information is strictly restricted to the higher grades of the OTO, and those with access to the internet.

The requirement that they be hot and hungry is actually a damn fine piece of applied magick. Spirituality is physicality. I would rather get down and fuck with an eager amateur than a chakra balanced flake. There is more magick to learn from a professional mistress than a reiki mistress. No need to be squeamish or elitist, learn from the experts, those who do.

He bravely writes in his magickal record that he only loved Rose and Leila Waddell for themselves. There is real candour to his words:

> '*No; I doubt whether I can love, because love is content to serve and worship where my soul lusts to grip, to win mastery over its own weakness, the proof of victory being the subjection of the woman, or her rejection and so, the death of love*'

It is a sad admission. Aleister can dress them up as Goddess but the experience of the Goddess within them is denied him. This terrible

blindness drives him, it is not the insatiate lust that Colin Wilson ascribes to all messiahs and sex criminals, it is the inability to let go. He tries too hard. He is cursed to be the wanderer in the wasteland. We should learn from this rather than emulate it. He simply cannot do the easiest thing in the world, let go, and attain Babalon.

PLEASE RELEASE ME

It is here that the fault line lies between Thelema and Tantra. Crowley championed the supremacy of the Will, whereas the essence of Tantra is Letting Go.

In Thelema the magickian has to face up to and answer these two ancient questions:

Who am I?
Why am I here?

The first question '*Who am I?*' is attacked with a well stocked arsenal of psychic, physical and ritual tools which strip away the false conceptions of self created by the needs of the ego. This is an almost Buddhist approach, but the calm waft of saffron robes is a long way from the psychologically invasive surgery of destroying these precious illusions. The litany keeps running '*not this, not this*' as the knife sinks deeper into the '*I*' and finds it as insubstantive as mist.

Rescue from this desperate situation, as the magickian dissects himself, comes on the wings of the Holy Guardian Angel. This daemon can be seen as a higher or future self. Just as in fairy tales, there is one with you since birth, that is uniquely yours. This is a cross cultural phenomenon and seen most commonly in circumstances of extreme stress. For a non religious version of an encounter with this voice in the silence you would do well to read Joel Simpson's classic mountaineering gone wrong book *Touching the Void.* Crawling back to base camp with a smashed leg Joel is guided by a calm voice. This is what we call the Angel. For the Western magickian the Angel is summoned by dedicated magickal work that often borders on the edge of psychosis. It is a dangerous task not to be undertaken lightly.

The magickian moves from '*Knowledge*', that is knowing that his Angel is there, to '*Conversation*'. In this stage the creature answers the second question. Why am I here? To do my Will. What is my Will? Aleister's answer is, go ask your Angel.

Will is single pointed. An arrow. The magickian who has embraced his Angel and seen destiny is a terrible individual. To be this utterly driven is to be more than human. Crowley's life story is a lesson in this obsessive love.

The danger in this quest is that the magickian intent on destroying all obstacles to his Will becomes a monster. I am reminded of the Zen koan, '*If you meet your parents kill them. If you meet the Buddha kill him*'. Christ used a similar injunction with his disciples. Nothing can stand in the way of Will.

A narrow understanding of Will creates a nightmare. Without a clear connection to your Angel then Will can be a fig leaf for simply acceding to whims. This ego inflation is the realm of La Veyan Satanism and the ultimate imprisonment of De Sade.

Thelema argues that if everyone does their Will then we will be like the stars, locked into our natural orbit, independent but part of the all. This is the wider understanding of Will. It is closer to Taoism than many give it credit for. If we are in harmony with our Angel and our destiny then we are in harmony with the universal totality, or if you prefer, God. This is a conception of God a little larger than one who forbids you to eat shellfish or decides which orifices are acceptable to fuck. Perhaps universe, nature or totality are better terms to describe it in this bright new century.

Let me give you a metaphor from archery. Eros is complicit with Babalon and is less the apple cheeked cherubim than a destroyer of reason. Borrowing his quiver and bow, we step up and take aim at the target.

If there is no tension in the bow string the arrow simply falls. If there is no letting go the archer eventually tires and the bowstring falls slack. The feathers of the Angel fletch the arrow of Will, but the final step is to Let Go.

This is the dynamic tension you must strive for. When you have Let Go there is no Will, no Angel, no thing.

BEASTS AND BRUSHSTROKES

As Crowley edged towards death, parchment skin and empty gin bottles in Netherwood House Hastings, there was one thing left to do. The fact that the town has gone dilapidated on smack and housing benefit is not the legacy of the dear old Beast.

He had to get his final teachings down. The precious distillation of those abused veins and wandering was a book of fairytales. The Tarot.

Painstakingly Aleister gave his instructions to Lady Frieda Harris to paint the 72 cards, often rejecting the finished versions until they were precisely what he needed. *The Book of Thoth* is a precise set of tools exactingly drafted. He wanted to make it all clear for those with the eyes to see. Babalon is there in all her glory. Atu XI, once called Strength, now LUST.

The artifice stripped away from the symbol, here is all the passion and glory in rich red and burning gold. The Woman is astride The Beast with seven heads. She holds the grail and lance against a backdrop of snakes and saints and all manner of roses.

It is this image which has struck home more than any other. Images of the Goddess Ishtar in the Louvre are strikingly similar. This is where the teaching is transmitted. This is an archetype that has its tongue down your throat and its hot hands roaming over your body. This is a gift.

Crowley also notes that Babalon and The Beast are described in Chapters XIII, XVII, and XVIII of *Revelations*. This is not a throwaway line and the use of Roman numerals is very telling. As *Revelations* is a book of 22 Chapters, the same number as Tarot trumps he is directing us to look at XIII Death, XVII The Star and XVIII The Moon as describing the nature of Babalon.

It is with that wordless image that we can leave Crowley behind and move on. It is time for his heirs. Aleister's work is done and She is taking rampant form among us.

JUMPING JACK FLASH

'Solitary man, you are going the way to yourself!
And your way leads past yourself and your seven devils!
You will be a heretic to yourself and a witch and a prophet
and an evil—doer and a villain.
You must be ready to burn yourself in your own flame: How
could you become new if you had not first become ashes?'
—Friedrich Nietzsche, Thus Spake Zarathustra

UNDER THE ACHING BLUE CALIFORNIAN SKY with its palm tree boulevards and smog there is some thoroughly modern magick going down. Crowley is in Hastings dying, with his crabbed hand reaching out to the Agape lodge in California trying to turn it from a nascent love cult into a dynamo to launch the law of Thelema across the New World.

The Aeon of Horus has come with fire and baptisms of blood, just as *The Book of the Law* predicted, and Jack Parsons is its first—born son. He has got a head full of science fiction and a cunning plan, to summon Babalon Herself into the world. Not only that, but he is

about to pen the purported fourth chapter to Aiwass' revelatory *Book of the Law.* This is really going to set the giant cat—like beast loose among the pigeons. He is going to commit the most controversial act of magick since Crowley was possessed by Choronzon. Our Lady is about to become an LA woman. Magick just got modern.

The events that get played out on the West Coast are a mighty big deal to modern magick. Here we have the brilliant rocket scientist Parsons, with the rascally L Ron Hubbard playing Edward Kelley to his John Dee. Not in the wildest flights of Heinlein can you find such a tale. Ladies and gentlemen, we have got a channelled communication from the Goddess Herself and the imminent fiery death for our Antichrist Superstar. It's bold, it's big, it's bright and it's utterly flawed.

The OTO has withered on the vine, Agape lodge is all that is left, and it is in a mess. The lodge master Wilfred Smith is nailing as many of the sisters that he can and the bitching and backbiting is not being helped by Aleister trying to play his Machiavellian hand by post.

The Master is dying and he knows it. From Netherwood he attempts to rescue the order and ark of his teaching.

Smith is impressed with Parsons and writes to Crowley to praise him:

> *'I think I have at long last a really excellent man, John Parsons. And starting next Tuesday he begins a course of talks with a view to enlarging our scope. He has an excellent mind and much better intellect than myself... John Parsons is going to be valuable.'*

Parsons rewards Smith by treating him as a father figure for the rest of his life.

The other famous lodge member is Jane Wolfe/Soror Estai who studied with Crowley in Cefalu at his ramshackle Abbey of Thelema. She is impressed by Jack, writing that she sees him as a real successor to Crowley and believing him to be the child who '*shall behold them all*', as prophesied in *The Book of the Law I: 54—55.* There is a lot for Jack to live up to.

Jack Parsons, the poster boy of the New Aeon, is ensconced in a mansion that is filled with bohos and bums, the future flower children. Jack placed an ad for tenants that read, '*Only atheists and those of a bohemian disposition*', and that is what he got. Much of the rent went straight back to Crowley. His last days and the publication of those final vital texts were largely thanks to Parson's cash. The local community have gone into shock at the freak count at 1003 South Orange Grove Avenue. When the police call round to investigate strange goings on Jack bluffs them by playing the responsible citizen card. Who would believe that a government scientist spent his nights in an incense swathed temple summoning strange gods?

Jack is a brilliant scientist, busy building the solid rocket fuel boosters that put man on the moon. After his death they will name a crater after him, appropriately it is on the dark side. Werner von Braun credits Parsons as the true father of the American space program. He has grokked magick and it has gone off like an Oppenheimer bomb in his head and in his life. If you meet him at a party he is likely to be standing on a table belting out *The Hymn to Pan* with his shirt off. All the pictures of him say James Dean.

Parsons is the young lion, at 25 he is a 6'2" smoulderer with a fiery pen writing paens to Thelema. The scraps that are left have been collected in *Freedom is a Two—Edged Sword* and the prose still lights the blue touchpaper. He has one of the only Thelemic temples functioning in the world at this time. The OTO franchise has not been rolled out yet, and if there were Hidden Masters guiding the future of the planet they would be watching this scene intently.

Inspired by Thelema he signed on the dotted line in 1939 and joined both the OTO and the AA with his wife Helen, taking the motto '*Thelema Obtentum Procedero Amoris Nuptiae*' (TOPAN). Throwing these two into the cauldron of the Agape lodge does not help things. Wilfred Smith soon has Helen up on the altar for the Gnostic Mass, replacing his mistress Regina Kahl. That is not the only altar he has her on. Smith seems to have been quite adept at doing this. Jack stays loyal to Smith, in the same reverential way he stays loyal to Crowley, like a slapped puppy. Parsons takes up with Helen's sister Betty to compensate.

The internal bitching continues in the lodge and Aleister plots to remove Smith and put Parsons in his place, by telling Smith that he is a god and sending him off to find out which one. Jack cannot shoulder the burden. He is too young, he is too loyal and Agape lodge is too far gone. Like so many occult groups the circle is not big enough for all the magickians' egos to fit in.

DA DOO RON RON RON

Fatefully, L Ron Hubbard appears on the scene, it is now 1945. We are a long way before Scientology and Ron is a naval officer on leave and a minor name in the sci—fi scene. They both dig on future schlock pulp and share a madness for magick. Jack and Ron take to each other with the enthusiasm that magickians do when they meet a familiar spirit. Jack sees him as a natural Thelemite and writes enthusiastically to Crowley about him. The garrulous redheaded liar soon beds Helen. This does not dent Jack's enthusiasm for the man. We are a long time from Captain Hubbard and John Travolta blowing his cool in Battlefield Earth. Ron is a charismatic young man, a Hemingway type with preposterous tales of derring—do to share between spliffs at the kitchen table with the hot young things of the commune. There is no doubt that this swashbuckling braggard has magickal talent and he joins a long line of illustrious con—men that stretches from the Comte De Saint Germain through Edward Kelley, Gardener, Gurdjieff and Crowley. His high sex drive and fantastical imagination are essential fuel to the fire of the Babalon Working and Jack with his latent bisexuality certainly gets off on Ron.

Hubbard's memory of these years becomes hazy with time. The only reference to this period of his life in the official history is a description of him infiltrating and breaking up a black magic cell. That is a rather economical description of what really happened. If you believe the opponents of Scientology you will see a lot of Crowley in Hubbard's brave new religion.

Jack and Ron are soon in the temple together, the Babalon Working starts in January 1946. They hammer away at the Enochian Air Tablet for eleven days, twice a day, with VIII degree sex magick. For those who still do not know that secret, it is masturbation. The mansion is

plagued with raps, metallic voices and a seven foot shade that they banish with a sword. Windstorms rise.

On the night of January 10th there are loud knocks that wake Jack, and a lamp is thrown to the floor. '*Hubaro*' means lamp in Enochian, perhaps this was a warning that he missed about his scryer, the rascally Ron.

It is only when they are out in Manson's beloved Mojave desert, watching the sun set does Jack receive the intuition that the magick has finally worked. Babalon has come through the Aethyr.

CANDY CANDY CANDY I CAN'T LET YOU GO

Getting back home from the desert they find Marjorie Cameron on the doorstep who Jack describes as:

> '*an air of fire type with bronze red hair, fiery and subtle, determined and obstinate, sincere and perverse, with extraordinary personality, talent and intelligence.*'

That is the Scarlet Woman he asked for, right on the money. Those of you who have not done any magick may be disappointed to know that this vixen did not materialise in a puff of green smoke. Candy was down from New York and staying at the mansion, Jack had met her before. Let's get things clear here. This is not Babalon. This is a matching collar and cuffs Scarlet Woman. For two weeks the two were in bed together and he taught her about her mission.

Marjorie Cameron aka Candida has a bit part in magickal history from this point on, drafted into Kenneth Anger's Inauguration of the Pleasuredome and becoming a fringe artist and unofficial West Coast saint. Jack becomes increasingly convinced of her cosmic importance and though she is close, sorry, no cigar.

This encounter must have done the trick because at the end of February Jack goes back to the desert while Hubbard is away and emerges clutching the 77 verse *Book of Babalon*. It bore the title *Liber 49*, that is seven times seven. I am guessing peyote was a major part of

this vision quest. One of Jack's most famous little ditties, published in Oriflamme, goes like this:

> '*I hight Don Quixote, I live on peyote, marijuana, morphine and cocaine,*
> *I never know sadness, but only a madness that burns at the heart and the brain.*
> *I see each charwoman, ecstatic, inhuman, angelic, demonic, divine.*
> *Each wagon a dragon, each beer mug a flagon that brims with ambrosial wine.*'

The only pity is that it is a rip off of Al's memorably sweet '*Stab that Demoniac smile to my brain, soak me in cognac cunt and champagne*'. It does show how Jack worked — impulsive, romantic and with a burning desire to be. Our brave Lucifer has more than a touch of Don Quixote to his character, that and a taste for powerful mind—altering substances. Luckily there were no piss police at the rocket labs in those days.

The Book of Babalon claims to be the fourth part of Aleister's prophetic opus *The Book of the Law*. It gives instructions on bringing an avatar of the Goddess out of the archetypes and into human flesh. Give yourself five minutes to read *Liber 49* and you will find it is a ragged text. A poor production with some howlingly bad lines only redeemed by a few shots of brilliant blood red clarity. Jack may have been in love with the Goddess, but on the evidence of *The Book of Babalon* it only shows that he had become love's fool. Aleister's opinion of Jack rings true:

> '*Jack's trouble is his weakness, and his romantic side — the poet — is at PRESENT a hindrance. He gets a kick from some magazine trash, or an 'occult' novel (if only he knew how they were concocted!) and dashes off in wild pursuit. He MUST learn that the sparkle of champagne is based on sound wine; pumping carbonic acid into urine is not the same thing.*'

Jack figured that his fourth book would be the He final to the JHV of the three part *Liber Al.* Very simply put, a quaternary of Father/Mother/Son/Daughter, or in Thelemic terms Hadit/Nuit/Horus/Babalon. No one has taken the claim seriously. The text just does not stand up to the reading. *Liber Al* is self—contained, and not looking for a missing part. Aiwass, the voice that dictated *Liber Al* explicitly states in Book 1 verse 35:

'This that thou writest is the threefold book of Law'

But Jack was sold on the sequel, and wagered his soul eternal into the bargain.

Jack followed the instructions in the book and set up his temple accordingly on 1st March. Hubbard returned the next day, seemingly unaware of what had happened but claiming a vision of a beautiful naked woman on a huge cat—like beast. You can make the call on whether he had just seen the beautiful depiction of Babalon on the LUST card in Crowley's Tarot, or if this was a certifiable vision. Parsons may not have told Ron about the book but it must have been clear that something had gone down. If Jack has got in from the desert with the fourth part of *The Book of the Law* he is unlikely to have been able to hide his excitement.

The two got down to temple work with Hubbard as the scryer and Rachmaninoff's *Isle of the Dead* as a soundtrack. Confidence trickster or not, Ron channelled some magnificent and prophetic lines:

> *'She is flame of life, power of darkness, she destroys with a glance, she may take thy soul. She feeds upon the death of men. Beautiful – Horrible.'*
>
> *'Light a single flame on Her altar, saying: Flame is Our Lady, flame is Her hair, I am flame.'*

This work again produced phenomena. Following instructions Jack smashed a statue of Pan on the altar and burned the Enochian tablet. At the same time the roof of the guesthouse caught fire and was partly destroyed. On the next day Jack swore at one of the house members who had disturbed his meditation. He immediately fell ill. There was a lot of energy running about, and the voice channelled by Hubbard chastised Jack for his outburst.

The work finished with Parsons assured that Babalon would come to him bearing a sign that he would recognise. The reality was more mundane. Captain Hubbard and Betty absconded taking all of Jack's savings which he had been persuaded to put in a joint venture called Allied Enterprises.

For once Jack did not take it lying down and pursued them to Florida. Hubbard had bought three yachts and tried to escape on one, the Harpoon. Like a good magickian Jack summoned Bartzabel, the spirit of Mars, and raised up a storm that tore the yacht's sails and forced it back to port where he took possession of it. There is a parallel here with John Dee raising the storm that crushed the Armada with walnut shell ships sunk in a brass basin. There is another parallel with Earl Bothwell and Gellis Duncan if you can hold on for a couple of pages. Despite all of Jack's best efforts he only recovered a fraction of the cash from this confidence trick. He never saw Ron or Betty again.

Parsons was not blind to the historical precedent in a letter in 1950 he wrote:

> *'I have the text of Dee's skrying in the Seventh Aire, which as he said '...so terrified me that, beseeching God to have mercy upon me, I finally answer that I will from this day forward meddle no more herein'. The voice, speaking from Kelly, resulted in a sinister dissociation of Kelly's personality. The parallel with my own Working with Ron, is appalling. After this Kelly robbed Dee, absconded with his wife, and developed a criminal confidence career.'*

Parsons had made Hubbard skry the Seventh Aire during the Babalon Working. As we saw in the chapter on Dee, Babalon seems to be bound into Enochian magick. This remains the most powerful magickal system on the planet — if you call, they come. The problem was he used the wrong rite. Parsons used the Seventh Call which is definitely not the Seventh Aire he should have used the 19th Key and switched the name from LIL to DEO. Big mistake. This no doubt contributed to it all going so very wrong.

Ron did not escape the after—effects of the Babalon Working, his Guardian Angel he called the Empress and she appeared to him throughout his life. In *The Book of Thoth* her letter is Daleth, the Door. Let us not be cryptic, the Empress is Babalon. More adventurous students may like to consider Ron as the Beast from the Sea that appears in *Revelations* and ponder the way that his life developed after the Working.

The lodge had been neglected and Crowley informed of Parsons' madnesses. Angry that his student refused to give a full account of the working Aleister suspended him as head of the Agape Lodge.

Crowley died in 1947. No one has discussed the impact of this on Jack and I am going to speculate on this, I hope not too wildly. Jack was moving away from the OTO as a formal order, no question about it. He had got a head full of witchcraft and was being driven by the magickal charge of the Babalon Working into wild, uncharted territory. When he recognised his Will there was nothing that the Order could teach him. Nonetheless, AC was what inspired him, Thelema was what burned in his heart. With Aleister dead Thelema was in Jack's hands. Just as Aleister realised that he was a wanderer in the wasteland, Jack sought his answers with a backdrop of the Mojave desert and a red mirage dancing just out of reach. Aleister's procession of Scarlet Women was distilled for Parsons into one woman, Candy.

He did not think that she alone was Babalon, and wrote:

> '*It is indicated that this force is actually incarnate in some living woman, as the result of the described magical operation. A more basic matter, however, is the indication*

> *that this force is incarnate in all men and women, and needs only to be invoked to free the spirit from the debris of the old aeon, and to direct the blind force of Horus into constructive channels of understanding and love.'*

This misses the fact that Horus who lost one eye was healed by Thoth and was not just blind force. The blind force at work here is in fact Eros. Jack was blinded with Love.

Misfortune continued to heap upon misfortune. In 1948 he lost his security clearance to perform classified government defence work due to his membership of what was described as a sex cult. He defended himself in closed court, and the charges were dropped. In the meantime Candy left him. The rocky road only encouraged him ever onwards.

In December he took the Oath of Magister Templi, and the name Belarion, Antichrist. This oath was taken in the presence of Wilfred Smith. He shouldered the burden of the New Aeon and stepped into the Abyss. His oath required that he treat every act as the direct dealing of God with his soul. In this case the God was his Antichrist Guardian Angel winging him to Babalon. Jack was now on very dangerous ground.

In 1949 he issued *The Book of the Antichrist*. This is a short text, and in it he tells how he was stripped of everything and rededicated to Babalon. He saw this as the recharging of the current generated by the Babalon Working. He also vowed that the work of The Beast 666 would be fulfilled. Finally he prophesied that within seven years Babalon would manifest, and crown his work. This never happened, he would be dead within three years.

In 1950 Candy came back but problems still rose. His job at Hughes Aircraft Corporation was terminated. Jack had a sheaf of classified documents and the FBI were called in to investigate. After a long inquiry he was cleared, but the appeals board withdrew clearance again in January 1952. Jack was becoming financially shipwrecked.

A BLAST FROM THE PAST

Jack realised that he was part of a larger chain of events and gave his list of previous saints in *The Book of the Antichrist.* These need to be looked at here, as they are vital clues in telling the tale of Our Lady. He writes:

> '*And I went into the sunset with Her sign, and into the night past accursed and desolate places and cyclopean ruins, and so came at last to the City of Chorazin. And there a great tower of Black Basalt was raised, that was part of a castle whose further battlements reeled over the gulf of stars. And upon the tower was this sign.*
> *And one heavily robed and veiled showed me the sign, and told me to look, and behold, I saw flash below me four past lives wherein I had failed in my object. And I beheld the life of Simon Magus, preaching the Whore Helena as the Sophia, and I saw that my failure was in Hubris, the pride of the spirit. And I saw my life as Giles de Retz, wherein I attempted to raise Jehanne Darc to be Queen of the Witchcraft, and failed through her stupidity, and again my pride. And I saw myself in Francis Hepburne, Earl Bothwell, manipulating Gellis Duncan, that was an unworthy instrument. And again as Count Cagliostro, failing because I failed to comprehend the nature of women in my Seraphina. And I was shown myself as a boy of 13 in this life, invoking Satan and showing cowardice when He appeared.*'

Let us see whether we can trace out any more of the tale through this past lives.

SIMON MAGUS AND HELENA

This is the one of the best hits. You have read the chapter on Simon Magus and the Whore Helena? Read it again. When Jack was challenged to fly from his pillar he landed on the moon in defiance of St Paul. Like Simon, Jack knew that he was the Sun, the very centre of the universe, a star hung on the black banner of space.

GILLES DE RETZ AND JEHANNE D'ARC

Gilles de Retz was the brother in arms of Joan of Arc. He was the military brain that stood shoulder to shoulder with the prophetic muscle of Saint Joan. Later he would be fingered as a Satanist and paedophile serial killer with a body count numbering some 800 victims. Young boys were lured to his castle, hung on hooks and sodomised sometimes alive, sometimes dead. There were other tales of diabolic rites. None of the facts are clear when backlit by the torturers' braziers of hot coals and searing irons. Giles De Retz was sentenced, hung and burned in Nantes and his legend became the source for Charles Perrault's famous Bluebeard.

Joan was touched, but she cannot fit in with our history of the Holy Whore because she certainly was not touched there. Jack sees her as part of a Dianic cult of powerful women. Hers is an interesting story but not what we are looking for.

Jack no doubt picked up the idea for this incarnation from Aleister's *The Banned Lecture Gilles de Retz*, where he proposes that Bluebeard is innocent. There is a cry for the misunderstood Magus here and some hero worship of Crowley. The facts are plain, Jehanne was no whore and Giles De Retz was no Gnostic saint. Pass on.

CAGLIOSTRO AND SERAPHINA

A mess of lies surrounds Count Alessandro Cagliostro (1743—95), so I will keep it brief rather than being another kitten in the wool basket.

Cagliostro was a magickian, alchemist and a healer who flitted from court to court with his beautiful wife Lorenza Feliciani (Seraphina). There are rumours that he prostituted her, but these sound like a smear. Perhaps he was the genuine article, perhaps he was a confidence

trickster. He was a travelling salesman pushing his Egyptian Rite into Masonry to reinstate the worship of Isis. The scene is described by Eliphas Levi:

> '*Wearing a nemys like that of the Theban Sphinx, he presided in person over nocturnal assemblies, in chambers emblazoned with hieroglyphics and lighted by torches. His priestesses were young girls whom he called doves, and he placed them in a condition of ecstasy by means of hydromancy.*'

He was certainly popular with the ladies, and his use of oracular women gazing into water was no doubt charged with the same magnetic sexual tension that caused Mesmer so many problems. His success saw busts of him cast bearing the legend, '*The Divine Cagliostro*', which made natty souvenirs for his breathy fan club and no doubt made enemies of their husbands. Cagliostro's methods do mark a shift in the role of women but it's not Babalonian, yet.

Cagliostro famously got set up by Countess de La Motte Valois. She swindled 1.6 million francs for a diamond necklace, supposedly for Marie Antoinette and then accused Cagliostro of stealing it. Rumours persist that the diamond necklace affair was part of a convoluted plot to avenge the Templars. Cagliostro was sent to the Bastille as a result.

When release came he went to Rome to push his Egyptian frolics and was caught in a sting operation by the wily Vatican. Seraphina either turned on him or lost her nerve when confronted by the Inquisition and their toy box. They got the info that Cagliostro was a Mason, and a heretic. Seraphina was thrown in a convent. The men in hoods condemned Cagliostro to death, the sentence was cut by the Pope to life imprisonment.

Cagliostro is rumoured to have escaped his cell and Seraphina's body was never found, so they have joined Elvis and Jim Morrison in the seen at the Seven—Eleven hall of fame.

It seems that Jack is saying that the nature of women is inconstant when he says that Cagliostro failed to comprehend the nature of woman. Alas, Seraphina seems to have been a whore for the Vatican rather than Babalon.

EARL BOTHWELL AND GELLIS DUNCAN

Francis Hepburn, the fifth Earl of Bothwell, was a devilish fellow, renowned for his knowledge of the occult, and crucially, in line for the throne. His father was one of the many bastards of James V, making him cousin to the King and godson of Mary Queen of Scots. Bothwell was by all accounts a bit of a bastard switching sides, switching religions, kidnapping kings and plotting to take the crown of all England. Bothwell allegedly had a double act going with Gilly Duncan, a buxom young witch, and had a personal knowledge of necromancy that was not learned from an armchair. When Shakespeare wrote Macbeth he was strongly influenced by the notorious tale of Bothwell and the witches. There is little wonder that Jack Parsons identified with him.

James VI was the barrier between Bothwell and the throne and having tried kidnap and politics it seems that our Earl resorted to witchcraft. On All Hallows Eve 1590, which the witches among you will know is Samhain, a Sabbat was massing. Some two hundred witches danced among the graves of North Berwick Parish Church to devilish tunes played by Gilly on a Jews harp. Earl Bothwell was one of the few men there. Heading up the party was Satan. The accounts describe him as:

> *'a muckle black man with a black beard sticking out like a goat's beard and a high ridged nose like the beak of a hawk, with a long tail.'*

Intriguingly, this sounds like the Templar's Baphomet. The witches are said to have baptised a cat, tortured it and tied the severed hands, feet and genitals of a corpse to it before lobbing it in the sea. The aim of

the ritual? Nothing less than the death of the King James VI of Scotland by raising a storm to smash his ship as he crossed the Firth of Forth. A ship making the crossing from Kinghorn to Leith loaded with presents for the Queen was lost, her own ship sprung a leak, but James' man—o—war crucially survived the vicious squall that rose out of the dark. These are the same stormy antics associated with Babalon from the legends that link Inanna to the Great Flood to Dee's destruction of the Armada and Parsons pursuit of Hubbard. The weapon of Babalon is the Grail.

The accounts we get come down from Gilly, Agnes Sampson, and the warlock Richard Graham, who were all brutally tortured. They went to the stake. Again there are echoes in *The Book of Babalon*, as she tells us '*I am Living Flame*'. The myth of the burning times may have been overdone, but let us not forget that many witches were murdered. Bothwell, with his powerful allies and the city packed with his cutthroats, walked from the court a free man.

James had taken a personal interest in the trial and even wrote his own text on demonology. In 1603, at the death of his cousin Elizabeth I he became King of England. He promptly stiffened up the witchcraft laws and went on to hang more witches than any other English monarch. I would have drowned the bastard myself with my bare hands in that cold dark sea.

As Parsons took on the mantle of the Antichrist, Bothwell seems to have been convinced that he was the Devil himself, writing these words to one Christian inquisitor close to the end of his life:

> '*You Christians are treacherous and obstinate. When you have any strong desire you depart from your master and have recourse to me: but when your desire is accomplished you turn your back on me as your enemy......voluntarily renounce Christ and your Baptism and promise you will adhere and be with me to the day of judgement, and after that you will rejoice yourself with me to suffer eternal pains; and I will accomplish your desire.*'

It is my firm belief that Bothwell took the role of the Devil in that fateful mass in the North Berwick churchyard, and many more besides. With a little more luck we could have had the Devil himself on the throne. We should be proud of our Satanic heritage, for all its necromantic trappings, it is the remnants of a radical anti—Christian resistance. Parsons had the strength to embrace our black heritage, I would suggest we do the same.

STANDING ON THE SHOULDERS OF THE DEAD

So what do these supposed incarnations tell us? That Jack was doing what I am, trying to find evidence of an alternative history. Trying to catch glimpses of Her through time and space. I may be unduly harsh in my dismissals, but Jack was never critical enough. There is too much Crowley in his claims for my tastes, except for the account of the devilish Bothwell.

What did the past lives mean to him? Well perhaps they were more rungs of a dream ladder than literal truth. Maybe the mescaline gave him this vision, allowing him to ascend to Her. For me these names are the veils shed by the dancing—girl and for all the artifice, no—one can deny that they provided him with a vision of the Goddess.

BLACK OPS AND ALCHEMY

Cut off from government funding Jack sold the mansion and set up a laboratory in the garage. He was going to go south over the border with Candy and start afresh with his chemical business. Jack started to move his chemicals onto a trailer, it was going to take a few days. Mexico was always the home of outlaws, rebels and saints. Jack could get on with his magick, prepare the curriculum for his new order of Witchcraft and get Candy groomed for her role as avatar of Babalon.

On the afternoon of the 17th of June 1952 it all ended. Jack dropped a container of fulminate of mercury. It exploded, and the coachhouse was destroyed. Jack's body was ravaged by fire but he was conscious when they found him, lasting an hour in the hospital before his flame burned out.

Suspicion shrouds the death. Could a skilled scientist make such a mistake? Was it suicide? Or had the government decided to do away with Jack once and for all? It is a close call.

Jack's last letter was to Karl Germer, a few days before his death. It is fractured, passionate and close to breaking point:

> '*No doubt you will be delighted to hear from an adept who has undertaken the operation of his H.G.A. in accord with our traditions.*
>
> *The operation began auspiciously with a chromatic display of psychosomatic symptoms, and progressed rapidly to acute psychosis. The operator has altered satisfactorily between manic hysteria and depressing melancholy stupor on approximately 40 cycles, and satisfactory progress has been maintained in social ostracism, economic collapses and mental disassociation.*
>
> *These statements are mentioned not in any vainglorious spirit of conceit, but rather that they may serve as comfort and inspiration to other aspirants on the Path.*
>
> *Now I'm off to the wilds of Mexico for a period, also in pursuit of the elusive H.G.A. before winding up in the guard (room) finally via the booby hotels, the graveyard, or —? If the final, you can tell all the little practicuses that I wouldn't have missed it for anything. No one. Once called 210.*'

This kind of mental strain is the mark of a man who has taken and is living the Oath of the Abyss. If he was this strung out he could have made the mistake. You can hear the words that came through, in the Babalon Working:

> '*Flame is Our Lady, Flame is Her hair, I am flame*'

Could that have loosened his fingers on the flask? Or did those words give a method to some faceless assassins. Perhaps government agents were unable to let the rocket man go south with his head full of science and secrets. The other possible killer is a car bomber called Kynette who Parsons had testified against back in 1938 and had just been paroled.

When Jack's mother heard the news of his death she overdosed on sleeping pills and went to join her son. This has added to the oedipal speculation about their relationship, but it would be cheap to infer that all of Jack's work with the Goddess can be reduced to wanting to, or actually having had sex with his mother. The two were undeniably very close.

The final matter is that Jumping Jack Flash is dead dead dead. We are left with an icon, forever young, a movie star magickian who dared and lost everything. Jack failed to ignite the world, and it would be easy to rubbish his romanticism and the poverty of *The Book of Babalon*. But, look again.

Jack gives a perfect lesson in passion. He is a rock and roll star. He brings Thelema alive in the prophetic scraps of writing left to us. Put him on a button badge and not on a banner and you have got him in the right place.

Jack's memorial is, fittingly, Parsons Crater on the dark side of the moon. You have to wonder whether they realised the poetry of the word. Krater is ancient Greek for a mixing bowl filled with wine. Krater is also the name that the Cathars used for their chalice or grail, the very image of the Goddess. Parsons makes us look up to the stars.

But what does it tell us about Babalon? The same themes are re—iterated: loss, destruction, world destroying flame, the time of the Antichrist. About as much info as you would get on the back of a cereal packet or the lyrics of a pop song. But perhaps in our troubled Aeon of Horus that is what we need. We have just got to remember that Babalon is not a one hit wonder.

We are both doing the same Work. He is on my list of Gnostic saints, a beautiful Lucifer.

WHERE IS LOVE?

'I was sent forth from the power,
and I have come to those who reflect upon me,
and I have been found among those who seek after me'
—Thunder, Perfect Mind

I CAN GIVE YOU MORE, a chorus, a clamour of voices. Go deeper into the rolls of poets and artists. Find courtesans and queens and call girls to parade before you. But I will not do that.

This is a history of absence and loss, a record of the rare moments when Babalon has appeared in the Work of magickians and witches. Shockingly, She is more absent than present.

The explanation? We have not been ready for the revelation. Babalon is a very modern Goddess with a message for this age.

It would be possible to call on the troubadours and minnesingers, or Blake and Shelley and the Romantic poets. We could trawl through culture for the diaphanous shreds of our lost Love Goddess. But let us not make the mistake of stretching after coincidence and half truth to weave a tradition out of the air.

When She has appeared, Her impact has been dramatic. Unmistakeable. We should learn to drink our wine without water. This is the promise of divine intoxication.

We have three pillars to build upon, Dee, Crowley and Parsons Dee gives us the tool of Enochian magick. Crowley shows us the path of transgression as The Great Beast. Parsons demonstrates the flare and passion of the Antichrist.

Now what are we, their heirs, going to do with it?

How can we clothe the words with flesh?

This is a Work that can only be half done, because the spaces between the stars are as important as the stars themselves. The only way to make this Work complete is to see the other half for your self.

You are complicit now in this sorcery of words. I have tried to show you Her and the best that you can get is the shape left by Her body in a still warm bed. From here you must reach out to Her. You have climbed the ladder of bodies and now there is only emptiness, and longing to be filled.

GODDESS OF LOVE
GODDESS OF LUST

'Beauty is a vase for passion'
—Alfred Jarry

BABALON IS LUST, sexual, primal power. Lust knows no limits. Lust violates moral sense. Lust is strength, vitality and joy. Lust is action.

Why do we hesitate to call Babalon a Goddess of Love? Love has been bled almost to death, drained to an insipid pink when it should be a shameless scarlet. The commercialised face of Love is the very opposite of Lust, a weak, warm fuzz of nebulous good feeling. The arrows of Eros are no longer barbed, but smothered in sentiment. The hounds of Love are muzzled. It is a product without passion, a stupefying cocoon.

There is a strong reason for this retarded cherub being foisted upon us. Love is a socially destructive force. It is a destroyer, a breaker of bonds and oaths. There is nothing that can stand before it. In Her guise as a Goddess of War, Babalon proves the maxim that Love conquers all.

Marriage and monogamy are attempts to geld this wild force. The confusion of the idea of romantic or passionate love with the contractual obligation of marriage is a recent shift. Marriage has always been slavery, a political tool of moral coercion to create social cohesion. Marriage is a biological treaty to forge alliances and through enforced monogamy ensure the survival of DNA. Marriage is to prevent you raising cuckoos in the nest. This is not Love. This is control. The marriage service is a binding, a limiting, and a denial of Love, it is a secular mockery of the true sacred marriage.

THERE IS ONLY ONE BELOVED

In addition to the genetic imperative, confusing Love with monogamy protects the ego. We are not the screaming wreckage of a severed platonic whole looking for another to fulfil us. In asking someone to be our perfect other it is easy to fall into a mutual tyranny. How can they not fail? How can you not fail them? Devotion to Babalon promises a union of opposites, rather than individuals.

There is only one Beloved. There is only one Lover. This is not an easy lesson to learn. It is an ongoing process of overcoming jealousy, exclusivity and attachment to all things. Understand that we are not our personality, our ego, our small dreams and petty fears. This is the work of liberation.

FALSE CHOICES

In setting Love and Lust against each other we are creating a false choice. It limits Lust to the groin and Love to the heart. We must annihilate the difference.

If you shy away from Love, then open your heart.
If you shy away from Lust, then open your legs.
Then know that they are one and the same.

BLOOD RED ROSES

'*Come, let's scatter roses and pour wine in the glass;*
we'll shatter heaven's roof and lay a new foundation.
If sorrow raises armies to shed the blood of lovers,
I'll join with the wine bearer so we can overthrow them.
With a sweet string at hand, play a sweet song, my friend,
so we can clap and sing a song and lose our heads in dancing.'
—Hafiz of Shiraz, Ghani—Qazvini, no 374

THE STORY OF BABALON can be told in the history of the rose. It does not take a Mapplethorpe to realise that the rose is the archetypal flower of sex. The velvet mesh of petals exudes an almost carnivorous erotic charm. The heavy heads are a drunkenness of scents poised on deliciously lithe barb set stems. This is the flower of Lovers, not chastity. It is our own yoni yantra, more suitable for contemplation than hard—edged hermetic glyphs. Roses are an allegory in form.

The wild rose is 35 million years old. Rose cultivation began in ancient Babylonia and Assyria. Nebuchadnezzar adorned his palace and hanging gardens with damask roses. When you cup a rose and inhale

the scent it is the same fragrance that would have greeted you as you entered the Ishtar Gate.

Roses were grown in Babylon for the same reasons as they are now— beauty, scent, rose water, rose oil, medicine and magick. The rose was passed on from Babylon to Europe. The poets say that the Goddess was carried furled in their petals. The ancient Love Goddesses were all worshipped with roses. This is a tradition that is worth continuing.

The great seductresses and seducers also knew the power locked in the rose. Cleopatra overcame Anthony by filling her throne room knee—deep with rose petals. The rose was the standard of the troubadors, the calling card of Casanova and is still the gift of Lovers. If you are working with Babalon you need a knowledge of aphrodisiacs, and the rose is the queen of them all.

SCENTS AND SENSIBILITY

Even though our sense of smell is atrophying, human sexual behaviour is still triggered by subtle fragrances. This is something perfumiers endlessly exploit in the interplay of individual skin and scent.

Seducers know that sniffing a lover's neck triggers an erotic shiver. The reason for this is that smell is one of our oldest senses. It travels to the limbic system, the primitive brain structures that govern emotions, behaviour, and memories. It also permeates to the brain's cortex, where conscious thought occurs.

Our arousal is governed by these invisible interchanges, and as for roses? The deathless damask is the most alluring of all the scents. We should not think of the rose as a modern conceit, it penetrates where words fail, to our invisible core, with the message of undying desire.

STEEPED IN BLOOD

The birth of the rose is told in many myths. All of them are suffused with blood, suffering and beauty. It is worth re—telling these tales as

this is a love story, not a biological treatise. Poetry, not biology is the way to navigate the labyrinth of petals.

The Greek myth of the Rose tells how Chloris, the goddess of flowers, fashioned her from the lifeless body of a nymph found lying lost in the woods. It was Aphrodite, the Goddess of love, who gave her beauty. It was Dionysus, the God of wine, whose nectar gave her scent. It was the three Graces who gave her charm, brightness and joy. It was Zephyr, the West Wind, who blew away the clouds. It was Apollo, the sun God, who shone and made the flower bloom. And so the Rose was.

Aphrodite is credited with the creation of the rose in Ovid's *Metamorphosis*. It tells of when her lover Adonis is lying dying, ripped open by the tusks of a wild boar. Aphrodite turns Adonis' blood into roses by sprinkling it with nectar as it pools from his side. The flower is quickened as a memorial to her lost love, and then the petals are blown away by the wind.

In the Roman version, Cupid was hurrying to the council of the gods, carrying a vase of nectar for them to drink. He stumbled, spilling the nectar, which burst from the earth, as roses.

Another tale is told of Cupid bribing Harpocrates with a rose not to betray the love affairs of Venus. The Romans continued the motif by hanging a rose above the couch to signify confidential '*sub rosa*' discussions. The rose has continued to be a symbol of secrecy in occult orders.

The Gnostics, in the Nag Hammadi text *The Origin of the World*, say that the rose grew from the first flow of menstrual blood when Psyche, the virgin soul, fell for Eros. The rose was a source of joy, the light in the thorn bush. After this all the other flowers burst from the earth and the other virgin daughters of Pronoia fell in turn for Eros. The other plants came forth from the menstrual flow of the daughters. These plants contained the Authorities and Angels in their seeds which went on to create the beasts, reptiles and birds.

ROSA MARIA

The rose barely features in the Bible. Though it has been suggested that the burning bush was in fact aflame with roses, the rose is only explicitly found in the *Song of Songs*. In delicious verse it compares the Lover to the rose and the sealed garden. Mary was in turn described in these terms as '*a sealed garden*' which was only entered by Christ. This is not quite the erotic, sex magickal meaning of the *Song of Songs*, but is a good example of how far theology will go to appropriate inappropriate symbols.

The rise of Christianity was hard on the lascivious red rose. They tried to bleach out the old meaning and make Mary '*the mystic rose*'. Mary's mother was said to have conceived her while smelling a rose, but this kind of retrospective pruning of the truth could not weed out the pagan implications of those hot mouthed carnal flowers. The white rose is merely a red rose which has not been vivified with menstrual blood. Traditions which equate the white rose with the female sex do not have the experience of lovers who have seen the miraculous reddening of the rose as the petals grow flushed with blood.

For the Dark Ages roses were walled up in monastery gardens away from the profane. The monks who tended them strung their rose hip prayer beads and offered up praise to Mary. The word rosary itself comes from '*rosarium*' which means the rose garden itself. In worshipping the '*Queen of Heaven*' and adoring the rose, the monks were re—enacting the worship of Inanna. The secret garden was the Babalonian Eden blooming afresh in the heart of the Christian Empire.

The Catholic veneration of Mary has been described as idolatry. I prefer to see it as a curious seduction, as the stolen symbols of the Goddess were unwittingly reanimated by Christian prayer. The same impulse can be seen in the great stained glass rose windows of the Gothic cathedrals. Mary and the Magdalene replaced the longing for the lost Love Goddesses, for a time. This movement was suffused with the essence of Sufi rose cults and the cuttings brought back from the Crusades, but there was no conspiracy, no bloodline, no sangraal. The Goddess cult was a secret, even to the worshippers themselves.

With the dissolution of the monasteries the secret gardens fell into secular hands. In a rather delicious twist the enclosed rose garden

dedicated to Mary and prayer became the setting for chivalric love and then a garden where lovers would tryst.

ROSE—CROSSED

The Rosicrucians and alchemists placed the rose at the centre of their heraldic language. One interpretation of the Rose Croix symbol is that the rose itself is Eden as described in *Genesis 2:10* and the cross is the four rivers that went forth from it.

For us it is only important to note that from the 17th Century the progressive and mystic current had irreversibly replaced the dead Christ with the rose.

The rose as a symbol of the world soul, the Rosa Mundi, continued to be a popular theme for mystic poets during the 19th century occult revival. Yeats reworked his Celtic Christianity around the rose cross motif of the Golden Dawn. Crowley found his Rose in his dipsomaniac first wife. DH Lawrence mused on her in his *Rose of All the World.* But, like the honeycomb vault of the Adepts, the writings of Fludd and the *Chymical Marriage*, these are now in the realm of the dead.

Roses are fed on the blood and bones of the devotees of Babalon. The rose is continually renewed by the next generation of poets and lovers who give their light to it as they tread upon the bodies of the Saints. We are not Rosicrucians, or troubadors, or Templars. Though we may be inspired by them, it must be our romance of the rose celebrated in the here and now. From the cellophane wrapped flowers hawked at nightclubs, to the featureless expanses of airbrushed porn, our spliced hybrids are still rooted in the first rose. However explicit we are, however wide we pull the petals, we cannot strip the mystery from the rose of Babalon.

THE ROSE IN RITUAL

Approach a Love Goddess as you would a Lover. Load your altar with offerings, as She adores luxury. It is vital that you sacrifice roses to Her

in all their forms. She can never get enough fresh red roses. Not only that, but you should appreciate the potential of the rose as a ritual tool.

These are the practical uses of the rose in ritual rather than just having it sit there as a passive representation of the Goddess.

Growing a rosebush and feeding it with offerings of your blood is the ideal method to pursue your devotion. This also avoids the risks of using plants tainted with commercial pesticides. If this is not practical, adopt a rose garden and build your rapport with the spirit of the flower. As a last method find a florist who consistently sells the right kind of roses and befriend them as an intermediary between you and the plant intelligence.

ROSA INTACTA

The whole rose can be used in the manner of a wand. This is not a substitute for the wand as a phallus in Babalon working. In this use it is primarily the weapon of the Priestess and can be thought of as an active chalice rather than a passive womb.

By gripping the stem, the head can be dipped in rosewater and used to asperse, rather than using a censer of incense to purify a ritual space. The rose can also be used in this fashion to anoint or be brushed against naked skin.

Roses can be woven into a chaplet for the Priestess to wear in ritual. Some thorns can be removed if comfort is required, but do not strip them all away.

The whole rose can be used for scourging. Rose thorns vary in size and density so it is worth experimenting with this. For bringing up beads of blood whipping with a bunch of roses is a good method, but it is better to use a regular scourge if your intent is to raise energy.

ROOTS

Roses grow well on blood and bone meal. One alchemical vision is of the rose growing out of the sockets of a buried human skull. This is something for the Lover to aspire to. Roses in your garden should be fed with your blood. Roses in vases should also be fed with a few drops, though I find they extract an offering whether you want to feed them or not.

STEMS

The stems when green and lithe can be easily bent into shape and woven into chaplets or as previously discussed, used as scourges.

THORNS

The sickle shaped hooks allow the rose to climb over other plants rather than being simply protective. The seven eunuchs who guard Her bed could be represented by these vigilant green scimitars.

Not as suitable for malefica as blackthorn, rose thorns are best for overcoming resistance, or entangling spells. Using thorns to try and keep a lover while working under the auspices of Babalon is a foolish mistake.

Using the prick of the rose thorn to put someone into trance has a deserved fairytale heritage. For ritually piercing your own or a lover's skin, fingernails or needles are a better analogous tool than actual thorns. After all, however red the rose it is still a representation of something else.

HIPS

Rose hips were traditionally dried and strung as rosary beads. Rose hips are high in vitamin C and can be used to treat menstrual cramps. Splitting them and extracting the '*itching powder*' gives another ingredient to use in love spells, as an alternative to using chillies or other fiery herbs, to stimulate libidinous desires.

BUDS

Buds can be used in seduction by baptising them and then bringing them to bloom. Feeding the rose on blood from the target is the classical magickal link to use in this process. Blood can be stirred into the warm water and sugar mix to bring out a vase of fresh cut buds.

HEADS

Dry roses by hanging them inverted in a dark place. The heads can then be removed from the stems. You can baptise them in the names of your lovers, revive them with rose oil and add them to your altar.

Fresh is best, but dried roses if regularly revived are a good offering. Human heads are a substitute for roses in times of war.

PETALS

In Persia petals were used to fill the Sultan's mattress. Cleopatra, the great seductress, filled her chamber knee deep with plucked dusky petals to charm Anthony into her arms. Petals were used as confetti in Roman celebrations, a fashion started by Nero. Guests sat on carpets of rose petals for their feasts and orgies. The teen emperor Heliogabalus showered his guests with so many rose petals during the orgia that some even suffocated to death on them. Petals are designed to be scattered in abundance for the creation of ritual space or for the ritual bath. Petals can also be insinuated in the pages of books and folded into letters, or be carefully inscribed and added to charm bags.

ROSEWATER

Rose lore often praises the purifying power of the rose. When Saladin took Jerusalem from the Crusaders he washed the walls of the Mosque of Omar with rosewater to cleanse it. Cleopatra soaked the sails of her royal barque in rosewater so the scent was carried before her on the wind.

Rosewater can be bought, or made by steeping fresh damask rose petals in an equal amount of boiling water for 15 minutes. All rose petals used for scent should be plucked on the morning of a sunny day when the perfume is at its strongest. Do not use petals that may have been contaminated with pesticides for this.

Rosewater is used for purification, cooking, cosmetics, as a delicate perfume and for blending those essential rose martinis. I have thoughtfully added the recipe below for the more diligent students among you.

ATTAR OF ROSES

Rose oil was first made in Persia where roses were as abundant as the fragrant houris of the sultan's harem. Damask is the true rose essence, the hypnotic potion of the rose, and the scent is locked in the petals rather than hanging free in the air. Damasks, Centifolias, Albas, and

Gallica petals are crushed and then steam distilled to make this potent perfume. If you have an alembic and a forest of roses you may consider making it. The process takes a thousand flowers to make half a gramme of oil. Rose oil is pale gold and often sold as rose absolute. Attar of roses can be used as a perfume or anointing oil in ritual.

INCENSE

The Arabian magicians prescribed rose incense against all evil, enchantment and enemies. People possessed by demons cannot endure the scent of roses. Commercially made incense sticks work well for daily altar offerings, but for full ritual work it is best to make your own loose incense and burn on a brazier. You need enough charged particles in the air without choking out the temple.

Oil burners are better for insinuating an atmospheric change with their higher vibrations, loose incense works best for manifestation and larger ritual spaces.

Take care to prepare your incense by the lunar calendar.

TURKISH DELIGHT

I have found Babalon is fond of Rahät Loukoum. This loaded rose and sugar dusted sacrament is welcomed with open arms. It has an aphrodisiacal history, first made by confectioners for the sultan to soothe his harem. It has been exchanged by lovers since the fifteenth century. CS Lewis even employs it as the seductive confection used by the White Witch in his Christian parable *The Lion the Witch and the Wardrobe*. It is best when made by the devotee.

MEDITATION

There is a rose garden I visit every week to get drunk on perfume. The garden is laid out in concentric circles. I have taken this, added it into my practice, and made myself a walled rose garden which I can visit in meditation. In the centre is a single rose which I climb on a ladder of thorns.

The rose garden can be used as a moving meditation, as a maze, or as a place to meet your lovers in. Dante knew this. In the *Divine*

Comedy he is led to the vision of a vast celestial rose surrounded by ministering spirits in paradise.

The single lover's rose is the best start for meditation on the mystery of Babalon. Inhale deeply and begin your contemplation with this living glyph.

MARTINIS

Rather than always relying on wine as a sacrament, the rose martini can be an elegant alternative. Reeling, smashed and reeking of rose may or may not be appropriate for the work at hand.

ROSE MARTINI

Rosewater drops to taste
Vodka
Ice
Syrup (unless you prefer rose syrup to rosewater)
Rose petals

TURKISH DELIGHTINI

Rosewater
Vodka
Crème de Cacao

You may also consider using rose petal vodka such as Lanique or Wyborowa in your alchemy.

The rose is consanguine with Babalon. It is Her sign and symbol and should find a place at the heart of your devotion. I leave the last words on the matter to DH Lawrence:

'Blossom, my darling, blossom, be a rose
Of roses unchidden and purposeless; a rose
For rosiness only, without an ulterior motive;
For me it is more than enough if the flower unclose.'

BABALON AND BEAUTY

'Mirror mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest of them all?
—The Wicked Queen

ONE OF THE CRUEL TRUTHS about Love Goddesses is that they favour the beautiful. To be a Priestess, devotee or avatar of a Love Goddess requires beauty. This is not fair, or kind, or politically correct, but neither is nature.

Babalon thrives on beauty, and those who are gifted with that elusive quality are sacred to Her. Like the virgins sitting in the temple precinct, the beautiful are chosen first. To worship Babalon or be Her Priestess requires the ability to inspire desire.

Babalon is wantonly beautiful. For all the accoutrements designed to create desire, beauty first enters at the eyes. Rather than smash the mirror and walk away in floods of tears, let us look at this rare gift. Let us confront the face that launched a thousand ships and hold it in our unblinking gaze. Let us confront our fear of beauty, in ourselves and others, and in it face our own sense of unworthiness, our mortality, our transience and our flaws. Let us understand why we are afraid and what we are afraid of. The Love Goddess Babalon is beautiful, and it is that beauty which makes Her terrible.

EXTERNAL SPLENDOUR

Men are primarily stimulated into sexual arousal by visual signals. Mainstream pornography, regardless of your opinion of it, is the cartoon proof of this.

The triggers of arousal are unfailingly signifiers of youth, sexual maturity, health and fecundity. This is irrespective of transitory fashions or ideas of patriarchal dominance. Welcome to the harsh world of genetic selection which underlies all our ideas of beauty. Our DNA drives us to choose beauty over all other attributes.

The hourglass figure shows that a woman is sexually mature but not pregnant. Symmetrical features mean that she has no genetically inherited defects. Clear skin and glossy hair reveals freedom from disease and a good diet. Red lips mimic the aroused sex. Large eyes add to an impression of youth. Full breasts mean that she is ready to bear and nourish children. Good posture is indicative of high social status. We are animals and the choices we make are based on these underlying genetic values which we label as beauty.

Once we have come to terms with these facts, we can begin to manipulate them. All of these signals can be artificially enhanced and it is the whore who understands the art of these lures and makes the most of sexual signifiers. Lipstick, kohl, rouge, stockings and heels are the magickal tools of transformation in this Work.

Beauty is not, however, purely visual. Babalon's seduction of us proceeds through all of our senses. Though not as immediate, these feather stroke caresses are what completes the picture. As She closes with us there is the heart stopping punctuation of heels, the almost imperceptible sounds of the fabric of Her dress, the jingling of anklets. The timbre of Her voice. The longed for taste of Her mouth. Even Her perfume's lingering tracery of scent plagues the memory with visions.

Babalon is resplendent in Her external beauty but it is the layer upon layer of extra sensual overkill which completes what enters at the eyes.

THE POWER OF GLAMOUR

Beauty alone is not enough. Beauty must be animated from within. This is the vital force which is glamour. Many of the most famous

seductresses were not physically perfect, but they knew how to wield glamour. When Cleopatra unrolled from a carpet at Caesar's feet he was not seeing her physical form with the detachment of a scientist. He was caught in a web of glamour.

Glamour is now most often used to describe film stars, and what are they other than gods and goddesses for the modern age? They are literally projected glamour. The stars in our culture are an artifice built from good basic genetics, athletic training, make—up, lighting, after—effects and surgery, displayed in a flattering, archetypical context by film and script.

This is how gods and goddesses would have previously been displayed to their worshippers. It is important to learn from the most current examples for their tricks and techniques. Our magick is now. At the same time, we should not be tyrannised by this unattainable beauty. One more shot of botox and another fashion magazine will not make a difference, but learning how to use glamour can.

Glamour is the ability to project and inspire desire. In a classical witchcraft sense this means the literal changing of appearance. Austin Osman Spare famously recounted how his initiatrix would transform from crone to youthful beauty before his eyes and has left us swirling images that reveal the stages of that process. This is rather more than positive thinking and holding your head up. Though starting with affirmations and a slash of red lipstick, the real magick is in allowing yourself to enter the possession state.

By invoking Babalon the devotee can partake of Her power. The individual is transfigured when they are ridden by Her. This process can create permanent change in the devotee with regular practice, with all of the inherent benefits and risks this brings.

EXOTIC BEAUTIES

Part of the powerful appeal of Babalon is that She is utterly Other. She is quintessentially foreign to us. Every part of Her seems mysteriously different. Her words, gestures and bearing are utterly captivating. Mystery is written not only on Her forehead but is shot right through Her like a seaside stick of rock.

It is as if we are seeing Woman for the first time. If you wish to embody beauty then this is a vital lesson to learn.

Gaugin found his model of beauty in the pacific islands, far from France. Norma Jean tried to find hers in becoming Marilyn Monroe. Isiah rejected beauty in the sloe—eyed daughters of Jerusalem.

The eroticism of the exotic has to an extent been neutered by accusations of racism and cultural bias. Luckily, we do not have to play by those rules. All the famous seductresses have exploited this sense of the exotic, from Cleopatra to Mata Hari to the Queen of Sheba. The attraction is undeniable. Woman is a mystery to man.

There is no one form that Babalon takes. The Barbie doll product lines of commerce cannot capture her likeness. How could She receive all if She were limited in any way? When She appears green eyed and red headed this too is a symbol. She is beyond appearances. We can adore the archetype without being shackled to the tyranny of just one model. My Babalon, my ideal of beauty is not yours. We all see Her singularity with different eyes.

In that temple precinct of old Babylon which Herodotus so famously describes, all are finally chosen. For some it is a long wait in the dust until they are recognised and recognise themselves as Goddess. Babalon is not reserved for the high class hierodule, she exists equally in the cheapest whore. The reddest rouge and thickest powder reveal Her face. This beauty is a transcendental state grounded in our physical experience.

In beauty we confront fear, death and desire. Meditate on this. Let the Buddhists have their corpses and the Christians their tortured God. The terrible beauty of Babalon is our constant contemplation.

REFLECTIONS ON MIRRORS

'Idol —That which is seen, a figure, an image of some object of worship: a person or thing too much loved or honoured.'
—Chambers Etymological dictionary

THE MIRROR IS THE PRIMARY MAGICKAL TOOL OF SELF REFLECTION. It makes us ask those vital questions about who we are, and what we are, and why we are here.

We do not need to measure our skulls with callipers or track every planet and star to learn the answers. Sitting down quietly in front of a mirror, we can begin to glimpse in that strange inverted world who we are in this one.

For Babalon, the mirror is a magickal tool and an open door into our world. In works of evocation, possession and fascination we can gain fresh perspectives through the looking glass.

VALIDATION AND VANITY

The magickal path makes the demand that we know ourselves, rather than simply engage in a fuzzy snuggle with our ego. The mirror in this context is a place of confrontation and contemplation. This is not a practice for the narcissist.

First we must start with a critical study of surfaces, only then can we start to delve into ourselves. Every pore, every split end, every line and imperfection is revealed.

As we confront beauty in our meditation on Babalon, we literally confront ourselves when we sit before a mirror. Our faces contain a wealth of information about who we are, what we have done, and what we may become.

This is the first practice. Simply getting used to what we look like and overcoming any vestiges of self hatred, without falling over into delusional self love. Whether you are an egotist or insecure, you will need to find a point of balance with your image. This is the raw material of how others see you. Get used to the reflection.

Moving the mirror gives us new angles on ourselves. Annie Sprinkle touring with her cervix mirror is a perfect example of Babalonian ritual. Look, look deep into yourself. The mirror can be used for exploring who we are, how our bodies work and what they actually look like. Bringing yourself to orgasm in front of the mirror is a powerful way to learn how comfortable you are in your skin.

The second practice is to begin to alter the image. Already with patient sitting and meditation you will know how hard it is to hold onto a candle flame, a simple geometric figure, or a lone rose, without your mind skewing the perspective. Having mastered quieting the mind the next stage is to consciously alter the reflected image. This is what shamanism calls face—dancing. Brian Gysin would famously spend hours in front of his mirror, high on Alamut black or sweet Moroccan kif exploring this realm. Learn to change the image. Also learn how to erase your image and not be seen. Invisibility is another benefit of mirror work. Choose how and when the world sees you.

Franz Bardon in his *Initiation into Hermetics* describes '*loading the mirror*', that is, charging it with elemental or planetary force. We can do the same with our image in the reflection. This is especially important for the development of glamour.

As a male magickian this Work is extremely useful in bringing forth the seven heads of The Beast and interacting with them. With a little dedication, this can flow into full ritual possession states. Learn to cycle through them. Let them talk to you. Teach you. But let us not rest there, other people's eyes function as mirrors. We can load them and make them see whatever aspects we desire.

This early work can be done without additional ritual trappings, but if you invest in the practice you may wish to deepen your understanding of the operating parameters. Bardon gives the clearest instructions on this form of work, in particular the preparation of washes or fluid condensers to charge the mirror before working with it.

Poke Runyon helpfully outlines the use of the mirror as the key to Goetic sorcery. He sees the circle in the triangle as a mirror and suggests that the flat drawings are a plan view. By tilting the mirror, placing incense before it, and a candle on either side, the operator can see the spirit summoned. An almost identical account can be found in Donald Michael Kraig's *Modern Magick*. This differs from the traditional approach of using heavy incense smoke as the basis of materialisation. Study on this.

Do not limit yourself to an archaic approach. Take a digital camera or webcam and watch how you can alter the cascade of images. These frozen fragments can be potent fetishes.

Realise that how you present yourself is a gestalt, it is not simply the angles of your cheekbones and the colour of your eyes, it is reliant on your projection of intent. In learning to change your image, you are learning to change yourself.

THE EVOCATIVE IMAGE

The traditional use of the mirror in magick is evocation. The denizens of other worlds are summoned to reveal themselves through a lens which can be a crystal, a bowl of ink, a mirror, a moonlit pool or the static crackle of a television screen.

Working with Babalon is no different, though She may be reflected and appear to you in many more ways than in glorious ritual isolation of triangle and circle. The work should overflow and infuse your life

rather than be trapped in a two dimensional hell. When we talk about evocation with Babalon, we have one aim:

To bring Her through.

You should not settle for less than ingress and congress. This is very different to the control and command structure found in the *Key of Solomon*. She cannot be kept at arms length.

Dee's Enochian work was all accomplished through mirrors. Whether the black obsidian mirror, which can still be seen in the British Museum, was used for shaving or in the transmissions is not important. The crystal ball, which definitely was used, is simply another form of the mirror.

Let us state it clearly:

For Babalon the mirror is an open door.

As in the Enochian Work, for all the seeming complexity, the simplicity at the heart of the practice is the key. If you call, She will walk through that door. With that in mind, it would be wise to keep a mirror on your altar.

THE GODDESS OF A THOUSAND FACES

In working with Babalon as a Goddess of Love, the mirror is treated as a revered ritual object. In the cult of beauty the mirror is a constant companion. In visions of Babalon where She comes many—armed, one of the weapons she invariably holds is the hand mirror.

The compact mirror can be used as a portable shrine. Her seal is inscribed upon the obverse. The surface is washed with a blend of blood and rosewater. The mirror is kept clicked closed, hidden and carried as a constant companion. This mirror is used for meditation on Her face, which is the face of all women.

This is the mirror that the Priestess uses to apply her war—paint in for possession rites. This mirror can also be used as a paten for the

cutting and preparation of aphrodisiacs when they are employed in Her service.

SEX AND MIRRORS

In sex magick the mirror can be used in a variety of ways. These are suggestions for your own pillow book, not fixed techniques. Innovate, thrill with it. Act without limits. Bedrooms and temples, if you must make the distinction, should always have mirrors. When the mirrors are charged they allow the ingress that makes the Lovers divine.

A stress position before the mirror can induce the possession crisis. Holding candles in outstretched arms while being sexually stimulated is a strong technique.

Touching the mirror can bridge the space between worlds. The Priestess can place her hands against a ceiling to floor mirror and draw the Goddess through her while she is entered from behind. With her Lover beneath her, both can make Love in a mirror above the bed or against a wall.

Using an inscribed hand mirror both partners can make Love to the reflection. This is a good way to prevent confusion between the divine Lover and the individual who is a temporary container of that force.

Mirrors can be smashed at the crisis and the edges used to incise sigils into the flesh. This can prevent what comes through the mirror from returning, if you are prepared to deal with the next seven years of repercussions. The spirit will enter through the cuts and be sealed behind the scar.

Multiplication of the image in reflections can be used to destroy the idea of one Lover and create an orgiastic shifting tapestry that reveals the myriad possibilities that Babalon is. Different or seemingly impossible perspectives inflame desire and inspire with their beauty. This is gnostic pornography.

Magick has always been smoke and mirrors, the blend of illusion and revelation. Working with Babalon the mirror is of utmost value. Look into the mirror and greet what looks back.

DIGITAL SKIN

'Pretty lips are red'
—Guy Debord

TECHNOLOGY IS PENETRATING every aspect of our lives. If you are only looking for ladies riding lions down the main street you will miss the way that archetypes become flesh. This flow of information is a manifestation of Babalon.

Magick is in our direct experience of the world, our present will be the next generation's mythical past. If we do not act on the oracles around us we are impotent daydreamers and passive consumers. Just as science fiction becomes science fact, magickal fictions become magickal facts.

The New Age is about the interpenetration of ideas as much as the recombination of DNA. The exchange of information is about memetic rather than genetic sex, and as intellectuals never tire of telling us, the brain is the largest sex organ we possess.

In describing the new faces of Babalon I am going to limit myself to the always—on connection of the sexual revolution.

ANY COLOUR YOU LIKE AS LONG AS IT'S BLONDE

The internet was built on military technology, but has been driven by pornography. Bandwidth has grown to enable richer images, faster video, and harder, more urgent interface with our virtual desires. Previously pornography was about limited models, the Hugh Hefner bunny clone. You could have any colour you liked, as long as it was blonde. Now you can have instant gratification across a bewildering slew of genres.

The porn industry still for the most part churns out a predictable product. Everything is aimed at saying these are actual people having actual sex. The money shot is ubiquitous. There is little to find attractive in the aesthetic. Passion is replaced by jaded cocaine and Viagra—fuelled couplings. With cheap furnishings and strained expressions, very quickly the thrill fades. Yet even at its most debased this spectacle remains sacred to Babalon.

Elsewhere there is more compelling proof of a sexual revolution, of Babalon displaying Her new digital skin.

PORNOGRAPHIC PUNK

Polaroids gave back sexual power to the protagonists. Your lover could be snapped and seen without censure. The sacred moment was locked forever into a reliquary of photographic paper. Even though this cutting edge is now the lowest of low—tech, the Polaroid created a new age of immediate, accessible, pornographic punk. It is still worth exploiting the magic of photography and adding the explicit intimacy of photographs to your altar and your sex life.

Technology is now as available as a Bangkok bar girl. Digital cameras are cheap and simple to use. No third party need ever see what kink it is that you have captured, but it is not the secrecy that is of interest anymore: it is the ease of transmission.

Straightaway you can upload and output your erotic misadventures to a digital multiverse with an insatiable appetite for new skin. Want approval? External validation? Cash? Virtual groupies? A celebrity sex tape? The opportunities are there. On a magickal level being an object of desire gives you power. You do not need a centrefold or an exhibition at the Institute of Contemporary Art.

Once you have hit '*send*' the context of the images is no longer yours to control, but the power to produce these intimate slivers of data is all your own. We can exchange erotic images with friends and strangers in the same way we once sent sigils and mail art.

It can seem that everyone is partaking in a webcam striptease, that the youth in particular are exploring their nascent sexuality online. But there is a wider sexual revolution underway which cannot be flesh filtered or neutered by nanny settings. Everyone is becoming connected, and this is a sexual phenomena. The freedom we have to safely explore sexuality in the virtual world is spilling over into real life. We are living in a truly Babalonian future.

AN IMPENETRABLE MEMBRANE?

The screen has previously been seen as a barrier. The webcam has been talked about as if it was an AIDS cure. The new safe sex of Teledildonics and virtual reality has been touted as the direction we are headed, a plugged—in cocoon of synthetic somatic pleasure. I disagree.

Although the internet is seen as divorced from real life something is permeating the screen. Connections made online are being played out in reality. It is not simply the kingdom of the one—armed man and the socially dysfunctional geek. Everyone is becoming connected and can then choose to act on that connection.

New sexual patterns are coming into play. The always—on connection appears to be making us more promiscuous and playful. Previously held taboos may be seen and become possible. '*What if?*' is becoming '*Why not?*'. Fetishes are going mainstream as a result of the exposure, from anal to rubber to blood play. If we can alter how we present ourselves with avatars and onscreen names it is a short step to changing who we are in the bedroom.

There is an orgy of possibilities a mere click away. Online dating has exploded, making sexual explorers of more than just the fringe of swingers and polyamorous. Want another lover? Simply click here.

In part, this is the quest for the archetypal perfection only seen in advertising and heavily edited images. It can represent escapism rather than evolution. It can be a reflection of how work has taken over our lives and given us barely enough time to pursue even a tick box mating

strategy. But as a species we are trading in and trading up, opening ourselves to multifarious possibilities, and that potential is Babalon.

THE NEWEST PROFESSION

The democratic effect of technology promises prostitution without pimps. This is a radical proposition where we are in control of our own sexual destiny. Peer networking could be the first glimpse of an open source sexual paradise. Whether for pay or pleasure, technology has handed us control of the means of reproduction.

Let us not just fixate on the flesh, however enticing the latest galleries of Russian teens seem. Ideas and words are as much currency as images. Like the teasingly incomplete thrill of phone sex, the articulation of words and ideas gives us the space to fill in the blanks. This is an active and interactive process, not a passive feed. The sexual explosion is mirrored in the intellectual world. The file sharing, flirtations and forums are enabling the configuration of new exotic thoughts. Why make any distinction? This is a creative age of information, of exchange.

I recognise this as Babalon.

THE OLDEST PROFESSION

'Here she graciously received all comers, asking from each his fee; and when at length the keeper dismissed his girls, she remained to the very last before closing her cell, and with passion still raging hot within her went sorrowfully away. Then exhausted by men but unsatisfied, with soiled cheeks, and begrimed with the smoke of lamps, she took back to the imperial pillow all the odours of the stews.'

—Juvenal, on Messalina

FROM THE CEDAR CENSED PRECINCTS of Ishtar—Inanna to the spiced rum breath of the Pomba Giras in the favelas of Rio, the whore is holy. She plucks at your coat sleeve, sliding a hand to your crotch and the other to your wallet. You give her gold and she is yours for an hour, but you cannot ever possess her.

Prostitution is to stand on behalf of the Goddess. This is the Goddess made flesh. Sex incarnate. The prostitute is a walking provocation. She is there to enflame desire. Some stranger must be made to want her. She waits, she walks, she calls out. From red lips to fishnets to the low cut crescent revealing her breasts, this is raw goddess force.

Every brothel is a temple, every whorehouse a shrine, every suburban side street littered with the spent foil wrappers and yellowing condoms a pilgrimage site. The lowest streetwalker possesses the same sacred mysteries of sex as the highest hetaerae. The sacred rose is between every pair of female thighs.

If you want to know what has become of the Intiatrix and Priestess and Queen of Heaven in our small world, then go ask a whore.

TO STAND ON BEHALF OF

Western magick has long consorted with whores. They are the outcasts, the deviants, and the ones who will. Those who are not constrained by ideas of popular morality. Often this is for magickal ends, other times simply sexual need, as genius and magickal power is often marked by an insatiable sexual appetite.

It can seem as if the whore is another piece of temple furniture, a symbolic object of no more importance than the lamp or thurible. The Fraternitas Saturni and the Church of Satan are as valid an example of this failing as the grand old misogynist Crowley. Woman has been viewed as an expedient accessory, a container for the solar force, rather than a Priestess in her own right. This must be changed if we are to have any appreciation of Babalon.

The anonymous stranger is the Other. No need to even use real names, the stage names are magickal personalities, for both concubine and client. Certainly learning about a lover unlocks new levels of sexual potential, but so too can a stranger in the honest allotted time, without any need for artifice. Here is what is required, this is the deal. Will you? Nothing is taken into the circle with a stranger.

There is a place in magick for the sworn whore, but one who partakes of the ritual rather than being filled and tossed aside like a knotted prophylactic. The sex, the service and circumstances make little difference.

SEXUAL SLAVERY

In canonising the prostitute we cannot ignore the hard facts. Prostitution is largely a state of slavery. There is coercion where there could be consent, and ownership rather than freedom. Prostitution flourishes where there is nothing left to sell. The act is not one of sexual initiation but dominance and debasement. The whore becomes

bestialised. She is made a victim of men and suffers from an exteriorised resentment of their own animal nature.

Our urban nightmare is crack, not sex. Not prostitution, but addiction and social deprivation, not disease, but lack of education, a medical and social failure.

There is a world of difference between the experience of the high class call girl and the sexual slavery of the brothels of Europe where immigrants are trapped without passport or possibility of freedom. This is rape, not prostitution.

SEVERING SEX FROM REPRODUCTION

Contraception is one of the forbidden sciences which the Nephilim were said to have taught to the daughters of men. In our world we have progressed even further along that path and almost severed sex from reproduction. The connection between those moments of ecstatic unity and bliss, and the birth of a mewling infant is now tenuous at best. Childbirth is an unfortunate accident for the sexually active adventurers of our Brave New World. Conception is a planned process. Take the temperature, measure the ovulation, study the genome and eliminate the typhoid marys of genetically inherited disease. We can learn from eugenics without going the whole Auschwitz.

Our contraception methods work, and even when they fail we do not need the village witch to administer the cramping toxins and carry away the unborn kernel in a bloody flux. It comes over the counter in precise dose and measure. It is not the ideal solution, but one that removes more trauma than the Vatican alternative of ever more mouths to feed.

This control over the body removes much of the rationale for the classical prostitute with her special set of skills that allow her to avoid pregnancy. It has also changed our sexual aesthetic. Come on my breasts, in my mouth, my ass, the small of the back, over my face. This is not just the porn demand for visual proof that sex is taking place in camera, it is that sex is not now the missionary, penis in vagina makes child approach. The idea that sex is man and woman fulfilling God's own law is laughably out of date.

The special services of prostitution are now part of all our sexual repertoires. The forbidden and transgressive elements do not need to be paid for to be obtained. If your partner will not do it, you can tick the boxes online and find one who does. Even the most vanilla girls have fluffy cuffs and cock rings, vinyl clothes and six inch heels.
One of the few decent points Marx made was that capitalism replicates patterns of abuse. Women may have gained a sense of sexual freedom but still they are bitches, sluts and hos in our culture. In taking the sexual strength of the prostitute and reclaiming their bodies with a vibrator in every knicker drawer, and swallowing rather than spitting, women have all become labelled whores. In our society still stumbling on with a bleary Christian hangover, the sexually strong have all taken on the hatred that is felt for Babalon.

You worthless slut. Dressing like that, you deserve everything you get. Going back to his flat, what did you expect to happen? Fuck you cheating bitch, the pictures are going on the internet. I fucked her in the ass, she's pure filth. Dirty girl. You good for nothing whore. I bet you fuck on a first date...

Sex in our world needs to be redefined. For all the seeming freedom, Puritanism still holds sway. We need a sexual revolution before the whore can regain her status. For now, we are collectively fucked. The sacred feminine is viewed with a mixed marketing message of lust and disgust. This schizophrenic state needs to end. Babalon is not one woman in a window, she is all women. If you want to know how a society approaches the sacred feminine, look at how it treats its whores.

A SIMPLE TRANSACTION?

Sex is not a purely physical event. Even with sheaths and dental dams it is a fluid transaction. Penetration is by its very nature intimate, invasive. When you enter or take someone into your body, into your space, you cannot separate from the experience. Something gets through.

You can see the reverse side of this in the anaesthetising need for drink or drugs to cloud the deed. You can see it in the denial. This is power that cannot be fucked into submission.

This is no simple transaction of cash for kicks. There are repercussions from each and every sexual act. This is where magickal children come from. You have created an unbreakable link with all your lovers. Accepting this is an important act in understanding the all pervasive interchange of the sexual and the sacred. The repercussions of ritual magick are immense, when you add sex into the mix they become truly world—changing.

Prostitution fills a social need. The whore is a healer, an intiatrix, a therapist, a listener. There are those professionals who do fulfil these roles. For the majority, this is not the case.

The obvious rule in any relationship is do they stand on behalf of, or are they coerced?

WE ARE ALL WHORES NOW

Islam looks westward with disdain. Their own women are reduced to pillbox slits. This is how much they fear Babalon.

In one way they are right. We are all whores now.

Pay me. Pay me for my time.
Bring me the head of John the Baptist.
I want it all, and I want it now.

Look at how flagrant our lives have become. How we place surface beauty above all other qualities. How we covet possessions, whether they are property portfolios or designer vaginas and star gazer surgical nipples. We want the trophy wife, the boyfriend with the underwear model six—pack and the BMW with a rainforest dashboard and full leather interior.

With the disconnect from the Sacred there is no transcendence, merely acquisitive, ego—feeding need. Our worth is counted in a youth bought in extension with face creams, and our sexual allure propped up with Viagra and cut with cocaine.

If you are going to be prostitute, then stand on behalf of. Experience the transformation of possession and the fullness of Babalon.

If we are going to be whores, we should fuck and feast as if we were divine.

These are our last days on earth.

SEXUAL CHEMISTRY

INTOXICATED WITH LOVE

'Life has always taken place in a tumult without apparent cohesion, but it only finds its grandeur and its reality in ecstasy and in ecstatic love.'

— George Bataille

THE ART OF LOVE has a medicine box as jammed as your inbox is with Viagra, Cialis, and magickal meds that promise to give you the issue of horses and the staying power of Messalina. The pursuit of potent aphrodisiacs is as old as sex itself. This quest for divine intoxication is to experience the feeling that reels through Babalon as she drains the blood of the saints.

Sympathetic magick suggests using foods that resemble the sex organs, or devouring the sex organs and fluids themselves. Traditional

remedies have included oysters, caviar (preferably with chilled champagne), asparagus, ginseng root, mandrake, and mushrooms. Some have demonstrable sexual benefits, such as the replenishing high zinc content in oysters, but as with all aphrodisiacs they rely on the powerful mental associations which are built up around them.

Rapid growing, virile and fresh shoots have been prized in building sexual strength. You need a healthy body for the aphrodisiac to work on. Raw red meat, fish, vegetables and fruit have more sexual virtue than processed or dead foods. Fiery foods such as chilli, and even irritants like Spanish fly, can boost the libido. The crucial factor is how they work with your individual metabolism. This delicate calibration of your sexual well—being needs to be done before moving on to the more dangerous and overwhelming ecstasies of the plant and chemical medicines.

In sex magickal terms, there are four phases to consider when using aphrodisiacs:

SEDUCTION

Seduction is more feather than fist. Administer drugs of disinhibition in threshold doses. Use the sympathetic techniques. This is subtle work based on attuning rather than dominating. Spiking your chosen one into incoherence or unconsciousness without consent is rape. If you choose to use the more potent medicines for utter annihilation in bliss do so openly in an already established and healthy sexual relationship. Start slowly. Sip before you swallow.

AROUSAL

Arousal is an ecstatic sacred state. Aphrodisiacs are not a solution for medically based sexual dysfunction. Loose weight, exercise, practice martial arts and yoga. Then you can open the box. Aphrodisiacs are used to promote arousal and strengthen the already sexually healthy. Use substances that mimic sexual arousal, anything that promotes the

blush and blood flush, quickens the pulse and opens the eyes. Yohimbe and Epimedium have strong anecdotal evidence of efficacy.

PROLONGED SEXUAL PLEASURE

After arousal you need staying power. Delaying ejaculation is a primary concern for many men and their frustrated partners. Premature ejaculation can have physiological as well as psychological reasons. Be grounded in breathing techniques, the circulation of subtle energy, master masturbation, do not be fixated on genital/genital sex and then, finally, look to the use of aphrodisiacs. Numbing the head of the phallus is not the best approach, neither is the use of drugs which altogether prevent ejaculation. Babalon requires ejaculatory sex, the formula is death. Prolonging sexual pleasure is best achieved by relaxation and opening and engaging all the erotic possibilities of the body with the more oceanic aphrodisiacs.

ENHANCD ORGASM

The power of release is essential in sex magick. Aphrodisiac drugs can give you more bang for your fuck. The drugs do work, in promoting being here NOW, triggering full body rather than genital orgasm and creating sensory overload. The New Age naysayers have not experienced annihilation and are content to remain sexual pygmies. If drugs did not create better sex or more potent magick, people simply would not take them.

Yet there is no single tincture, pill or preparation that will transform your sexual fortunes. The use of aphrodisiacs is a subtle art whether chemicalising your self, or initiating another.

THE PHARMACOPOEIA

The following list of ingredients may be prohibited by the legal system of your country. These substances can have unexpected side effects from mental illness, addiction and heart failure to ravishment into blazing, irrefutable enlightenment.

Research diligently, observe your patterns of use and control your doses. Be especially aware of the increased risk of combining substances. Choose your poisons with care.

WINE

Often overlooked in the rush to powders and pills, wine is sacred to Babalon for good reason. Wine is the blood of poets, the celebration of warriors, the communion of saints, marks the descent into whoredom, the rampage of the satyr and is the fermented grail of the angel. Re—read and study the chapter on Siburi. Classically ritual wine would be enhanced with nutmeg, cinnamon, opium and other substances.

As a social disinhibitor alcohol is superb. It loosens the tongue, and often the clothing, warms the blood and softens the eye. In larger doses wine can create a visionary state with speaking in tongues and often lascivious possession.

HASHISH

Hashish transforms love making into a banquet of delights. It is one of the most powerful magickal and visionary drugs. Ingesting hashish, preferably in combination with sugar and strong aromatic coffee to counterbalance its soporific nature, creates awareness of subtle (and not so subtle) energies. Increased dose brings reveries, hallucination and dislocation. As an aphrodisiac it stimulates arousal, strengthens the erection, extends endurance and amplifies sensation. As a muscle and mental relaxant it removes any rush and shifts the focus away from purely genital orgasm and stimulation. There is no evidence of any health risks from the ingestion of hashish, just the danger that with over indulgence sensuality will turn to sloth.

LSD

Leary's famous sales pitch that a woman can have a hundred orgasms in an LSD session was a stroke of genius. Though LSD can be classed

with the aphrodisiacs the overwhelming nature of the experience makes successful psychedelic sex a rare event.

It is best to be familiar with the experience of entheogens without sex, before using them in this way. Keeping your mind focussed requires extensive training in meditation. Programming the set and setting with formal ritual groundwork is the best approach. Take the sacrament simultaneously before you begin, or early in the rite. Aim to complete the formalities of banishing and invoking as you start to come up. Allow the magick to occur in this free space and banish and close after the trip begins to subside.

The benefit of LSD as an aphrodisiac is the way it changes time. A second of clock time can last a millennium. There is much to learn from the experience.

Some find LSD to be too chemical and favour other entheogens. Although more natural, the body load from using psilocybin mushrooms can make it harder to feel sexual. The onset of DMT (smoked) is simply too rapid for sex magick. I have found no recorded experiences of Ayahuasca being used as an aphrodisiac despite often erotic visions that do not fit with the nominally Christian approach of the Santo Daime and Vegetalista Churches. The psychedelics tend to an inner journey and a telepathic rather than the physical sexual connection which aphrodisiacs aim for.

COCAINE

Cocaine has soared in popularity, turning the insecure into egomaniacs and the chaste into sluts. It has lost the magickal patina which it previously had and become a rather squalid little drug. Cocaine is often a substitute for sex, giving the quick glitter and self assurance most people lack.

Cocaine is sacred to Babalon. The ritual tools of mirror, blade and banknote are markedly Babalonian. The sex industry itself is fuelled by cocaine, in a less than virtuous circle of crack whores and money laundering. But let us not forget, that the lowliest dollar whore is as holy as the high class call girl and hetaerae. All things are holy to Her.

If it is used exclusively in ritual, and you can control your intake, the pearlescent pure powder is still remarkable. Fast acting and tipharetic,

cocaine blazes brightly. As an aphrodisiac, cocaine stimulates the appetite and strengthens the orgasm. For orgiastic endurance, cocaine can keep you coming back for more. The difficulty comes with the rapidly diminishing high, the risk of addiction and the mechanical, detached quality it tends to lend to sex. You may fuck like a porn star but there is little actual exchange. This is its major drawback in sex magick, unless you are using your partner as a mere receptacle. Cocaine should be sprinkled lightly, though it tends to be snorted by the trough.

AMPHETAMINE

Speed users can be heard jittering about in nightclub urinals loudly wondering what happened to their shrivelled penises. This does not seem like a promising aphrodisiac. The one benefit of amphetamine is endurance and energy, for that reason it is often used to balance soporific drugs. The maddening problem of amphetamine is that in large dose it prevents ejaculation and creates paranoia. Though fucking yourself raw and going insane with sleep deprivation can be interesting, it is ultimately a frustrating dead end.

MDMA

Of all the new drugs MDMA, that is Ecstasy in its pure form, has the greatest and least documented sex magickal use. This is the orgiastic drug par excellence. MDMA destroys the barriers between people, and in a group setting this is delightful. In amplifying sensation, empathy and sensory input MDMA can be the caress of the Goddess. It makes an extremely appropriate ritual sacrament.

MDMA does not have the direction of cocaine which is about hard fucking rather than rolling sensual overload. Perhaps the only flaw in it as an aphrodisiac is that sex can become unimportant whereas stroking or hugging or holding hands can be an epiphany. However, with sex it provides what it says on the label: Ecstasy.

Many people will combine MDMA with a stimulant such as cocaine or amphetamine to give it an edge. Be aware that this puts more load on the cardiac system.

MDMA has therapeutic benefits in reprogramming behaviours, dissolving barriers and opening yourself to sheer pleasure. Unfortunately its use in psychotherapy has been stunted by the ill—conceived war on drugs. This does not prohibit it as a ritual tool.

In working with Babalon as a dancing—girl, MDMA is delicious. The rave clubs of the 90s are testament to this. The drug is heightened by the use of dance, repetitive shamanic beats and the shared group experience.

Some people find climax difficult with MDMA, and find a dose of 10—25mg of 2—CB can have a profound impact as the MDMA subsides. 2—CB was initially commercially marketed as an aphrodisiac under the trade name Nexus. 2—CB is an empathogen and both more psychedelic and sexual in effect than MDMA. Large doses can be unnerving. Tread lightly.

Taking this chemical like candy with no eye to the future would be unwise. Allergic reactions to MDMA, though rare, have been fatal. Replenishing your brain chemistry with 5—htp serotonin in the immediate aftermath seems the best course of action to prevent long term damage, depression and mood swings. If engaged in dance ritual, be aware of the need to hydrate.

BETTER LOVING THROUGH CHEMISTRY

It is tempting to proselytise for the aphrodisiac drugs when swept away in the joy of the moment or recovering in post coital splendour. Drugs, sex and magick are indeed inexorably linked. The glamour and excess are part and parcel of the path.

Babalon drives us to the strong transformative trances and offers us pills with a kiss, lines of cocaine on Her breasts, handfuls of cut candies, hash truffles and peyote buttons. It is up to us to take responsibility for our actions and ensure that the road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom, not rehab or the emergency room. With technique, discipline and open hearts we can walk the fierce path, though there will be bodies strewn along the way. Keep your eyes fixed on Her, do not lower your gaze and you will come to know unutterable bliss as your limitations are challenged and destroyed. This is alchemy.

RAVISH ME WITH KISSES

'If you begin to pray with your lips you will find yourself praying with your heart.

If you begin to pray with your heart you will find yourself praying with your lips.'
—Jesuit Proverb

BABALON IS A GODDESS OF SEXUAL LOVE, but sex is not simply penetration. It would be foolish to miss the seductive power of the kiss. Kissing is an integral part of the art of Love. In the rush to carnality the magick of kissing is often forgotten. The early Christians famously used mixed ritual kissing until the love feasts got out of control and they quickly split the congregation along sex lines.

Perhaps the neglect of the kiss is down to male magickians concentrating on the mechanics of sex and being focused on orgasm and ejaculation. That is all very well for launching sigils, but in many senses this is simply masturbation with a partner. It is little wonder that there are more men than women in this dysfunctional result fixated state. The so—called secrets of sex magick make for dry reading.

Sex magick starts and ends with kissing. The Goddess is more likely to whisper '*shut—up and kiss me*' to the adept than waste more time on empty words.

Kissing raises energy. Once again, the lack of words in the West means that we often easternise this as rousing Kundalini. In traditional Chinese medicine we find that the central chi meridian ends in the mouth, so kissing creates an energy circuit that connects our sex with our mouths. The Tree of Life is a similar map of the subtle energies in the body. All of these models are describing the same experience. Our sexual energy is lying dormant at the base of the spine and can be teased up to our crown. This can be a spontaneous and natural occurrence, or the result of practices such as yoga, drugs and sex. Kissing is one more key. The kiss by itself can be an initiation into the Babalonian current.

SUBLIMATED BITING

Kissing has been analysed to death. Many behaviourists see kissing as sublimated biting, a display of weapons and then their mutual surrender. That is a beautifully Babalonian way of expressing it. The lips have been seen as the labia, painted to mimic the flushed state of the aroused petals of sex. Female devotees of Babalon should look at lipstick as a magickal tool, a good and surreptitious way to invoke the Goddess in public as well as private. You would be wise to keep your red lipstick, make—up and perfume dedicated and charged on your altar.

SLEEPING BEAUTY

In the West we have a whole tradition of folk tales about the awakening magickal power of the kiss. Sleeping Beauty behind her thicket of thorns is the classic image of the awakening of nascent sexuality. This lost or sleeping princess has also been an image used by the mystics yearning for their Holy Guardian Angel.

Babalon may be denied to us by a fence of thorns, but let us not assume that female sexuality lies passively waiting to be saved by a passing prince. Babalon is an active force. To Work with Her is not to lie back, close your eyes and expect salvation to arrive on your lips. Devotees of Babalon know that this is a flesh and blood path. The kiss should pass between the lips of the possessed Priestess or witch and the

Dragon Priest. To truly worship Her, She needs to be given a body to come through. This is a waking dream not an astral imagining.

ENERGY EXCHANGE

During kissing, even the most insensitive can feel the energy flowing back and forth. Using fire and ice kisses you can learn to raise and lower energy, to push and to draw. You can also learn to kiss with the force from each of the seven heads. These are excellent base exercises in using sexual force. Skill with this is the first step towards mastery of moving energy in penetrative sex.

SOUL STEALING

Just as you can raise energy you can also take it. Kissing has always been linked to witchcraft as the power of bewitchment with a look or kiss. This conceals more than medieval fear. The kiss can draw energy, and this vampiric method is described in the essay *Ladies of the Night.* As the seductress, Babalon can destroy the ego of the bewitched and break all bonds of attachment. This is Love as War. Babalon can be seen as ensnaring The Beast with Her red bridle and riding it to death. In this light, She is feared by those who are unwilling to give their all.

ANIMAL TRANSFORMATION

The transforming power of the kiss can be found in folktales. Witches would do well to study the Princess and the Frog, or Beauty and the Beast. This wedding of horror can also be found in the traditional Sabbatic kiss. This is power unleashed in transgression and the violation of taboo.

In our tradition, Babalon is the Beauty, the Dragon is The Beast and the transformed Prince is the Antichrist. The forces we are dealing with in the Dragon are not disneyfied. The magickian must come to terms and marshal the heads of the Beast in the same way that a Goetic sorcerer seeks control over the 72 spirits. The witch must also be able to become Babalon and transform the heads with Love under Will.

SEALED WITH A KISS

In signing Love letters with kisses, to corporeal or disincarnate entities, the kiss can be used as a seal. This can be a visual seal on a pact or petition as the traditional 'X' rune or Aleph using magickal ink. Alternatively the lips can be smeared with lipstick/blood/charged fluid before the seal is applied. This kiss can also be done invisibly, leaving the energy signature but no visible mark, this is ideal for marking letters sent for covert seduction.

BLOWING KISSES

The Sumerian pictogram for '*pray*' has been interpreted as a man blowing a kiss to his God. In witchcraft this is a spell. In Chaos magick military techno—babble this is an '*air launched servitor*'. Blowing a kiss is the projection of energy and allows the stealthy to cast without contact. Traditionally, the handmaidens of Inanna would draw worshippers into the Temple by blowing kisses at them. This is a skill to learn and perfect. One way to check its efficacy is to experiment with a blindfolded and bound lover and see if they react or respond to blown kisses.

OBJECTS OF DESIRE

The pagan practice of kissing statues is another important part of the path of devotion. Kissing the image of your beloved, or the object of your desire is a good love spell. We have all performed this primitive magic as teens and kissed a picture in a magazine. Love magick is often about remembering these small things and infusing them with intent, having banished lust of result.

Kissing the image on your altar is literally breathing life into it. The same can be done with other objects, relics, rings, stone phalluses and wooden wands or chalices that will become potent with these regular blessings. The ultimate goal is of course to work with a living flesh and blood avatar of Babalon or Beast, but building force in a fetish is a worthwhile exercise. By creating an altar and charging fetishes we invite the Goddess of Love to dwell in our lives, homes and hearts.

RIGHT HERE, RIGHT NOW

Kissing teaches timing. Everything has to come together and move from artifice to intuitive as you fall into line with the natural rhythm of all things. This is no different to timing a rite to a planetary or moon phase.

KISSES ARE WORDLESS SPELLS

To invoke Babalon is to know that electric moment of tension before the first kiss with your longed for Lover, when your heads have bowed, your hearts are racing and your lips are just about to touch. This promised kiss is the divine spark that burns down the Universe.

xxx

BRIDLES
WHIPS
NEEDLES
AND
KNIVES

'*Taste the whip in love not given lightly,*
Taste the whip and bleed for me.'
—The Velvet Underground, Venus in Furs

THE TECHNIQUES OF BONDAGE, domination, submission, sadism, masochism and fetishism are the techniques of witchcraft.

This is not a matter of kink, pathology or personal predilection, these are magickal ritual techniques sacred to Babalon. Sexual potency is magickal power. Transgression and taboo breaking releases energy which can be directed into personal liberation.

All sex is sacred.

SURRENDERING TO LOVE

Babalon is about surrender. A letting go. We can see this in all Her representations as the dominant sexual partner. It is not The Beast who rides Babalon, it is Babalon who rides The Beast. She requires sacrifices of sex, blood, wealth and health. Male devotees of Babalon could be described simplistically as masochists.

The two most famous devotees of Babalon, Crowley and Parsons, both had a masochistic streak, as did Gerald Gardener, the founder of Wicca. Aside from the psychological and environmental reasons for their masochism, we should not lose sight of the magickal reasons for masochistic behaviour. Crowley in particular embraced this path with Cathar zeal. Copraphagia, passive sodomy, cunnilingus, blood letting and the rest were imagined and then carried out as part of his magickal work.

The devotional aspect of BDSM is almost identical to Goddess worship, but to approach the Goddess from the position of a worm is to invite a speedy dispatch from Her spiked heel. Devotion to Babalon does not mean continual abasement. Sacrificing your pride and suffering may be part of the process but it is not the desired end. You must become the perfect sacrifice. An elegant postcard produced by a local mistress reads '*denial lasts forever*', but Babalon brings death after death, the fulfilment of potential, the Antichrist superseding The Beast. The Priestess is becoming Babalon, not merely inflating her ego and sense of self—worth under a latex second skin. You can take back the ritual witchcraft techniques without taking refuge in the lifestyle.

BRIDLES

Bondage and restraint are very appropriate in Babalonian sex ritual. Restraints can be used on either partner to great effect. Keep your red ritual rope separate from any other bondage equipment you might use.

On a male partner the rope is used for bridling, binding The Beast. By externally restraining the male he is liberated from the need to restrain himself and may find it easier to access the primal and atavistic characteristics of his sexual drive. By bridling The Beast, the Priestess has complete sexual control. He must surrender to the situation. This will also release the Priestess from any sexual inhibition by forcing her

to take the initiative. There is much to learn in this exchange of power and control. If you are genitally fixated, cock and ball torture (CBT) may be something to pursue.

Masks can be used for work with the seven heads of The Beast and to destroy ideas of the individual, especially if you are familiar with them in a non—magickal or vanilla sex setting.

On a female partner bondage can be used to explore sexual availability. Aspects of Pauline Reage's *Story of O* may be suggestive. Leg spreaders, cuffs and star positions are suited to ideas of openness, receptivity and whoredom. The conception of Babalon as harem slave can be enforced with bondage techniques and marks of ownership such as collars. Veils are another favourite and can be used in stripping and silk scarf bondage on either partner.

You will find that restraint liberates you.

The usual caveats apply. Do not leave someone while they are bound, do not cut off circulation, pay attention to your and your partner's bodies and thresholds. Keep surgical scissors to cut through the ties in an emergency. Do not engage in any of these practices with someone with whom you do not share perfect Love and perfect trust.

WHIPS

In a Babalonian context whips are not used to punish the body, they are for raising energy. This is a classical magickal technique which is the exact opposite of the Christian conception of mortifying the flesh, as still practiced by flagellants.

Whipping can be used for sacrifice at Her request, standing before the altar, repeating the mantra and scourging. Again, this can be done as partnered work. It is especially conducive to those with a predilection for the endorphin high.

The Priestess can be whipped into possession state, one method is to recite the litany of crimes done to Her. This can have a very dramatic transformative effect. This should only be undertaken when you are already familiar with possession states as a vengeful Love Goddess with red welts across Her buttocks, back, breasts and thighs is alive with energy.

Whips require different levels of skill. Start slowly and gently. Be aware of where you can and cannot strike. Pain masking intoxicants are not advised in this setting. Again, your whips are magickal tools to be kept on your altar and only used in this service.

NEEDLES AND KNIVES

Babalon is a Goddess of blood. As such, She reveres needles and knives, the point and the edge, pressure, penetration, the lance and the holy dagger. Cuts can be viewed as mouths, as the warm wound, as kisses.

Blood play is dangerous. I cannot recommend this course of action if you are a cutter or self—harmer. There is a world of difference between appreciating the magickal power and erotic appeal of blood, and gashing at yourself to feel better about your life.

Knives in magick were traditionally used for sacrifice. Not just cutting herbs, or drawing shapes in the air. Killing. Blood letting. Be very aware of what you are doing, its magickal heritage, and who you are working with. This is not a place for mistakes. For the most part I would recommend only using knives on your own skin.

Babalon accepts blood offerings — menstrual blood is the best, but offering blood as a male magickian is necessary. This is in addition to sperm and the sex magickal sacrifice that has replaced the human offerings of antiquity. If you have a chalice on your altar it should be energised with a drop of blood. Thorns, or their analogue, needles, are best for this. Blood is also suitable as a magickal ink for the signing of pacts and the construction of talismans.

Knives can be used to cut sigils into the skin. Spirits are attracted to blood which can be used as a materialising medium. Even drawn into open wounds to facilitate possession. The spirit can be bound to your blood, healed and sealed in under the scar. This must be approached clinically and carefully. Light surface cuts are sufficient for the most part. You may find a burin is more controllable than a scalpel for marking out a specific design in that it creates beading and scored lines rather than open cuts.

Blood can also be exchanged as a sacrament between participants, to feed Her image, or the possessed Priestess, if you wish to explore the more vampiric nature of the formula.

If you are considering multiple cuts to raise energy, you would in most cases be better reaching for the whip. Permanent scarification procedures are best left to experts rather than self—performed. This is dangerous ground, but no—one said working with Babalon was going to be safe. Knives draw out her characteristics as a Goddess of War, you have been duly warned.

Needles are in many ways superior to knives, single use, hermetically sealed until needed, and able to produce radical alterations in consciousness. Ritually we refer to them as thorns, this in itself should suggest a thousand uses.

Permanent piercings mark rites of passage. They can be used to dedicate erogenous zones to Her, or simply to beautify and reclaim the body.

Temporary piercings raise energy and create single—pointed consciousness. This makes them ideal for spell casting. Multiple punctures, the so—called ladders of thorns, prolong the altered state and are used in ordeal. The popular corsetry piercings are one example of this, which can be used to induce possession state in the Priestess or worshippers.

Be aware of blood—borne pathogens. Follow sterile procedure with needles. Keep your tools clean. Remember that knives are designed to cut. Know how sharp your edges are. Be extremely careful, but play hard.

QUEEN OF THE ROSE GATE
QUEEN OF THE THROAT OF NIGHT

'I will not lie below'
—Lilith

BABALON AND LILITH are very different ladies of the night. I would like to hold up a candle and illuminate the differences that have been lost in the low light and lustful thoughts of both detractors and devotees.

WITCH IS WITCH?

Here we are going to examine the magickal differences in formula between Lilith and Babalon. This is to counter the prevalent idea that all Goddesses with a strong sexual component are the same Goddess. We all know the delicious diversity of sexuality, so why can many magickians and witches not get their heads around the basic difference between the formulas of Lilith and Babalon?

Part of the answer is that for all the porn and permissiveness in the West we have a stunted view of sexuality. Our archetypes are like the butchered torsos of classical statues, cold, dead and headless. Any available face is hastily added to the neck of the nearest mannequin. In that process mistakes, however well—meaning, will be made.

As we have discussed in *A History of Mystery*, the other reason for the confusion has historical roots. Both Babalon (Inanna—Ishtar) and Lilith hail from Sumeria, their cults overlapped and both were demonised by the Jewish religion building a national identity around their jealous '*God the Father*'. These are different, though often confused, Goddesses. The women— negative ideas were carried over into Christianity and reinforced in *Revelations*. Our culture is still predicated on these ideas. Our sex is in a mess.

We also have to battle ignorance. These are lost Goddesses from a secret history. We can see this in the way that practices of the Indian and Asian traditions are dragged in as if there was no sex magick west of the Ganges. We have to rediscover the words and the ways, and spelling out the Babalon/ Lilith divide is essential to that.

Lilith has been given free reign, whereas Babalon has been written out of history. As in Sumerian myth, perhaps we should drive her from the tree and back into the wilderness where she belongs.

STIRRED AND SHAKEN

Looking for a Goddess of Love and explicitly sexual Love? Who isn't? Alas, the approach of many has been to appropriate any Goddesses who put out and uncritically mix them. This is rather like a teenager raiding their parent's drinks cabinet and putting an inch of everything in a glass. It may intoxicate, but it is likely to be a curdled mess which will give you a bitch of a headache. As magick is an art, experiment by all means, but let us strive to get the mix right. A long island iced tea is not a mojito.

PRAY WITH YOUR LIPS AND YOUR HEART WILL FOLLOW

Lilith is essentially a vampire. A wet dream walking. Classically, she is the succubus that steals the seed of sleeping men. As a seductress, Lilith is supreme. She comes by night, out of the wild places, and insinuates herself into dreams.

Babalon also has Her vampiric aspects and forms, yet She is a Goddess of civilisation, the city and luxury, rather than the wilderness of Lilith.

The knowledge of Her is a waking physical experience rather than a chance encounter with a shift.

Lilith is a blowjob queen, her nature is oral, she swallows energy. There can be no male pretence here. This seed is being spilled for a different purpose than normal procreation. Shame of sexual desire, revulsion at the body, loss of self, female control of male pleasure, deception, all these issues and more arise when she slides her lips around a phallus that has been charmed hard.

Babalon holds all sex as sacred. In symbolic terms this can be reduced to woman superior penetrative sex, the woman riding The Beast. But Babalon is a Goddess of Love rather than a one position trick. To limit your understanding of Her to a single method of sexual expression is to do Her a massive disservice. Babalon is also not about the creation of earthly children. Her child is Her own lover reborn as Antichrist. She experiences totality through receiving the sum of all experience.

Lilith uses the stolen sperm to create astral monsters. Everything is according to her design. This was very shocking for the celibates she plagued in the Middle Ages who believed only sperm contained the creative force.

Just as the seed from plants grew in the earth, the seed was seen as the force and the womb merely a container. Oral sex in this context is a one—way energy exchange and a core magickal technique. It does not have to have a negative connotation, especially if the victim has energy to spare. Magickally it is a reversal, and a subversion of the apparent power position. The person on their knees can receive all the energy from this kind of prayer. This is a nice little twist for those who still see sucking cock as a male power—trip.

Babalon asks the aspirant to sacrifice themselves to be reborn. It is the creation of an energy circuit, a mutual annihilation in orgasm. Her cunt hungers for you. It hungers for all. She is a temptress plucking at your coat sleeves, a whore hanging on your arm with a hand snaking towards your wallet. She is the most desirable woman you have ever seen.

Lilith makes men lose control, and as a result has earned both the hatred of men and the jealousy of women. There is still something sluttish about professing a love of fellating a phallus. This shame hides the immense power of Lilith which is more than a medieval hang—up.

Babalon is about the willing surrender of control. In accepting all, She has been despised as a whore. There are some men who feel demeaned by the animal desires shamelessly stirred within them. There are also women who feel threatened when confronted with their own carnality. Babalon is a low heavy ache, a flare of the eye, a start of the heart, an openness, regardless of what orifice is filled in Her name.

Lilith is a powerful archetype for the dispossessed witch wanting to gain control of her sexuality and, in many cases, revenge herself on men. She is not necessarily even a woman, there is something of the drag queen and the ladyboy about her. In origin, she is little more than a demoness.

Babalon is the archetype of the sexually confident woman, the brazen who wants to fulfil all human potential.

LADIES OF THE NIGHT

There is sympathy rather than antipathy between the two. It is good practice to keep an image of Lilith on an altar to Babalon. Do not confuse one for the other.

By mouth and cunt and flesh and dream we come through different gates to understanding.

DIVINE RETRIBUTION

'We, the influential Lucifer, the young Satan, Beelzebub, Leviathan, Elimi and Astaroth, together with others, have today accepted the covenant pact of Urbain Grandier, who is ours. And him do we promise the love of women, the flower of virgins, the respect of monarchs, honors, lusts and powers.'
—Pact produced at trial

THE BLACK MASS IS SPIRITUAL TERRORISM, an act of defiance against the dominant Christian empire. Discounted as mere inversion or straight perversion by many witches, magickians and pagans, this is in fact our Tantra. As such the Black Mass deserves a place in the history of Babalon. We should not forget that She is here to bring forth the Antichrist.

Our society is not Hindi, it is Christian beneath the secular gloss. Our taboos and social structure are very different to those of India, so it makes more sense to use our native traditions to achieve our liberation. We may not be medieval peasants, but we all need to destroy our Christian conditioning if we want to be free. The Black Mass is the perfect way to do this. We have all made pacts with the Horned One in childhood, should we not go on from this and join him in celebrations at least one night a year? Why pussy—foot around the subject of the Devil? Why are we afraid to affirm, like the Cathars, that Christ was a false prophet? Surely it cannot hurt to indulge in a little blasphemy? If we are unwilling to consider the Black Mass as an integral part of our magickal history then we are failing to challenge ourselves at the deepest levels.

The Black Mass can be a potent violation of imposed taboos and order, and can be used as a weapon of spiritual liberation. By going up to the barren heath to dance with the Devil and defile the sacraments we affirm our freedom from all limitations. It can also be an excuse for rather lacklustre orgies, a spice that quickens the flesh but does not truly transform its participants.

The Black Mass plays its part in the history of Babalon in the tradition of resistance, sexual transgression and de—conditioning. It is the bridge between the Sabbat of paganism and straight Satanism. There is no implication of a survival of Goddess worship in these rites. Babalon is not named or even implied in any variants of the Mass. One of the interesting features of Babalon is how late she comes to be a focus for heretics, as if *Revelations* was out of bounds. The Mass is strictly about the Devil and the resilience of the dualist heresy. If in Babalon we face unexpurgated female sexuality, in the Devil we face the male mystery in its most virile guise.

FROM SABBAT TO MASS

The nature of the Sabbat is hugely disputed. Wrangling crones and academics cannot agree on whether the pre—Christian cults went underground or ceased to exist in Europe. What is sure is that the gathering of cults in the wild places to celebrate the Sabbat was slowly replaced by the Black Mass. A gradual shift occurred from a horned God worshipped by both men and women to an explicitly Satanic figure and the deliberate parody of the Catholic Mass. As persecution grew, the Sabbat became more and more Satanic in reaction to the existing order.

At best the Black Mass can be seen as a magickal attempt to strike at the heart of a corrupt church. This is parody as a weapon, worthy of Voltaire or De Sade. At worst the Black Mass was child murder, though this grisly aspect does not appear until the seventeenth century.

Voudoun could also be seen as evolving in the same fashion as the Black Mass, clothing itself in the symbols of oppression and transmuting them through a far older system of folk religion to form a focus of resistance and cultural reclaiming. But whereas Voudoun has been finally brought to the table and been awarded the status of

national religion of Haiti, the same cannot be said for Satanism in Europe. The mention of Satanism still provokes our cultural fears of infanticide and non—consensual sex.

Modern paganism prefers to look to the Sabbat as a pre—Christian rite and steps away from attacking Christianity. Perhaps this is a more progressive approach, but I would argue that the Sabbat is more effective after the Black Mass has been celebrated to purge any lingering elements of Christian belief from its celebrants.

THE KNIGHTS TEMPLAR

In October 1307 Phillip the Fair arrested the entire order of the Knights Templar. He was simply asset stripping to line his own pocket, but the charge made against these crusading bankers was heresy. The accusations were specific and contain the rudimentary elements of the Black Mass:

Denying, spitting on and trampling the cross.
Denying the divinity of Christ.
Omitting the words of consecration in the Mass.
Allowing laymen to give absolution.
Worshipping images, in particular a Head, Black Cat or Baphomet.
Ritual sodomy and masturbation.

These were almost the same charges aimed at the Cathars who had been destroyed, ironically with the aid of Templar forces. Whether you take the Templars as besmirched paladins, or magickians who had discovered a different kind of religion in their excavations of the Temple of Solomon, the charges themselves are fascinating. At the very least they demonstrate how dangerous the heresies of the Bogomils, Cathars and Gnostics were to the hegemony of Christianity.

The list of charges also gives us a shopping list for the construction of a taboo breaking rite. These dark mutterings no doubt informed the spontaneous folk practices of fourteenth century heretics.

It is interesting to note that Templar orders continue to spring up in both guises, as Knights of Christ and as cross trampling heretics. We are still bound up in the issues that afflicted our fourteenth century

counterparts whether we choose to play Templar dress—up or not. Despite our presumed sophistication and post post—modern detachment, heresy remains a potent force to be unlocked.

THE TRADITIONAL BLACK MASS

The components of the traditional Black Mass were rough and ready. Held in secret with minimal ceremony they were a hearty denouncement of God followed by feasting with drugs, nudity, dancing back to back and deviant sex. All the denied aspects of human sexuality were indulged in an orgiastic mêlée — the obscene kiss, elements of SM, homosexual and heterosexual coupling. The emphasis was on the free license of non—reproductive sex. In this joyful celebration of the diversity of human sexuality we can find elements of Babalon. However, the Black Mass concentrated on the phallus and the folk figure of the Devil. In accounts that feature the Queen of the Sabbat, she plays a subordinate role. The rite is about primal male power, the animal energy that courses through the veins of The Beast. The wildness of the witches is explained away by the power of the Devil, there is no deification of female sexuality in its own right.

There is no definitive Mass, no codified rite of opposition in existence. Whether you favour the description of Huysmans in *La Bas* or the account of an Inquisitor, there is a huge range of rites and experiences throughout the history of the Mass. Much of it is downright unpleasant, especially in the latter days of the seventeenth century with the butchery perpetrated by La Voisin and Madame Guyon, and is not suitable for emulation. Confronting fear and loathing is one thing, slaughtering children, poisoning and rape is quite another.

HELLFIRE AND DAMNATION

With the decline of the Catholic Church the Black Mass withered away. The remnants of the tradition largely became a combination of kink and aristocratic amusement. This is where the Hellfire Club fits in.

Sir Francis Dashwood's Hellfire Club was a mess of booze, whores (often dressed as nuns) and bad behaviour. Though providing some marvellous anecdotes, there is a clear difference between titillation and transformation. This eighteenth century manifestation has more cultural than religious significance. This kind of deliberate blasphemy takes place when cultures are in transition, where symbols still contain power that can be unlocked by transgression. Yet, in the very act of transgression the power is leached away from the symbols. This is the true transubstantiation achieved by the Black Mass. It does not support the edifice of the Christian Church in constant opposition and enmity, it strips it of all power. It marks a transitional state, rather than being an end in itself.

HOTRODS AND HORNS

With the Church of Satan, the Mass descended into carnival burlesque. Like the Hellfire Club, the blasphemy was largely an excuse for indulgence of a very particular aesthetic. Anton La Vey mixed garbled Crowley with social Darwinism and self—aggrandisement to create a twentieth century sensational Satanism. The Devil was being brought up to date, after all, he has always been thoroughly modern. La Vey dusted him down and set up a sideshow to proclaim it.

For many the antics of Anton in the Black House was an antidote to the hippy era, just as Manson was for others. La Vey at his best was a droll straight talker who did not take prisoners. The flaw in his Satanism was the exultation of the ego, and the lack of self—analysis and transformation. Though championing strength and a '*take no crap*' attitude can be helpful in the short term, it does not work at the deeper strata to create change in the individual. Very soon the group dropped any magickal pretensions to become a personality cult split into messy schisms. La Vey played a useful part, but already his writing seems rather outdated, his views on sexuality misogynistic and his costumes and posturing more comic than commanding. There is rather more to be drawn from the Satanic tradition than hotrods and horns, though La Vey has earned his place in the canon.

THE VALUE OF SHOCK

There is delight in disobedience. There is power in opposition. The Black Mass shows that the tyranny of the Church has been actively magically opposed.

Yet in the parody of the Christian Mass, the sacred feminine has been excluded again. She is not the centre of the rite, but an after dinner amusement to be brought out with the brandy and cigars and used for male amusement. We cannot rely on a celibate order of warrior monks, a swagger of spoiled libertines and a carnival showman to teach us about Babalon. The Black Mass is a celebration of the cock and not the cunt. It is part of the process of liberation but not the final act.

Spitting on the cross, fucking your lover while you are dressed as a nun or priest, may be of use. This is deep level reprogramming, challenging your self to confront and embrace the forbidden, the other. The Black Mass can undo childhood knots and cultural conditioning. What we need is transgression. In transgression there is power. Celebrating the Black Mass with the black turnip and all the trimmings time after time will not work. This is simply trading one set of binding values for another, you become a worthless parody, leached of value.

The Black Mass partakes of the same process we can see in Andres Serrano's *piss christ* and Salman Rushdie's *Satanic Verses*. It is an attack on the symbolic level done with all the tools of art. But after our private Black Masses we need to move on. Our strength cannot rely on opposition alone.

We must aim for liberation.
Babalon is at war with limitation.
For you that may be Christianity or Islam or Capitalist consumerism.

Her injunction is simple: Destroy all limits with Love.

THE WORLD MADE FLESH

'And there followed another angel, saying, Babylon is fallen, is fallen, that great city, because she made all nations drink of the wine of the wrath of her fornication.'—Revelations 14:8

FROM THE SIMPLICITY OF A GUARDED GATE, a girl, a tree and a snake to an urban sprawl of strip malls, the city defines our civilisation.

Building cities was the highest expression of humanity. No longer was man prey to wild animals or marauding tribes. This was the first step towards controlling our environment. With the city also came the danger of alienation, a separation from our primal powers that is played out in that oldest of stories, the *Epic of Gilgamesh*. The city though is older than even that tale.

Richard Dawkins in *The Selfish Gene* memorably describes the cell as a survival machine for DNA. It is not difficult to see this principle at play in the macrocosm. The city walls are the cell walls. The DNA is

both the gene and meme of the tribal group. This is why the city has always been characterised as a woman, protecting the survival of the group within her embrace. It is also why she has been seen with suspicion as a seductress, as if in the mixing and exchange something vital is lost.

The city is also an exercise in building a utopia. Plato's Atlantis, Fourier's Phalanxes, Rabelais' (and later Crowley's) Abbey of Thelema, the Marquis De Sade's Sodom, even Speer's architectural grand plan for the Reich and Chtcheglov's *Formulary for a New Urbanism*, all put up palisades around their ideal communities and made them cities. The walls allow us the luxury of dreams. They give us the potential to make our own Eden within the enclosing circle. To define who we are and what it is that we want to achieve. They can be monuments to ego, snarled choking nightmares or inspiring spaces that demand that we become gods to inhabit them.

In the history of man as the history of cities, two are locked in an eternal rivalry.

Jerusalem has defined itself in opposition to Babylon. What, if anything, can we learn from these archetypal cities about our current plight and possibilities?

JERUSALEM

Jerusalem is the Christian ideal. Ever since the fall of the actual walls and the captivity in Babylon the vision has grown. Strong enough to weld a national identity, strong enough to draw the Crusaders from their great keeps, and strong enough to flood US dollars into the coffers of the still disputed city. Jerusalem remains a strategic bulwark against the East to break the first wave of godless invaders and, if you believe the scriptures, has a ringside seat for Armageddon.

Jerusalem does not draw pilgrims in the same numbers as Mecca, or even the Vatican these days. This is more than an indication of the virility of Islam and the instability of Israel. It is not the blood—drenched domes and churches of Israel, but the heavenly Jerusalem, Zion, set out in *Revelations 21* that is seen as the true prize. This is Jerusalem as the bride of the Lamb which descends from heaven onto the broken remains of our post—apocalyptic Earth. The description of

the city in *Revelations* is a mandala. All pearl gates and prettiness, an impossible city wrought out of symbol, not stone and steel.

Like in Blake's heretical hymn, Christian nations have set about dreaming Jerusalem theirs. The cachet of some city in Israel does not translate well enough in Africa or Ohio. The Rastafarian Zion is in Ethiopia, and in Mormonism Joseph Smith prophesied the New Jerusalem would be built in the good ol' US of A. Rather than the specific tribal salvation of Israel the utopia of Jerusalem has become a global McDonalds dream rolled out under the franchise of Pauline Christianity. For the believer it is an ache that never goes away.

The Jehovah's Witnesses draw Jerusalem as a Margaret Atwood suburb of uniformity. The population stand blank faced amidst soaring white towers and pastoral vistas in some stasis of immortal boredom. This Jerusalem is a vague promise of happy—ever—after. It is a retirement home that you will pay for all your life and then find does not exist. Everything is staked on faith, a blind obedience to irrationality. Your eternal real estate is in no small part dependent on who and how you choose to fuck. That is assuming you are in the right sect, who truly will be given the keys to the kingdom while all your rivals writhe in hellfire.

The real danger comes from the biblical literalists who wish to hurry on catastrophe and level the foundations of the planet so that reconstruction can go ahead. It seems unlikely that a scorched Earth would see the incursion of Angels wielding trowels and scrutinising the ground plans of the original Temple of Solomon. That may not stop it becoming a Hollywood film and worse, a prevalent meme among the powerbrokers in the United States government. Those who are afraid of life will always seek to bind the limbs of the free and burn down the world rather than embrace it.

THE OLD ADVERSARY

The city of Babylon has been given the dreadful face of humanity, a hive of the fallen and debauched. Babylon was one of the first cities, a crossroads of luxury and exchange. From the temple of Marduk to the Ishtar Gate, everything was built to impress. As we have seen, its architecture permanently marked the still soft clay of Jewish identity.

There is no need to hymn the wonders of Babylon, from hanging gardens to stacked ziggurats and its almond—eyed girls. The actual city has fallen, and like Jerusalem, has become an idea. It must have been a spectacular site, yet there is no going back. If this was not obvious enough, the sight of US farm boys lolling against the aptly named Abrams tanks amongst the ruins of Babylon in 2004 is hard visual proof.

The Babylon we now view in our unsteady gaze is a construction of potsherds, and a partially remembered polemic against a quite different city, Imperial Rome.

John the Divine and St Augustine stood stark against pagan Rome and re—baptised it Babylon, the old enemy. There was good reason for this. It allowed them to talk in code and create a language for the freshly minted faithful. It created an enemy with a scriptural basis. It made Christians feel both justified in their faith, and part of the biblical narrative.

The seven hills are clearly the seven heads and Nero, with the cult of the emperor as God, the prophesied Antichrist of *Revelations*. By relocating Babylon to Rome it became a dystopia, at once a city and a state of bondage and alienation. It is always easier to believe if you are opposed to something, or actually suffering for your beliefs. Without perceived or real oppression rebellion tends to fizzle, this is our current slack secular state in the West.

The excesses of the emperors meant that Rome was not a pretty city. Nero was not a paragon of virtue. We should not be drawn into praising Rome for the simple reason that it was pagan. This is the lure of dualism that has enslaved Christian, Muslim and Satanist alike. Rome did represent Babylon in that it was the world incarnate. It is this which is the critical difference between Jerusalem and Babylon. She is something you can hold onto.

Anti—Catholics still crow that the Vatican is Babylon, that nothing has changed, that as Phillip K Dick would have it '*the Empire never ended*'. The criticisms of the Cathars, anti—clericalists and satirists about the riches of the Christian church and the poverty of the people were valid. They are still valid today. Scandals have rocked the Vatican bank. The opulence of the Catholic Church, and the cash collection machines of the charismatic evangelical churches, stretch biblical

teachings to the limit. Worse still, sexual abuse and sodomy seems endemic in the priesthood.

So is the Mother Church our modern Babylon? Perhaps for Bible reading Christians it is. But that is not the most sophisticated way of thinking. For us the Vatican is a parody of Babylon in that it tries to deny the flesh and by torturing it creates monsters. Perhaps a healthy acceptance of our bodies and our desires would produce more wholesome results. Babylon for the non—Christian or recovered Christian is joy. The monsters become drives that are put to creative work as surely as Solomon marshalled the 72 troublesome spirits of the *Goetia* to build the Temple. The false body/spirit divide is dissolved. We awaken from a fevered dream as simply as saying:

abrahadabra

Make no mistake, Babylon is a city of flesh that takes pleasure in the flesh. Babylon is the World. But is that so very wrong?
So evil?

CONSUMED WITH LOVE

As the environment buckles under rapacious human consumption lit by burning fossil fuels the city is being demonised again.

Can we escape back to Eden, or New Zealand at the very least, and avoid the catastrophe we have sown? Will a hand spun jumper and a scraggle of free—range hens save us from apocalypse? I doubt it.

Those who work with Babalon will be confronted with visions of cataclysm, fire falling from the skies to punctuate the darkness, the seas turning to blood, the tongues of unfurled banners invoking war. Devotees must be prepared for the battlefield as well as the bedroom. Whether we accept Babalon as a Goddess of Love or not, she will manifest as a Goddess of War. With what we have sown, we can expect to reap the whirlwind. She does not care either way. Cities and empires will fall. But this is not a future bought with the wages of Love.

Terrible visions could be played out. Humanity poisoned and ravaged on a planet where we have consumed all life like locusts with

scorpion's tails. John having the last hollow laugh as events that were forecast for ancient Rome are parodied and played out 2000 years past their sell by date.

The three great religions of Marxism, Capitalism and Christianity have failed to address the very real fact that we can consume ourselves to destruction. It is tempting to label this endless insatiable desire as Babalon. In one sense it is. Neither Love nor War Goddesses act within limits. She wants, and will have, everything. Yet it is the philosophy of greed and separation from the natural order which has wrought this havoc. Both gross materialism and detached spirituality are to blame.

Babalon as the City, the Body, and the World offers a solution. Babalon is a gateway to transcendence, a crossroads of spirit and flesh. A solution to the problem of faith in a gnosis not wedded to a denial of the World.

Will the world still be consumed?

Yes.

Everything will pass, but that does not mean that we should deny the potential of building a better world while we are here.

?EREHWON

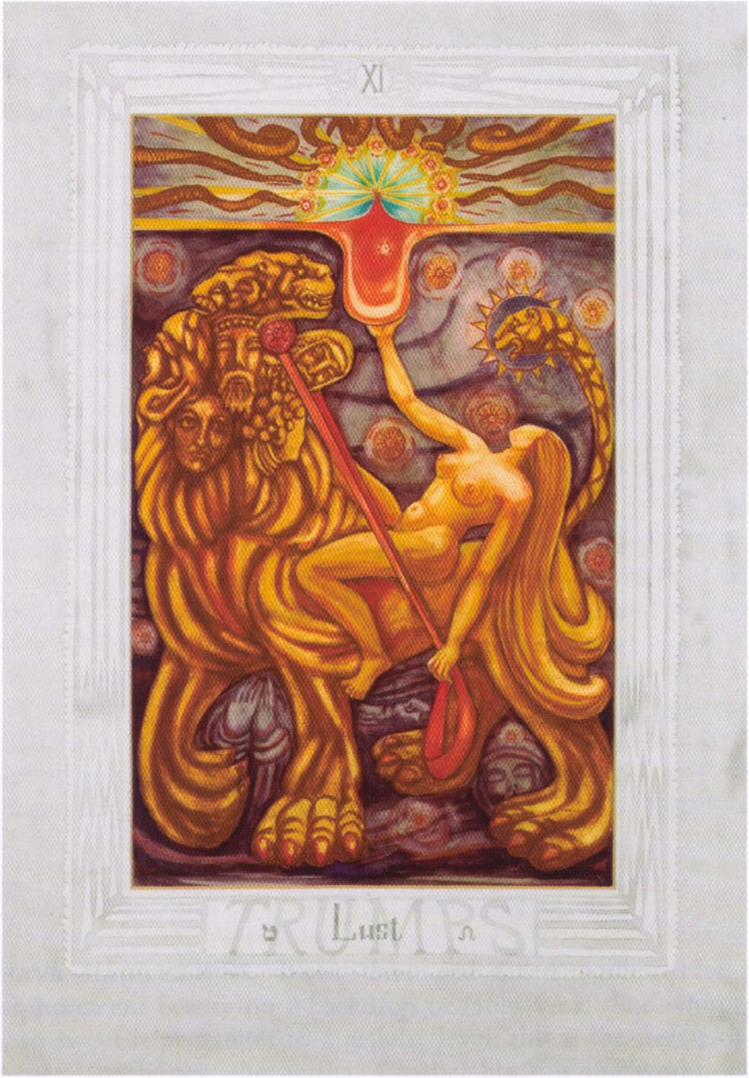
We need to see the city in a new way and recognise that it has been transformed. Even if we can seemingly escape its physical walls we cannot escape its influence. Global climate change does not respect boundaries. We may be hung on a tapestry of limitless space, but the biosphere is bounded. The city can no longer be thought of as being defined by anything less than the four corners of the World. Unless we want to pray for a global cataclysm which will level us back to the Stone Age, or wait for salvation after death, then we must embrace the city and the World.

The city in the ancient world was a place of exchange, not only of objects, but of ideas. The same is true now. Information is the new currency and with the advent of the internet we have all become

citizens of a unified globe. This is why we need to reconnect with the city of Babylon as an expression of the highest potential of man to combine and recombine in every possible permutation. The differences between us can be destroyed through multiplicity rather than homogeneity and standardisation. Like unknown hands in an orgy, all can be enraptured by interpenetration and interconnectedness. For now we are fragmented, isolated and alone, even in our sprawling urban conurbations. We have traded real life and experience for virtual paradises. Utopia means literally nowhere, somewhere that does not exist.

But the city of Babylon does exist. It is all around you. Just as the hanging gardens produced such a powerful effect that they could have been a mirage it can be hard to grasp that Babalon is here. That you can have Her. It is easy for cynicism to breed dystopias to inhabit. How much better would it be to live in Babylon? Not to live on the promise of a cloudy vista, but to experience the numinous caught in the cat's cradle of overhead wires, running through the circuit boards of the city streets, pouring out of the beer taps of backstreet bars. To know that we live in Babylon is to wake and find that everything is sacred, to realise that our bristling city state is the most vital time in human history.

The future is fluid. Whether the backdrop is a burning Rome or hanging gardens we must pour wine to Her and celebrate our Love feasts in this living paradise.



LADY FRIEDA HARRIS

LUST FROM THE CROWLEY THOTH TAROT

© 1944 Ordo Templi Orientis. Used by permission

THE UNFURLING OF THE APOCALYPTIC ROSE

'The end of the world doesn't come suddenly and without warning. To imagine it does is to be fooled by popular misconception and thus fail to recognise the larger picture. The end of the world is an ongoing process. It starts slowly, imperceptibly, and blossoms unnoticed in our midst until it has engulfed all there is and none is free from its grasp.'
—Boyd Rice

I HAVE HAD VISIONS. Black skies and fallen bodies. Her lurid phosphorescent beauty on a backdrop of Holy War. She whispers to me, so sweet it penetrates to a cellular level, this is the nectar of Her presence, the honey, the amrita. Charnel black is the world, all the stars are put out. Everything is being consumed, nothing matters but Her. Working with Babalon brings these disquieting glimpses.

Millenarianism and apocalyptic dreams populate our culture. Each new blockbuster film shows another vista of planetary devastation in gorgeously rendered cgi. Escapism, mental illness and cult hysteria characterise this kind of thinking. Just because the crazed are gabbling

that the end is nigh does not mean that it is not true. Postmodernism has crowed the end of history, but the plagues and wars and catastrophes keep coming with increasing frequency.

We have grown up with apocalypse, nuclear, biological, and ecological threats are very real. Babalon is bound up inexorably with these end time events. It is here that we must examine the unpalatable idea that the apocalypse is actually upon us, that the divine fury has been unleashed. This does not require a literal belief in any schematic religious diagram of devastation. Consider the possibility. Think the unthinkable. Ask yourself why this is such a forbidden idea.

There are strong arguments that these are the end of days. That we have passed the tipping point and are slouching into apocalypse. Embracing Babalon is very different to drinking laced cool—aid or slipping out on phenobarbitals and sci—fi daydreams. Let us confront and welcome the unfurling of the apocalyptic rose.

There is nowhere left to hide.

THE BAPTISM OF BLOOD

Babalon is the Goddess of the Apocalypse. This is much more uncomfortable for us to accept than the Kali Yuga, Ragnarok or 2012, because these are our nightmare symbols handed to us in the cradle. If you want absolute Love then you must accept absolute destruction.

In Her apocalyptic mantle Babalon asks:

What is there that you cannot willingly sacrifice?

Apocalypse can be taken to mean a radical shift of consciousness, the agenda of transhumanism, an evolutionary leap, an omega point where information doubles instantaneously. These are the allegorical and spiritual readings of apocalypse to ponder — but we should not shy from considering the possibility of a final war.

Magick has strayed too far into the symbolic and the spiritual, it is time to get literal again. To feel and experience and breathe the heady perfume of Her presence, to live every day as your last. This awareness

does not lead to passively gathering on the hilltops, as the Jehovah's Witnesses have done, to await the end. It lends a keen sense of urgency to every act. It recognises the divinity of man and woman. It knows and celebrates that Babalon and the Antichrist are here.

This is one apocalyptic timeline for you to consider and use to enrich your experience on earth. I draw no definitive conclusions. I am simply offering possible narratives. These are the smoking entrails we have to divine from, the symbols we have been handed to beat into swords or ploughshares or spaceships.

DIVINE PROVIDENCE

John's vision of apocalypse did not include a get out clause. The apocalypse simply cascades. Many believe this is happening and are keen to play their part.

For the modern born—again Christians, *Revelations* is a road map to the heavenly Jerusalem. The idea of '*the rapture*', where believers are plucked bodily to heaven moments before the final fire, has millions of credulous adherents. This is a very dangerous mental state that fosters passivity, blind acceptance and helplessness.

Other post—millennial Christians believe we must create a kingdom of God with religion running politics for Jesus to return and usher in the end. This would be a kitsch footnote in a history of cults, but the new Christian Right have the power and influence to implement John's dream. American foreign policy already shows the heavy influence not only of oil politics but of Christian apocalyptic thinking. Both Blair and Bush were guided by their faith and prayed together before embarking on the Iraq War.

As devotees of Babalon, apocalyptic thinking in all its forms gives more power to our Goddess. This is part of the current, however wrong John was.

THE ANGELIC HOSTS

Dee gifted us with visions to rival Blake in their chromatic glory. The Enochian Angels do not bring merry tidings. As we have seen, their warnings are stark. Enochian magick is ticking like a clockwork bomb.

In a magickal history it is impossible not to see the cross—matching as having set the apocalypse in motion. In this reading, Dee and Kelley were ahead of their time and out of their depth.

Donald Tyson has been widely derided for arguing that reciting the Enochian Keys will bring forth the apocalypse. That the Antichrist will bring forth the stooping Dragon. That we will be winnowed and threshed by the incursion of Choronzon. I am not hasty enough to condemn Tyson. Something is moving and Enochian is a pivotal piece of the puzzle.

Tyson sees Crowley as having opened the door a crack. Certainly Aleister's *The Vision and the Voice* is an Enochian tour de force. As you would expect from a son of a preacher it is rich with apocalyptic symbolism.

Crowley played the part of THE GREAT BEAST and yes, it does need capitals, to the hilt. He deliberately did not take on the mantle of the Antichrist, but he prepared the way. Crowley saw the slaughter of WWII as a baptism for the Aeon of Horus. Gentle reader, cover your ears, Horus in the Thelemic guise of Harpocrates is the Antichrist. Jack Parsons heroically tried to shoulder this role, again using Enochian and sex magick as the key.

Whether you ascribe to the Crowley cult or not, Europe did become a grail drenched in blood. If the ancient Greeks could summon the shades of the dead with the bodies of bulls, what spirits were fed by the blitzkrieg and nourished at Auschwitz?

The division of the atom marked a major magickal shift. The Oppenheimer bomb suddenly gave us the power to rend the world asunder. The detonation destroyed all the old certainties. The world could be destroyed by fire. Perhaps the Watchtowers have been opened by the bomb?

In the light of this, Kenneth Grant's largely incoherent ranting about alien incursions from beyond the Mauve Zone may begin to make sense. He described the unspeakable terror of change, of information overload, of the end of an era, by invoking Lovecraft's indescribable protoplasmic nightmares.

We should not be that afraid.

I see the return of the Goddess of Love and do not stop shocked at the garland of skulls. I kiss Her bloody mouth. I penetrate the petals of Her rose. I let go of fear and sacrifice all. I am prepared to burn down the world.

THE DESTRUCYION OF ALL WE LOVE

We keep passing arbitrary deadlines. Jesus was due within the lifetime of the disciples and will not return. The Great King of Terror did not descend from the skies in 1999 as Nostradamus foretold. Yet I am confident enough to place us in the age of Antichrist and Apocalypse.

Why?

Because mankind has been transformed. The individual, the Antichrist, has been born. Our strange new state has infused us with godlike potential. We are the final heresy against God. We can bring down the fire from heaven. Our world is at a crossroads where we can become as Gods or destroy the biosphere. Let us hasten the apocalypse through shameless acts of Love and deal with the consequences as they arise.

Love and War are written on the faces of the coin that we throw into Her lap. She does not see any difference between them. The more you know Babalon the more this will make sense to you.

We are all going to die.

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